

CHATTERBOX.



1909.

✦ DANA ESTES & COMPANY, PUBLISHERS, BOSTON, MASS. ✦

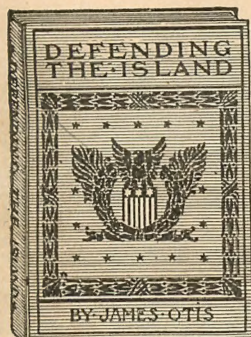
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For 1909

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CHATTERBOX.



“The kind heart of Racine melted at once.”

AUTHOR AND MANAGER.

RACINE, the great French poet, gave up writing for the stage while still at the height of his fame, but once more took up his pen at the entreaty of a great lady that he would write a play suitable for performance by the girls of a school which she had founded. These girls were daughters of noble families who had come to poverty, and Racine wrote for them his famous play based on the history of Esther.

Great was the excitement over the first performance. The King himself was present, and the author was behind the scenes, his own anxiety making him a very undesirable stage-manager. His nervousness seems to have infected one little girl. She forgot her words entirely, and returned to the general dressing-room covered with confusion.

'The play is spoilt!' exclaimed the author.

The poor child broke down under such a reproach, and burst into tears. The kind heart of Racine melted at once. He produced his own pocket-handkerchief to dry the girl's eyes, and so comforted her that she returned to the stage determined to uphold the honour of the author and the school.

'That little one has been crying,' whispered King Louis to one near him; but from that moment there were no more mistakes. The play went forward without a slip, Racine was delighted, and the audience gave unstinted applause.

THE DIAMOND RING.

A YOUNG merchant went abroad, and, after many years, having made a large fortune, returned to his native land.

When he reached home, he found that his relations had gone to a feast at a country house a few miles away. He was so eager to see them that he did not take the trouble to change his clothes, and was wearing the things he had used on board the ship coming home.

When he entered the large hall where the guests were all assembled, his cousins showed very little pleasure at the sight of him. It was plain to them that he had come back a poor man.

A young negro who had accompanied him from abroad was quite upset by their coolness to his master, and said, 'They must all be very bad men to receive you so cruelly.'

'Wait a minute,' whispered the merchant, 'and you will see a change in their looks.'

He quietly put a fine diamond ring on his finger, and, lo! every face began to smile, and they pressed at once around him and called him 'Cousin William.'

'Has a simple gold ring the power to charm people like this?' asked the black servant in perplexity.

'It is not that,' replied his master; 'but the ring is worth a good sum, and they guess from it that I am rich, and riches are dearer to them than anything.'

'What deluded men!' exclaimed the negro. 'They think more of yellow metal and a piece of glass than all my master's virtues and loving-kindness.'

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

1.—ARITHMOGRAPH.

A word of thirteen letters, having reference to regard, meditation, motive, price, or compensation.

- 1.—7, 8, 9. A period of time reckoned from some remarkable event.
- 2.—10, 8, 9, 11, 13. Something drawn along.
- 3.—2, 3, 5, 11, 13. A plant with a bulbous root.
- 4.—13, 12, 11, 4, 7. Sound or clamour.
- 5.—2, 8, 9, 10, 5, 12, 13. A formal speech on a special occasion.
- 6.—6, 8, 2, 3, 7. A male insect with a bad reputation.
- 7.—3, 5, 1, 7. Very pleasant to taste.
- 8.—8, 9, 11, 4, 5, 13. Sweet and dried.
- 9.—4, 5, 3, 13, 7, 8. Is a wicked one. C. J. B.

[Answer on page 35.]

POPPIES IN THE CORN.

IN varying ways things make for good,
To use some, some to beauty born.
The wheat-fields stand to man for food,
Yet poppies grow between the corn.

And little ones have their own place,
Behold them not with eyes of scorn.
They stand within the world for grace—
Like poppies blown between the corn.

FRANK ELLIS.

MAGGIE'S SHILLING.

MAGGIE looked at her silver shilling with great delight; her Aunt Mary had slipped it into her hand when saying good-bye with a merry, 'Now, *Queechy*,' and the little girl had understood that her aunt had guessed the wish of her heart, when she had seen her twice with her nose pressed against the bookseller's shop-window. The child had never expressed her wish aloud, for well she knew that Aunt Mary's shillings were as scarce as her own mother's. Besides, Cousin Betty was staying with them then, and Cousin Betty turned up her nose and made unpleasant remarks about extravagance every week when Maggie's copy of *Chatterbox* arrived. But now, with that shilling all her own, she could surely satisfy her desire for the well-known book.

'May I really do just as I like with it, Mother?' she asked.

'Yes, dear,' said Mother decidedly, without heeding Betty's frown. 'Just what you like. You have not often such a treat.'

Before long, Maggie, arrayed in a pretty pink pinafore with a lovely little pocket trimmed with lace just in front, another gift of Aunt Mary, was running down the road at full speed. It was only half a mile to the neighbouring town, which Maggie thought a wonderful place, but which strangers were very apt to call a village; and she soon reached the bookseller's shop. In she went.

'*Queechy*, please!' she exclaimed excitedly, and the old bookseller smiled kindly at her eagerness. He had noticed, before then, the little face pressed anxiously against his window.

'Here you are, Missy,' said he, smiling and wrapping the book in white paper.

Maggie thrust her hand into her pinafore pocket and gave a start. She felt again and again, but there was no mistake about it—her shilling, her lovely shilling, was gone! It must have jumped out of the little pocket. *Queechy* must remain in the bookseller's possession! With tears in her eyes, Maggie explained, refusing to take the book on credit, in the hopes of finding the coin on her way back; then, slowly and sadly, she retraced her steps. How she looked everywhere for the lost treasure! But all in vain.

A bright thought struck her at last. Just before coming out she had been sent by Mother to put some money into her purse in her drawer. Might she not have slipped her shilling in along with it? Her face grew brighter at the idea, and her heart, too. On reaching home, and finding Mother was out, she ran upstairs to her room, without stopping to answer Betty's questions, opened the drawer, and peeped into the purse. Of course! There, among all the half-crowns which she had put in, lay a shining shilling—her shilling. With a long breath of joy Maggie seized it, and putting it into her pocket, with her hand clasped firmly over it, started again on her journey. Not a doubt assailed her mind. There had only been half-crowns in Mother's purse. She had her shilling again, and the book was waiting for her in that attractive shop.

Maggie drew out the coin and looked at it affectionately; then slowly a conviction dawned upon her. The shilling was not hers, was not the one given her by Aunt Mary. Too well she remembered the date of it, 1880; and here was clearly shining before her eyes the date, 1876. Slowly Maggie turned back for the second time. If only the date had been the same! Yes, our little girl, good as she was, could not help wishing so!

Then a little fit of spite against her pretty pinafore took possession of Maggie. After all, Cousin Betty was right. Those stupid pockets, made only for ornament, should not be worn by little girls. If she had not had that pocket, her shilling would not have been lost; and Maggie was tempted to tear off that be-ribboned piece of vanity which had delighted her so much before. But—well, it *was* very pretty, very pretty indeed.

At the door, Maggie found her mother, who was looking anxiously out for her, and was surprised to see her return with a tear-stained face and without her book.

'What's the matter, deary?' asked she, tenderly. 'Have you hurt yourself?'

'No, Mother,' sobbed the child, as they entered the house. 'Tell me, Mother, how much money had you in your purse?'

'I'm not sure, dear,' answered Mother, surprised. 'Why do you ask?'

Maggie sobbed out all the story, and Mother's face, which had been very grave at first, grew very tender. She consoled the child as best she could.

'The shilling was put in, dear,' she said, 'after you had gone the first time. Cousin Betty gave it me to pay for something of hers. Never mind, now. You made a mistake, and I quite understand. Dry your

tears before Father comes home, and think no more about it.'

Cousin Betty asked about the book, and, to Maggie's great surprise, made no unpleasant remark even about the fancy pocket. Maggie remembered having read aloud to her once *Æsop's* fable about the stag, who, after having admired his fine antlers, was entangled by them in the bushes and thus easily caught by the hounds; and she spent the evening in fear lest Betty should point the moral by means of this fable. Nothing of the kind, however, happened.

A strange thing did happen, however. Some months afterwards, Maggie's father obtained a good appointment in Scotland, and she was delighted to hear that she would be sent to a good school and get as many books as she could read. Cousin Betty refused to go with them, being afraid of the Scotch mists. I am afraid nobody was very sorry to hear her decision, though Maggie resolved that she would come and stay with her sometimes during her holidays, 'for, poor thing! she has nobody to love her.'

This kind resolution was kept. Some years later, Maggie was walking through the perfumed pinewood with Cousin Betty on her arm, when the old lady, rather gruffly, expressed her desire to turn back. On reaching home, she went to a drawer, pulled out a savings-bank book, and threw it into Maggie's lap.

'It's yours,' she said, gruffly. 'It's in your name. I don't think I'm going to die yet awhile, and you may as well have it now. Look at the first deposit.'

'One shilling,' Maggie read in surprise, and saw the memorable date of her fruitless visit to the bookseller.

'Yes,' said the old lady, with set lips and an obstinate expression. 'You were running downstairs like a madcap, and the shilling fell out of that silly little pocket on the mat at the door. I picked it up, and put it into the savings-bank in your name, and, every week, I added something to it to make up to you for your disappointment. I knew you had taken a shilling from your mother's purse, but I did not believe you thought it was yours until you came back without the book. You have not lived any the worse for the want of *Queechy*, I suppose?' she added in the old derisive way which it had been so hard for Maggie to endure.

Even now Maggie reddened at the words. Cousin Betty could not understand how much she had suffered that day; but after all Cousin Betty had had so little joy of her own! Maggie tried to speak gently and succeeded pretty well, though her cheeks were still red with suppressed indignation. 'Thank you, Auntie,' she said. 'You acted for the best. You didn't know how much joy a book gave me. And it did me no harm to suffer a little then, perhaps. Besides,' and she smiled, 'here is enough to furnish a library.'

Aunt Betty stiffened again. 'It's not meant for books,' she declared, 'nor for lace pockets.'

Maggie's mischief returned. 'Very well, Auntie,' she promised. 'I will use it in some other way—all except my shilling and the interest it has accumulated. With that I may certainly buy what I like.'

Cousin Betty smiled grimly, and changed the subject.



"Her shilling was gone."



Looking for the Crumbs that fall from the Rich Man's Table. By Sir Edwin Landseer.

PICTURES AND THEIR PAINTERS.

From the Wallace Collection, London

I.—SIR EDWIN LANDSEER.

IN the year 1802, twenty years before the birth of Rosa Bonheur, the famous French animal-painter, a great English animal-painter was born in

London. He, too, was one of an artist family, his father, Sir John Landseer, being engraver to the King, while two brothers and a sister won distinction in the world of art. As in the case of Rosa Bonheur, his father was his first teacher, but, more fortunate than the little French girl, Edwin was encouraged, even in his nursery days, to persevere in the work

he loved best, and at four years old we find him drawing under his father's direction. Then came happy times, when he and his brothers were sent out to make studies from nature. Greatly surprised the little lads would have been could they have looked forward some hundred years, and have seen how greedy London would seize upon their favourite sketching-ground between Hampstead and Marylebone, covering green fields with bricks and mortar!

John Landseer was a kind and encouraging, but, withal, a strict teacher, and his little sons knew that his opinion of their day's work, when he came in the evening to fetch them home, would make all the difference to their supper. One would fancy that Edwin, at all events, would generally have earned his pudding, for the progress he made was remarkable, and before he was fourteen we find him actually exhibiting in the Royal Academy. His father now placed him under fresh teachers, and we hear of him working with the painter Haydon, and studying in the Royal Academy School, where Fuseli took a great fancy to the 'curly-headed dog-boy,' as he liked to call the young animal-painter. It is interesting to remember that at this period he gained practice and facility in his art by doing illustrations for children's books. At twenty-four, the earliest possible age, his picture of the ill-omened 'Driving of the Deer,' which led to the fight of Chevy Chase, made him an Associate of the Royal Academy. When, five years later, he added to his name the coveted letters R.A., the picture that won him this distinction was again taken from the old days of chivalry—the warrior dead on the battle-field, while his faithful hound makes moan over him.

Some years before, Edwin Landseer had visited Scotland, and learnt, like Rosa Bonheur, to love the wild stags and rough cattle of the Highlands. More fortunate than the French artist, who only knew the 'Wizard of the North' through his works, Landseer visited Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford, and there painted his portrait. The painter's fame and popularity were steadily increasing, and now came Royal patronage, and the beginning of his lifelong friendship with the young Princess—afterwards Queen—Victoria. The much-loved dogs and horses of the Royal household sat again and again to Landseer for their portraits, and, though it must be confessed that the artist was more successful with the pets than with their Royal owners, still the pictures are pleasant family groups, full of the happiness of the Queen's early married life.

In 1850 the painter received the honour of Knighthood. The highest title of all, given by the members of his own profession, came, alas! too late to be enjoyed.

In the year 1865, Sir Edwin was elected President of the Royal Academy, but his health and his powers were failing, and, with tears in his eyes, he declined the honour offered him. He was feeling sadly that he had outlived his greatness; hand and brain were growing alike feeble, and he had times of melancholy and nervous distress, when he would shut himself up from the society of his dearest friends. One more great triumph remained to him—the completion of the grand lions in Trafalgar Square, placed in posi-

tion in 1867, and six years later the weary painter went to his rest.

Perhaps few pictures are so well known to us, by engraving and photograph, as those of Sir Edwin Landseer, and there are few that we begin so early to love, since our animal friends are dear to most children; and Sir Edwin's animals are truly his familiar friends, in whatever fashion he may choose to study them.

Surely, when Sir Edwin Landseer was laid to rest in the crypt of St. Paul's, there must have been many a loving dog-friend left to miss the voice and hand of the painter who had won their hearts.

MARY H. DEBENHAM.

THE ELEPHANT WHO DIED OF GRIEF.

THIS is the true story of an elephant who let his rage get the better of his temper. His name was Said, and he lived in the Zoological Gardens in London, where he had a keeper called Neef, whom he loved very dearly. About twenty years ago Said was bought by the Jardin des Plantes, which is the Zoo in Paris, and Neef took him over there, and continued to look after him.

All elephants are liable to a complaint which the Hindus call 'must,' when they become possessed of an ungovernable fit of fury. Now, Said was a sweet-tempered animal as a rule, but one day when he was suffering from 'must,' he killed his constant friend and companion, the keeper, Neef.

When he regained his temper he was stricken with remorse, and from being the largest elephant in the Paris Zoological Gardens began to shrink away until he was nothing but skin and bone. He seemed never to forget the consequences of his deed, and in a few months he literally died of grief.

MARTIN HYDE.

By JOHN MASEFIELD.

I WAS born at Oulton, in Suffolk, in the year 1672. I know not the exact day of my birth, but it was in March, a day or two after the Dutch War began. I know this because my father, who was the clergyman at Oulton, once told me that, in the night of my birth, a horseman called upon him at the rectory to ask the way to Lowestoft. He was riding from London with letters for the Admiral, he said, but had missed his way somewhere beyond Beccles. He was mud from head to foot (it had been a wet March), but he would not stay to dry himself. He reined in at the door just as I was born, as though he were some ghost, bringing my life in his saddle-bags. Then he shook up his horse, through the mud, towards Lowestoft, so that the splashing of the horse's hoofs must have been the first sound heard by me. The Admiral was gone when he reached Lowestoft, poor man! so all his trouble was wasted. War wastes more energy, I suppose, than any other form of folly. I know that on the East coast, during all the years of my childhood, this Dutch war wasted the energies of thousands. The villages had to drill men, each village according to

its size, to make an army in case the Dutch should land. Long after the war was over, they drilled thus. I remember them on the field outside the church, drilling after Sunday service, firing at a stump of a tree. Once some wag rang the alarm-bell at night to fetch them out of their beds.

Then there were the smugglers; they, too, were caused by the war. After the fighting there was a bitter feeling against the Dutch. Dutch goods were taxed heavily (spice, I remember, was made very dear thus) to pay for the war. The smugglers began then to land their goods secretly all along the coast, so that they might avoid the payment of the duty. Often, at night, in the winter, when I was walking home from Lowestoft school, I would see the farmers riding to the rendezvous in the dark, with their horses' hoofs all wrapped up in sacks to make no noise.

I lived for twelve years at Oulton. I learned how to handle a boat there, how to swim, how to skate, how to find the eggs of the many wild-fowl in the reeds. In those days the Broad country was a very wild land, half of it swamp. My father gave me a coracle on my tenth birthday. In this little boat I used to explore the country for many miles, pushing up creeks among the reeds, then watching in the pools (far out of the world, it seemed) for ruffs or wild duck. I was a hardy boy, much older than my years, like many only children. I used to go away sometimes for two or three days together with my friend, John Halmer, Captain Halmer's son, taking some bread, with a blanket or two, as my ship's stores. We used to paddle far up the Waveney to an island hidden in the reeds. We were the only persons who knew of that island. We were like little kings there. We built a rough sort of tent-hut there every summer. Then we would pass the time there deliciously, now bathing, now fishing, but always living on what we caught. John, who was a wild lad, much older than I, used to go among the gipsies in their great winter camp at Oulton. He learnt many strange tricks from them. He was a good camp companion. I think that the last two years of my life at Oulton were the happiest years of my life. I have never cared for dry or hilly countries since. Wherever I have been in the world, I have always longed for the Broads, where the rivers wander among reeds for miles, losing themselves in thickets of reeds, I have always thought tenderly of the flat land where windmills or churches are the only landmarks standing up above the mist in the loneliness of the fens.

But when I was nearly thirteen years old (just after the death of Charles the Second), my father died, leaving me an orphan. My uncle, Gabriel Hyde, a man about town, was my only relative. The Vicar of Lowestoft wrote to him on my behalf. A fortnight later (the ways were always very foul in the winter) my uncle's man came to fetch me to London. There was a sale of my father's furniture. His books were sent off to his college at Cambridge by the Lowestoft carrier. Then the valet took me by wherry to Norwich, where we caught a weekly coach to town. That was the last time I ever sailed on the Waveney as a boy, that journey to Norwich. When I next saw the Broads, I was a man of thirty-

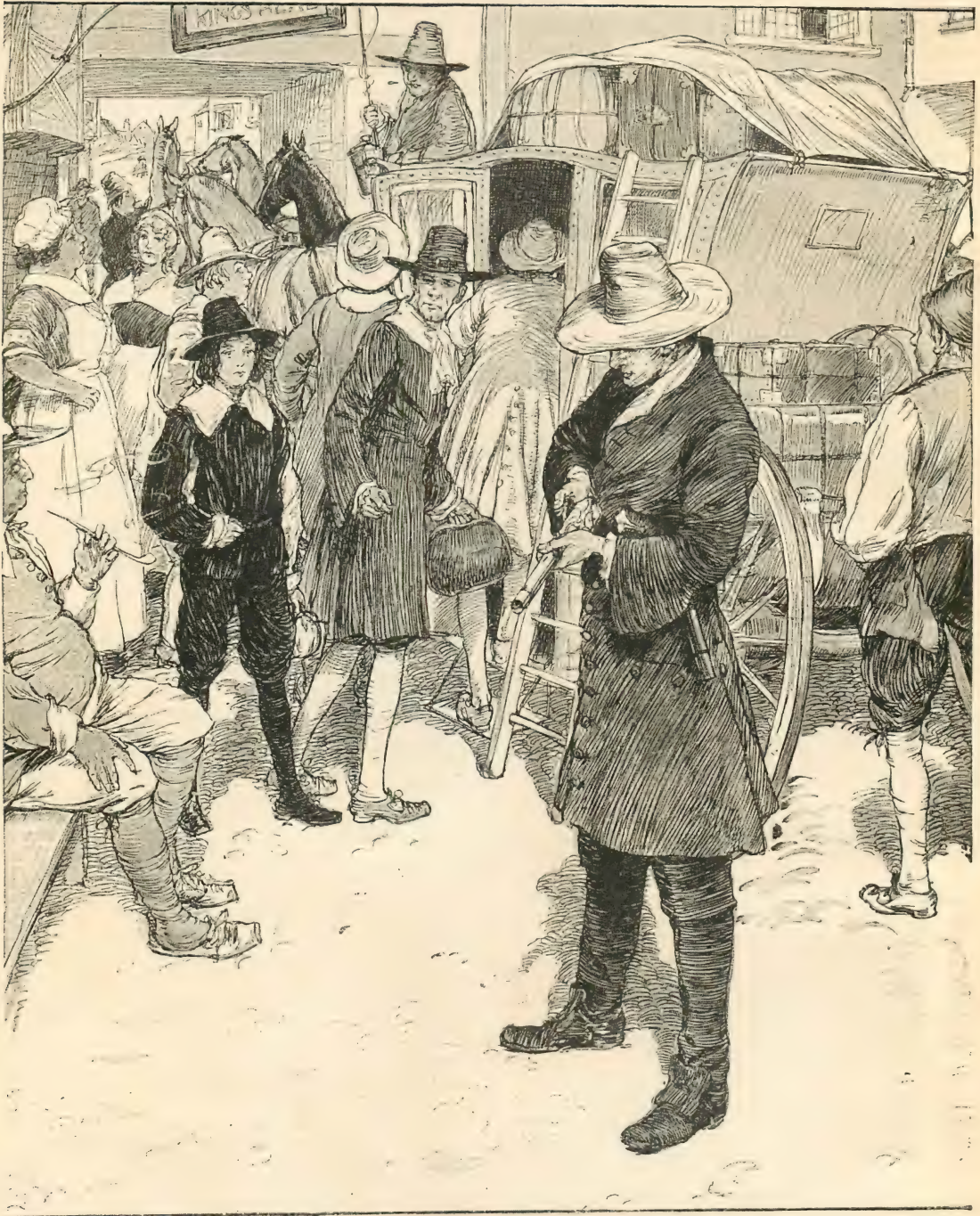
five. I remember how strangely small the country seemed to me when I saw it after my wanderings. But this is away from my tale. All that I remember of the coach-ride was my arrival, late at night, at the London inn, a dark house full of smells, from which the valet led me to my uncle's house.

I lay awake that first night, much puzzled by the noise, fearing that London would be all streets, a dismal place. When I fell asleep, I was waked continually by chiming bells. In the morning, early, I was roused by the musical calling made by milkmen on their rounds with that morning's milk for sale. At breakfast my uncle told me not to go into the street without Ephraim, his man; for, without a guide, he said, I should get lost. He warned me that there were people in London who made a living by seizing children ('kidnapping' or 'trepanning' them, as it was called) to sell to merchant-captains bound for the American plantations. 'So be very careful, Martin,' he said; 'do not talk to strangers.' He went for his morning walk after this, telling me that I might run out to play in the garden.

I went out of doors feeling that London must be a very terrible place if the folk there went about counting all who met them as possible enemies. I was homesick for the Broads, where everybody—even bad men, like the smugglers—was friendly to me. I hated all this noisy city, so full of dirty, jumbled houses; I longed to be in my coracle on the Waveney, paddling along among the reeds, chucking pebbles at the water-rats. But when I went out into the garden, I found that even London held something for me, not so good as the Broads, perhaps, but pleasant in its way.

Now, before I go further, I must tell you that my uncle's house was one of the old houses in Billingsgate. It stood in a narrow, crowded lane, at the western end of Thames Street, close to the river. Few of the houses thereabouts were old, for the Fire of London had nearly destroyed that part of the city; but my uncle's house, with a few more in the same lane, being built largely of brick, had escaped. The bricks of some of the houses were scorched black. I remember, also, at the corner house, three doors from my uncle's house, the melted end of a water-pipe, hanging from the roof like a long leaden icicle, just as it had run from the heat, eighteen years before. I used to long for that icicle; it would have made such fine bullets for my sling. I have said that Fish Lane, where my uncle lived, was narrow. It was very narrow. The upper stories of the houses opposite could be touched from my bedroom window with an eight-foot fishing-rod. If one leaned well out, one could see right into the upper rooms. You could even hear the people talking in them. At the back of the house there was a garden of pot-herbs. It sloped down to the river-bank, where there were stairs to the water. The stairs were covered in, so as to form a boat-house, in which, as I learned afterwards, my uncle's skiffs were kept. You may be sure I lost no time in getting down to the water after I had breakfasted with my uncle on the morning after my arrival.

(Continued on page 10.)



"We caught a weekly coach to town."



“As I watched, one of them slipped his hand into a man’s pocket.”

MARTIN HYDE.

(Continued from page 7.)

A LOW stone parapet, topped by iron rails, shut off the garden from the beach. Just beyond the parapet, within sling-shot, as I soon proved, was the famous Pool of London, full of ships of all sorts, some with flags flying. The mild spring sun (it was early in April) made the sight glorious. There must have been a hundred ships there, all marshalled in ranks, at double moorings, head to flood. Boats full of merchandise were pulling to the wharves by the Custom House. Men were working aloft on the yards, bending or unbending sails. In some ships the sails hung loose, drying in the sun; in others, the men were singing out as they walked round the capstan, hoisting goods from the hold. One of the ships close to me was a beautiful little Spanish schooner, with her name, *La Reina*, in big gold letters on her transom. She was evidently one of those very fast fruit-boats from the Canary Islands, of which I had heard the seamen of Oulton speak. She was discharging oranges into a lighter when I first saw her. The sweet, heavy smell of the bruised peels scented the river for many yards.

I was looking at this schooner, wishing that I could pass an hour in her hold among those delicious boxes, when a bearded man came on deck from her cabin. He looked at the shore, straight at myself, as I thought, raising his hand swiftly as though to beckon me to him. A boat pushed out instantly, in answer to the hand, from the garden next to the one in which I stood. The waterman, pulling to the schooner, talked with the man for a moment, evidently settling the amount of his fare. After the haggling, my gentleman climbed into the boat by a little rope ladder at the stern. Then the boatman pulled away upstream, going on the last of the flood, within twenty yards of where I stood.

I had watched them idly, attracted in the beginning by that sudden raising of the hand. But as they passed me there came a sudden puff of wind, strong enough to flurry the water into wrinkles. It lifted the gentleman's hat so that he saved it only by a violent snatch, which made the boat rock. As he jammed the hat down, he broke or displaced some string or clip near to his ears. At any rate, his beard came adrift on the side nearest to me. The man was wearing a false beard. He remedied the matter at once very cleverly, so that I may have been the only witness; but I saw that the boatman was in the man's secret, whatever it was. He pulled hard on his starboard oar, bringing the boat partly across the current, thus screening him from everybody except the workers in the ship. It must have seemed to all who saw him that he was merely pulling to another arch of London Bridge.

I was not sure of the man's face. It seemed handsome; that was all I could say of it. But I was fascinated by the mystery. I wondered why he was wearing a false beard; I wondered what he was doing in the schooner. I imagined all sorts of romantic plots in which he was taking part. I watched his boat go through the bridge with the feeling that I was sharing in all sorts of adventures already. There was a fall of water at the bridge which made

the river dangerous there even on a flood-tide. I could see that the waves there would be quite enough for such a boat without the most tender handling. I watched to see how they would pass through. Both men stood up, facing forwards, each taking an oar. They worked her through, out of sight, in a very clever fashion, which set me wondering again what this handsome gentleman might be who worked a boat so well. I hung about at the end of the garden until dinner-time, hoping that they would return. I watched every boat which came downstream, finding a great pleasure in the watermen's skill, for, indeed, the water at the bridge was frightful; only a strong nerve could venture on it. But the boat did not come back, though one or two other boats brought people or goods to the stairs of the garden beside me. I could not see into that garden, the party-wall was too high.

I did not go indoors again till Ephraim came to fetch me, saying that it was time I washed my hands for dinner. I went to my room, but instead of washing my hands I leaned out of the window to watch a dancing bear which was sidling about in the lane just below, while his keeper made a noise on the pan-pipes. A little group of idlers was gathered round the bear. Some of them were laughing at the bear, some at his keeper. I saw two boys sneaking about among them; they were two evil-looking little ruffians, with that hard look in the eyes which marks the thoroughly wicked. As I watched, one of them slipped his hand into a man's pocket, then withdrew it, passing something swiftly to his companion, who turned unconcernedly away. I ran down and out of doors at once to the man who had been robbed.

'Sir,' I said, when he had drawn away from the little crowd, 'have you not been robbed of something?'

He turned to look down on me, searching his pockets with both hands. It gave me a start to see him, for he was the bearded man who had passed me in the boat that morning. You may be sure that I took a good note of him. He was a handsome, melancholy-looking man, with a beard designed to make him look fairer than he really was.

'Robbed of something!' he repeated, in a quiet voice. 'Yes, I have been robbed of something.' It seemed to me that he turned pale when he found that he had been robbed. 'Did you see it?' he asked. 'Don't point. Just describe him to me. No; don't look round, boy. Tell me without looking round.'

'Sir,' I said, 'do you see two little boys moving about among the people there?'

'Yes,' he said.

'It's the boy with the bit of broken pipe in his hat who has the—whatever it was, sir. I'm sure. I saw it all.'

'I see,' he said. 'That's the coverer. Let this be a warning to you, boy, never to stop in a crowd to watch these street-performers. Where were you when you saw it?'

'Up above there, sir. In that house.'

'In Mr. Hyde's house! Do you live there?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Since when? Not for long, surely!'

'No, sir. Only since yesterday. I'm Mr. Hyde's nephew'

'Ah, indeed! And that is your room up there?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Where do you come from, then? You have not been in town before. What is your father?'

'My father is dead, sir. I came from Oulton. My father was rector there.'

'Ah!' he said, quietly. 'Now give this penny to the bear-ward.'

While I was giving the penny to the keeper, the strange man edged among the lookers-on, apparently watching the bear's antics, till he was just behind the pickpocket's accomplice. Watching his time, he seized the boy from behind by both wrists.

'This boy's a pickpocket,' he cried aloud. 'Stop that other boy. He's an accomplice.'

The other boy, who had just taken a purse, started to run, letting the booty drop. A boatman, who was going towards the river, tripped him up with an oar, so that he fell heavily. He lay still where he had fallen (all the breath was knocked out of him), so that he was easily secured. The boy who had been seized by the bearded man made no attempt to get away, he was so firmly held. Both boys were then marched off to the nearest constable's house, where, after a strict search, they were locked into a cellar till the morrow. The crowd deserted the bear-ward when the cry of pickpockets was raised. They followed my mysterious friend to the constable's house, hoping, no doubt, that they would be able to crowd in to hear the constable bully the boys as he searched them. One or two who pretended to have missed things managed to get in. The bearded man told me to come in, as he said that I should be needed as a witness. The others were driven out into the street, where, I suppose, their monkey-minds soon found other game—a horse fallen down, or a drunken man in the gutter—to divert their idleness: sights which seem to attract a London crowd at once.

(Continued on page 22.)

NAPOLEON AND THE FRUIT-SELLER.

INNUMERABLE are the anecdotes concerning the Emperor Napoleon. A very wealthy man—so runs the tale—thought that he would like to fill a case in his library with books about Napoleon. So he gave an order to a bookseller for a copy of every book on the subject, in whatever language it might be written. In a few weeks' time the bookseller wrote to say that he had collected several thousand volumes, and now desired instructions as to whether he should send on these as an instalment, or wait until he had obtained the complete set!

The following Napoleon story is such a pretty one that we hope it may be true.

Napoleon spent his youth at the military school of Brienne. Like other young people, he was fond of fruit, and a good bit of his pocket-money went to a certain fruit-seller who regularly 'waited on' her customers at the school. When he had spent all his money, and was 'hard up,' the kindly woman gave him credit, and when the boy's next remittance arrived, he never failed promptly to pay his debt.

It so happened, however, that at the time he left the school he owed a small sum to the fruit-seller.

'I have not the money to pay you now,' said Napoleon to the woman the last time she brought him a plateful of his favourite fruit, 'but you may be sure that I shall not forget you.'

'Do not trouble yourself about that, sir,' replied the good woman, who thought very highly of the young student. 'May God's blessing go with you, and make you a happy man!'

It would not have been at all surprising if the famous soldier, amid his troubles and triumphs, had forgotten such a trifle as his debt to the fruit-woman. But he certainly possessed a wonderful mind: it had room for small things as well as great ones.

In a few years he had been made a General, and had conquered Italy. He had fought in Egypt and in Palestine. On his return to France he had been made First Consul, and, later on, crowned as Emperor. Then, one day, he made his appearance at Brienne. He arrived there earlier than he was expected, and chose to remain for a time without making himself known. As, accompanied by one attendant, he passed along the street, conjuring up memories of his school-days, and perhaps meditating on the contrast between those days and his present life, he paused suddenly, clapped his hand to his forehead, and stood for a moment or two thinking hard. He was trying to recall the fruit-seller's name. It came to him, and then, followed by his companion, he went straight to the house where he was told she lived.

It was a poor, tumble-down little cottage. Its narrow door opened into a tiny room, where the woman was at that moment kneeling before the fireplace, preparing a frugal meal for herself and her children. She was rather taken aback when two strange gentlemen walked in.

'Can I obtain any refreshment here?' asked the Emperor.

'Certainly, sir. The melons are ripe, if you like them.'

She ran to fetch one. While the strangers were enjoying their melon and the woman was attending to her fire, the Emperor asked a question.

'Do you know the Emperor?' He is expected here to-day, I believe?'

'He has not come yet,' said the woman. 'Yes; I know him well. Many a time he has bought a basket of fruit from me when he was at the school here.'

'And did he always pay for it?'

'Always.'

'My dear, good woman,' said the Emperor, 'either you are concealing the truth, or you have a poor memory. In the first place, you do not know the Emperor, for you do not recognise me, and I am the Emperor. In the second place, he did not always pay for his fruit, for I am still in your debt.'

As the Emperor ceased speaking, his companion poured a shower of gold upon the table. It was a sum of about one thousand two hundred francs. As she recognised the Emperor and heard the clink of the coins upon the table, the startled woman fell on her knees before Napoleon, almost beside herself with astonishment, gratitude, and joy. The two children standing by (a boy and a girl) stared with



“‘I have not the money to pay you now,’ said Napoleon.”

big, wondering eyes, uncertain whether they ought to laugh or cry.

The Emperor gave orders that the hovel should be pulled down, and that a good house should be built upon the same spot. This house was to bear his

name, and there, he said, he would lodge whenever he visited Brienne.

He also provided generously for the boy and girl, and the former was educated, at the Emperor's expense, at the Emperor's old school.



Deep Sea Fish. (See page 14.)

WONDERS OF THE SEA.

I.—DWELLERS IN DARK PLACES.

TO the lover of Nature in her wildest moods the sea is always strangely fascinating: terrible in anger, beautiful in spells of calm. The riot of colour and variety of form which are displayed in the clear depths of the coral reefs of the tropics surpass our powers of expression; while even the rock-pools of our shores are often gay as a garden in June, with crimson sponges, and gaudy anemones, silvery fish, and creeping things of all kinds.

These things have gladdened the eyes of many generations of men. But there are parts of the sea that no man's eyes have ever seen, or can ever see: awful depths where the light of the sun can never penetrate; regions of eternal night blacker than we can conceive. Yet even here creatures contrive to live, and of them we propose to speak. But a word as to the conditions of existence in these regions, before we enter upon a description of the inhabitants. Apart from the darkness, which is intense, and the cold, which is great, there remain to be described the wonderful conditions of pressure, which, in the nature of things, are to be met with nowhere else in the world. We are speaking, it must be remembered, of the deepest depths of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, which, by earlier investigators, were supposed to be bottomless. Modern methods of research, however, have shown that this is an over-estimate: that the bottom of these abysses is to be fathomed, though only with great difficulty.

But be that as it may, we are concerned just now with the fact which has been discovered with regard to the enormous pressure to which the inhabitants of these regions are subjected: a pressure equal to two and a half tons per square inch, or about twenty-five times greater than the pressure that will drive a railway-train! An experiment carried out some years ago, by a Government exploration of the deep sea, affords a striking proof of this pressure. A thick glass tube full of air, sealed up with great care, was wrapped in flannel and placed within a wide copper tube. This was closed by a loose-fitting lid pierced with holes, and the bottom of the tube was similarly pierced. Thus, water had free access to the copper tube, which was lowered to a depth of ten thousand feet—or nearly two miles—and drawn up again. It was then found that the copper wall of the case was bent inwards towards the glass tube, just as if it had been squeezed. The flannel wrapper enclosing the glass tube was next unrolled, when, lo! the tube was found reduced to a fine powder, almost as fine as snow! The glass tube had held out as long as possible against the increasing pressure of the water, but at last gave way, being crushed by the action to powder; and so violent and sudden was the collapse that the water had no time to rush in at the ends of the copper tube, so as to fill the space made by the reduction of the bottle to powder, but instead forced in the sides of the tube. This process, exactly the reverse of what happens in an explosion, was called by Sir Wyville Thomson an 'implosion'!

It is plain, then, that life under such conditions as those just outlined must be impossible to any but creatures specially fitted for it. And yet these

creatures are all very clearly related to shallow-water and quite familiar forms. This shows that the deep-water creatures have descended from the shallow water, and have gradually 'acquired' or gained their several peculiarities in proportion as they migrated, generation by generation, to deeper depths.

Among the fishes these changes have chiefly resulted in an increasing softness of the bony skeleton, those from the greatest depths having but little real bone left; and a decrease in the size of the eyes—many fish indeed being absolutely eyeless. An increase in the size of the jaws and the capacity of the stomach, a remarkable transformation of the fins, and a still more remarkable development of light-producing organs, complete the transformation.

Let us make a brief examination of one or two of the more strange of these dwellers in eternal coldness, silence, and blackness, these regions of joylessness and horror—for otherwise we, at least, cannot picture them: we who love the sun, and green fields, the songs of birds, and the charms of summer and winter, spring and autumn, sunset and sunrise.

The first on our list shall be the strange *Bathyporeia* (No. 1 in the illustration) from the South Pacific, dredged up from a depth of over fifteen thousand feet, or nearly three miles. Note the large head and huge tail, and the remarkable feelers which rise from the head and fins. A pair project from the top of the head, and a pair from the pair of fins which answer to our legs—one from each fin. Besides these, which are of enormous length, a bunch of rods springs from each side of the head. These were originally the rods which supported the breast fins—which answer to our arms. The membrane which these rods supported has long since disappeared to allow each rod to move separately. Of course when they served as fin-supports they were much shorter. These rods and the longer feelers, it must be remarked, serve the purpose of the blind man's stick, for as the fish moves it sends out a feeler, first in one direction, then in another, finding its way, detecting food and avoiding enemies as it goes.

That a large number of sea-animals possess the power of manufacturing light, or are 'phosphorescent,' is well known, but the dwellers in the deep sea, of every kind, have brought this light-producing faculty to a wonderful degree of perfection. And nowhere is this so marked as in the fishes. With them it seems to be used not so much to dispel the pall of night, which is universal, as to serve as a lure. That is to say, curious creatures of all kinds are drawn towards the glare, and so are brought within swallowing distance! In the weird-looking *Dolopichthys*, this light is borne at the end of a long rod, jointed in the middle so that it can be turned in any direction. Once within reach of its jaws, which are wide, all hope is lost! In the matter of jaws and teeth it would be hard to find a more fearsome creature than the *Chauliodus* (No. 3), as may be seen in our illustration. Along the whole length of this fish runs a row of small lights, which must have quite a wonderful effect; while in the *Malacosteus* (No. 2) these lights are confined to the head, being placed just under the eye, which is huge. The mouth, though of great size, has but very small teeth.

These enormous mouths are not the least striking

of the many peculiarities of deep-sea fish. Generally a big mouth is considered ugly, but when inky darkness prevails everywhere, ugliness is not a matter of importance. The size of the mouth, on the other hand, is of very great importance. For when food is hard to come by, a large amount must be taken at a time, and this is only possible when the mouth is large, and, what is no less important, is supported by a no less capacious stomach. Now, in this last particular the deep-sea fish are easily first among their kind, for many are capable of swallowing and storing away prey (generally another fish) larger than their own bodies! The most wonderful example of this feat is that furnished by a small fish known as the *Chiasmodon* (No. 5), for one of these was captured some years ago which had swallowed another fish nearly twice its own length! The stomach had thereby become enormously distended, while the victim had to be doubled back upon itself. The swallower was just four inches long, the swallowed something over seven inches!

Some of the eel-tribe found in these regions are no less gifted in this matter of large mouths and swallowing capacity, as may be gathered from our illustration of the eel, *Saccopharynx* (No. 4).

All the fishes herein described are small; indeed, large fishes in these regions are rare. But why this should be, and many other matters, must be left for some future chapter.

W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., A.L.S., &c.

A SPLENDID FIND.

ONE day, in the year 1858, as the gold-seekers at Bakery Hill, Ballarat, in Australia, were pursuing their usual tasks, one of their number unearthed from the gravel in which he was digging a nugget of the precious metal. So heavy was it that his unaided efforts were not enough to clear it from its surroundings, and when at last this was done, few could believe that the 'find' was not a dream. Never before had any gold-mine yielded such a treasure, for when carried to the scales it was found to weigh two thousand two hundred and seventeen ounces sixteen pennyweights. It realised ten thousand five hundred pounds, and is known in the history of mining as the 'Welcome Nugget.'

SKY FOLK.

THE wind above the tree-tops blew
With soft and gentle sigh,
And brought a flock of clouds to view
Against the summer sky;
And one was like a polar bear,
And one was like a whale,
And one was like a timid hare
With some one else's tail.

They hurried on with all their speed
Toward the sunset flame,
For just behind, with hungry greed,
A savage tiger came.
Perhaps it was the breeze's song
Grown louder than before,
Yet as that tiger leapt along,
I thought I heard him roar!

Behind him came another band
At quite a rapid rate,
And one was like a monkey's hand
That held a china plate;
And one was like a pudding-dish,
And one was like a snail;
And one was like the funny fish
That always bites his tail.

'I wonder where they go,' said I,
'So quickly over-head?'
'They're off,' the forest made reply,
'To put the sun to bed.
This task is very nearly done:
See, see, the daylight dies!
They've drawn the blanket o'er the sun
And darkened all the skies.'

A FAMOUS CRICKETER.



HAVE you ever heard of John Small? In a humble way he was quite an 'Admirable Crichton.' He was brought up to shoemaking, and became a gamekeeper. Not only was he one of the best cricketers of his day, but he also made cricket-bats and balls, and made and mended fiddles. He was as fond of music as of cricket; he played on the violin, and was a member of the Petersfield choir, or village band, for seventy-five years!

Upon one occasion, said John Nyren, the writer on cricket (and there is no reason to doubt his veracity), Small had a remarkable adventure with a bull. Being such a good fiddler, John was in great request for concerts and parties. One afternoon, he and a friend, on their way to one of these musical functions, were crossing a field, when they saw a bull—evidently with evil intentions—coming towards them. John's friend ran away, but the fiddler took his instrument from his bag, and began to play a soft yet lively air. At the very first note the bull stopped and listened. Small continued to play, quietly retreating all the time, closely followed by the now docile beast, until he came to a gate. Here the fiddler escaped as quickly as possible, to the great disgust of the bull, which, turning furious again, was left bellowing and kicking up the ground.

This is the epitaph on John Small's tombstone:—

'Here lies, bowld out by Death's unerring ball,
A cricketer renown'd, by name John Small;
But though his name was Small, yet great his fame,
For nobly did he play the noble game.
His life was like his innings—long and good—
Full ninety summers he had death withstood.
At length the ninetieth summer came—when (fate
Not leaving him one solitary mate)
This last of Hambletonians, old John Small,
Gave up his bat and ball, his leather, wax, and all.'



"At the very first note the bull stopped and listened."



“Go,” he cried, “and make ready for battle.”

THE SEA-KINGS OF ENGLAND.

Stories from Hakluyt's 'English Voyages.'

I.—THE *LITTLE REVENGE*.

ON the afternoon of the 31st of August, 1591, the Lord Thomas Howard, in the Queen's ship *Defiance*, lay riding at anchor near Flores, one of the westerly islands of the Azores. With him were five other ships of war, his Vice-Admiral being Sir Richard Grenville in the *Revenge*, a ship of five hundred tons. Six victual-ships kept him company, with the bark *Raleigh* and two or three pinnaces. The fleet had been sent to the Azores to cut off the Spanish treasure-ships, which were on their way home from the New World, bringing great wealth of precious metal and merchandise.

As they lay there, a fast-sailing ship appeared, and bore down on them with tidings for Lord Thomas. Captain Middleton was its commander, and he brought word of the coming of the Spaniards. He had kept near them three days, watching them, but never closing with them; the swiftness of his ship enabled him to sail away from them when he pleased. But it was not the treasure-fleet which he had been following. It was a new squadron of men-of-war, over fifty strong, sent out from Spain to help the treasure-fleet if it should be attacked as Lord Thomas planned.

The English ships were not ready for battle; they were in a sorry condition. Most of the crews were ashore, procuring water and provisions, and, it may be, plundering the island of whatever they could find. The vessels themselves were light in the water and unseaworthy for want of ballast, and very many of the men were sick and unfit for service. In the *Revenge*, out of some two hundred and fifty men, not less than one hundred were stricken, and lay ashore for their comfort.

Bearing these tidings in mind, the Lord Thomas saw that he was no match for the enemy. He bade his captains get their men on board as quickly as might be, and set sail, and this they did with what speed they could. Even as the last of the crews came aboard, and, in their haste, slipped their cables rather than stay to weigh anchor in proper fashion, the Spaniards hove in sight, creeping silently on them from the shelter of the islands. With difficulty the Englishmen got under way, the wind filling their sails sufficiently only at the last moment. But the *Revenge* was not among those which left the island of Flores in safety.

Sir Richard Grenville was a man of fierce and angry spirit. He took very amiss the order to fly rather than to fight. He summoned his crew on board as he was bidden by the Admiral; but so many were sick that much time was lost. Moreover, Sir Richard would not believe that the Spanish vessels were not the treasure-fleet.

'Sir,' said his chief officer, 'I pray you do as the Admiral bids. The fleet that is near us is not laden with treasure, but with armed men and heavy ordnance. See, they are in sight. We are outnumbered; it is no dishonour to retreat.'

Sir Richard flew into a passion. In his rage he made as if to strike the man. 'Go,' he cried, 'and make ready for battle. I have never turned my

back on a Spaniard yet. I will hang any man who tries to sail away. I would rather die than dishonour myself, my country, and this her Majesty's ship!'

The officers made all ready, and got the sick men aboard in safety. Then they came to him to know his orders.

'Set sail,' he said. 'I will pierce through these Spanish ships by my own path, and force them to give me way.'

They set sail, and passed without harm between a few of the enemy's smaller ships. But the great *San Philip*, a ship of fifteen hundred tons burden, with three tiers of ordnance on each side of her and eleven guns to every tier, came to windward of the *Revenge*, and so huge and high out of the water was she that her bulk took all the wind from the English vessel and becalmed her, so that skill in seamanship, wherein the English mariners were wont to surpass all other nations, availed nothing. And being thus placed, the *San Philip* laid the *Revenge* aboard, side by side, and poured a broadside into her. On the other side there came up another great ship, and soon four others laid themselves alongside and boarded. The time was about three in the afternoon when the *San Philip* joined battle. But after her broadside was fired, the *Revenge* in return gave her the lower tier of her own guns, loaded with cross-bar shot, and the *San Philip* was so hard hit thereby that she drew off at once, and some say that she sank then and there.

There yet remained the rest of the Spanish fleet, and more particularly those five ships that were close to the *Revenge*. In each were companies of soldiers besides the crew—in some two hundred, in others five hundred or eight hundred. The *Revenge* had but her scanty crew, and a few gentlemen volunteers who were aboard. Nor was there any aid for her from her own fleet, for the Lord Thomas had sailed away, and only one little victual-ship, the *George Noble*, of London, which, being hit by the Spanish fire, made but little way, came within hail of her.

'What would you have me do?' the captain cried to Sir Richard. 'Shall I stand by you?'

'Save yourself,' answered Grenville, stoutly. 'Leave me to whatever befalls.'

So the *George Noble* saved herself, and the *Revenge* fought on alone. One other small ship, many hours later, came to her aid. The *Pilgrim*, commanded by Jacob Whiddon, hovered near for many hours; but when she tried to join the *Revenge*, the Spaniards hunted her as ravenous hounds hunt a hare, and she was driven away.

Many times did the Spaniards attempt to board the *Revenge*, but always they were driven back with great loss. All the afternoon and all the night they attacked her, fifteen great ships in turn seeking to make her yield, and never less than two at a time striving with her; as fast as their men were slain, others from the rest of the fleet took their place. The Englishmen grew less in number, their ship more and more battered, till she could do naught but lie in the trough of the waves, and roll and sway as they moved her. Her masts were clean gone, all her tackle cut, her upper work altogether broken away, and she was all but even with the water. Yet Sir

Richard Grenville, though he himself was wounded slightly at the beginning of the battle, bade his men fight on; and they fought so stoutly that when morning came the Spaniards were willing to make terms.

But Grenville made no terms. 'Master gunner,' he cried to one whom he knew to be a most resolute man, 'split and sink the ship! No glory or victory shall be left to the Spaniards. For fifteen hours have they fought, with fifty-three ships, whereof fifteen sail-of-war have joined battle with us; and they have ten thousand men, and cannot make us yield. We will yield to the mercy of God, and to none other; and we will in nowise shorten the honour of our nation by prolonging our own lives for a few days or hours. Split and sink the ship, master gunner. We will never yield!'

'It shall be so,' answered the gunner. But the other officers were less stout of heart, for all that they had fought so well. There were but twenty men left alive, and every one of them was wounded; there was six foot of water in the hold, and three great shot-holes in the hull below the water-line, so weakly stopped that the first strong wave must rush in and sink them; and the vessel was so battered and rent that the Spaniards, even if they captured her, would never be able to take her thence.

'It is no dishonour to yield,' the master of the ship said to Sir Richard; 'we have won glory enough.'

Sir Richard would not hearken to them; but they overruled him, and yielded, and went aboard the Spanish ships, on condition that their lives should be spared, and themselves sent free to England on payment of fair ransom.

But when their decision was made known to Grenville he made as if to kill himself with a sword, and he would have done so if they had not overpowered him by force, and locked him into his cabin, until the Spaniards came and asked him to leave the ship, because after so terrible a fight it was no place for a man to abide in.

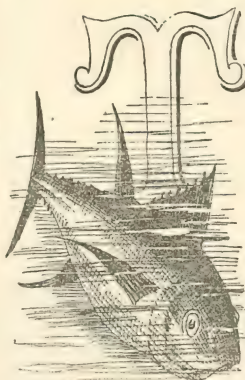
'Do with my body as you please,' he answered. Then they took him on board the *St. Paul*, for he was grievously wounded in many places.

The fight was over. Sir Richard lay in the *St. Paul*, honourably treated. The captains and gentlemen of the Spanish fleet came to look upon and wonder at the man who had fought so marvellously before he died (for there was no hope that he could live). He paid little heed to them, and spoke few words; until, on the third or fourth day after the battle, feeling the hour of death approach, he cried in Spanish, 'Here die I, Richard Grenville, with a joyful and quiet mind, for that I have ended my life as a true soldier ought to do who has fought for his country, queen, religion, and honour. My soul most joyfully departs out of this body, and will leave behind it an everlasting fame of a valiant and true soldier, that hath done his duty as he ought.'

'When he had finished these words' (says the account of the battle), 'he gave up the ghost, with great and stout courage, and no man could perceive any true sign of heaviness in him.'

So died Sir Richard Grenville; and it is said that this last great fight of his in the little *Revenge* struck more terror into the Spanish seamen than even the victory over the Armada itself.

THE TUNNY FISHERIES OF SARDINIA.

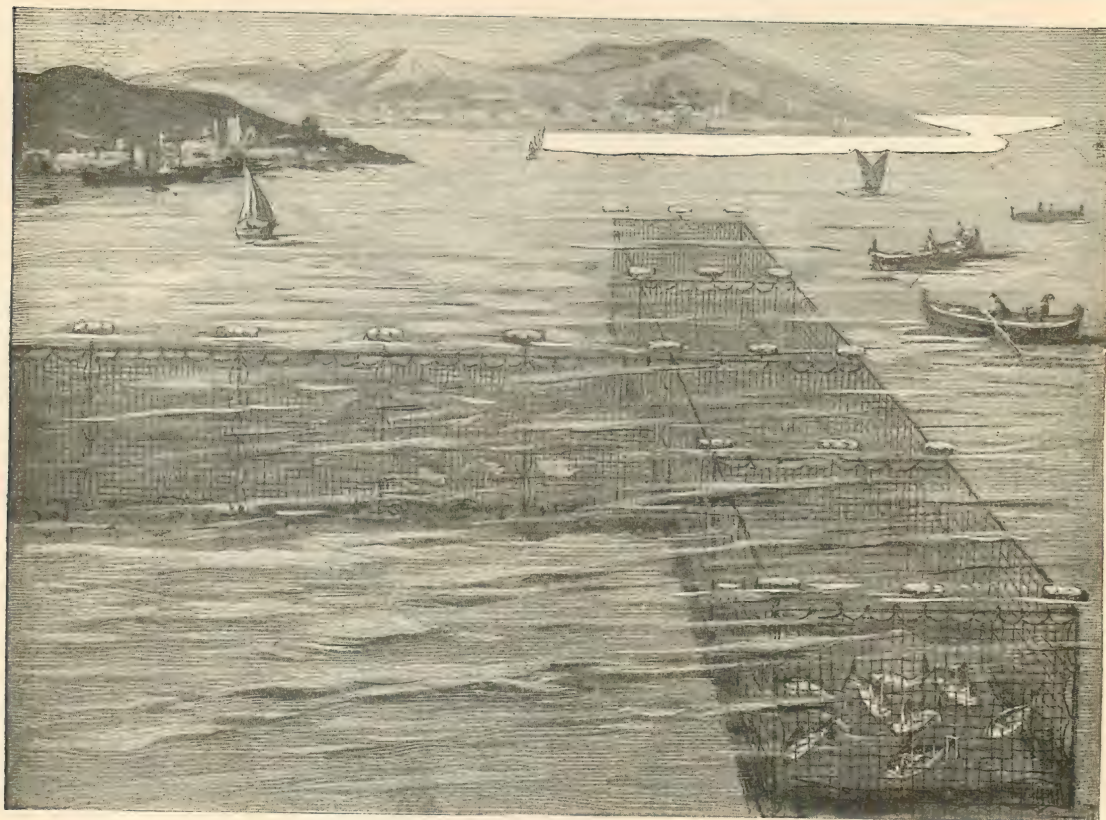


THE Tunny is a fish of the mackerel kind. Its usual length is between two and three feet, though it some times attains to eight or ten. Towards the end of April in every year, immense shoals of these fish migrate eastward along the shores of the Mediterranean, and in the two succeeding months great numbers are caught upon the coasts of France and Italy, and packed in tin cases like sardines for consumption.

Tunny-fishing—the *tonnaro*, as the Italians name it—is carried on at two or three places in Sardinia, the principal fishery being on the island of Piana on the south-west coast, immediately to the north of the much larger island of S. Pietro. The fish are caught in nets extending from the shore. The arrangement of these nets may vary a little in different places, but the plan most commonly adopted is that of a row of enclosures lying parallel to the shore, and connected with it by one long net placed at right angles. The net when laid down may be compared to a letter T, in which the top part represents a series of chambers arranged in a row, far out at sea, and in a line with the shore, and the upright corresponds to one long net stretching from the shore to the row of chambers. The nets are set upright, like so many walls or hedges in the sea, the lower edges being held down by anchors and weights, while the upper edges are floated by means of large pieces of cork-tree bark. The size of the nets is immense. The chambers sometimes extend a mile along the coast, and the shore net is equally long. The depth of water in the chambers is over a hundred feet, and the nets are made wide enough to reach the bottom, even when they are swayed by the currents of the sea, being sometimes one hundred and fifty or one hundred and sixty feet wide. They are made of a kind of rush-cord, three-quarters of an inch thick, which is tied into meshes about six inches square. The cost of the nets alone amounts to something like two thousand pounds.

There are usually seven chambers or enclosures formed by the nets parallel to the shore, and these chambers communicate with each other until the last is reached. This last chamber is not only hedged in by upright nets, but it has also a horizontal net, which forms a sort of bottom to it, and this net can be raised entire by the fishermen who surround the enclosure in their boats. The other chambers have entrances for the fish, but their only outlets lead onwards to the last one.

The nets are all set in April, so that they may be ready for the arrival of the fish upon these shores in May. The fishery is directed by a captain, who has a dozen boats under his command. As the shoal of fish moves along the coast it meets with the long net



Tunny Nets.

stretching from the shore, and the tunnies, turning aside towards the sea, in order to get past it, find their way to the entrance of the chambers. They are timid fish, and are easily frightened in by the moving of a white sail, the lowering of a net, or the scattering of some sand behind their leaders. Once in the chambers they are scared or led onwards to the last, which is called the death-chamber. Sometimes, when they hesitate to go forward, an expert swimmer, dressed in white, in order to be conspicuous, dives into the water, and leads the way towards the proper opening. The leading fish follow him, and the shoal, like a flock of sheep, follows those in front. When the death-chamber is full the entrance is closed, and the men in the boats begin to draw up the bottom net. As the fish are drawn to the surface they are slaughtered by hundreds, and taken into the boats. In a very short time the net is emptied, and the fish are taken on shore. The men, working in gangs, cut them open on the beach, dress and wash them, and carry them to a large open shed, where they are allowed to hang for a couple of hours. At the end of this time the fishes are cut up, and the flesh is either salted or boiled, after which it is packed into barrels and dispatched, as a rule, to the nearest ports on the coast of Italy, where it is placed in the tin cases in which it is sent to market. Some years ago it was estimated that a thousand

tons of fish were caught at Piana, in Sardinia, every year. Though the rents are heavy and the expenses are great, the fishery is an exceedingly profitable business.

NOTHING'S LOST THAT IS GIVEN TO A FRIEND.

'AT last!' said Jean to himself, as he drew up his loaded cart, with its team of three white horses, in front of the Restaurant du Soleil, some ten miles west of Paris. 'Now, my friends,' he said, giving a friendly pat to Lili, the leader of the team, 'you shall have something to eat and drink and a good rest, for it is terribly hot, and we have come a good step to-day.'

Lili had no objection to this proposal, and thankfully twisted her head to the bucket of water which was placed on the curbstone in front of her.

Loulou, the poodle belonging to the restaurant, stood by to watch the pail, which he knew was his master's property, whilst Azor, the carrier's dog, who was tired out with his long trudge, came timidly up, longing for his turn, for he was very thirsty, and his dry tongue was hanging out of his mouth.

'There!' said Jean, who was a great talker to his beasts, and said they worked the better for being treated as friends. 'Now, Bourbaki, let me fasten



“‘Something to eat and drink, and a good rest.’”

on your nose-bag, and then, when you three horses have done, we will go and have a bite and sup—hey, Azor?’

‘I envy you,’ called out a glazier, who, with a load of glass on his back, was just then crossing

the bridge in front of the restaurant. ‘I only wish I saw a chance of bite or sup in front of me. All day long have I trudged from village to village in this heat, and not a single person has a broken window to mend! I wish a good hail-storm would

come and break every pane between this and Paris, then I might get a chance!' said the glazier sadly.

'Ho, ho, ho!' laughed the carter. 'What a wish! To ruin many to feed one! That would never do! But come with me and share my meal. Coffee and bread and cheese for two!' he quickly called out to the stout landlady, who could be seen by the open doorway.

'Do you really mean it?' said the glazier.

'Mean it? Of course I do!' answered the carter. 'I have known what it is to want a meal, and may again for all I know, so I'd like to help a friend who is down on his luck. It may be my turn next, you know. Now, then, slip your glass off your back, and put it down round here where it won't be broken, and then we will have our meal on that bench outside, so that I can keep my eye on my horses.'

The carter went on talking to prevent the glazier from thanking him, for, rough fellow as the carter appeared, he had the true delicacy of a generous mind, and did not want to be thanked for his kindness.

Before long the two men were seated at the long trestle-table outside the restaurant. Two soldiers were there before them, and they moved up to make room for the new-comers, and bade them 'good evening' politely. Having done this, however, they went on with their conversation, which seemed unusually exciting, to judge by their loud tones and frequent gesticulations.

'I did laugh!' one soldier was saying. 'I nearly burst my tunic with laughing to see that bull put his horns first through one pane and then another in its attempts to get out of the shop.'

'Yes, I laughed too!' said the other. 'But it is no laughing matter for the man at the draper's shop; he will have a pretty penny to pay for glass-mending, and he was frantic to find a glazier, as, if rain comes on, he will get his stock damaged. Ha, ha! I could laugh still to see that bull dodging in and out, and the glass falling like hail-stones, and every one afraid to go near the animal.'

During this conversation the carter was so busy over his bread and cheese that he had no attention to spare, but the words 'pane' and 'glass' naturally attracted the glazier, and he listened with all his ears, and when the soldier stopped he leant over and said eagerly, 'Is that shop you spoke of anywhere hereabouts? I am a glazier, and badly in want of a job.'

'Then you're in luck, mate, and no mistake!' said the soldier, good-naturedly. 'The shop is not half a mile from here. This draper's shop is just as you enter the village, and Monsieur Gouley will be thankful to see one of your trade.'

'I'll be off at once,' said the glazier, hastily rising. 'You will do nothing of the sort,' said the carter, pushing him down to his seat again. 'You finish your meal, and you will be better fitted to do the job.'

'You're right,' joined in the soldiers. 'Finish your coffee, mate. The job won't run away.'

The glazier thus exhorted hastily finished his meal; then, turning to the carter, he said, shortly, 'I will be going now, and I have to thank you for a better meal than I have had for many a day. Tell me where I can write to you, for, if I get this job, I shall have money in my pocket, and—'

'Oh, don't you trouble about that!' laughed the carter. 'I shall be at this restaurant to-morrow evening about this time, and if you have fallen on your feet I'd be glad to hear of it; but don't let us have any talk of paying, or anything of that sort.'

The glazier said no more, but strode towards the village with his load on his back, and the carter, having paid his modest score and played a little with the landlady's baby, who was dragging a cart and horse up and down the pavement, also went his way.

The following evening, true to his word, he again drew up at the old restaurant. But this time the glazier was to play the host, and an appetising little supper was awaiting the carter.

'Here you are!' called out the glazier, running out to welcome his friend. 'And I must tell you I have got a good job, and one that seems likely to last, and I owe it all to you, and right grateful I am, and so this time you're to sup at my expense.'

'There now!' said the carter, with a beaming smile on his honest face as he sat down before the well-spread table. 'I always say, "Nothing's lost that you give a friend," and I'm sure my words have come true to-day!'

THE STARS—AND I.

MARK! the wind rushes through the slender trees,

And the flowers are drenched by the rain:

Then I hear my mother say,

That I can't go out to play;

That little children, such as I,

Must stay in doors and never cry,

Till the sunshine returns once again.

When the rain hisses down on cheerless nights,

Not a star overhead can I spy,

For the Mother Moon doth say,

Baby stars can't go to play:

That little stars with shining light

Must wait until another night

When the rain-clouds have gone from the sky.

MARTIN HYDE.

(Continued from page 11.)

THE boys were strictly searched by the constable. The booty from their pockets was turned out upon the table.

'Now, sir,' said the constable to the bearded man, after he had made a note of my story. 'What is it they took from you, sir?'

'A shagreen leather pocket-book,' said the man. 'There it is.'

'This one?' said the constable.

'Yes.'

'Oh,' said the constable, opening the clasps, so that he could examine the writing on the leaves. 'What's inside?'

'A lot of figures,' said the man. 'Sums; problems in arithmetic.'

'Right,' said the constable, handing over the book. 'Here you are, sir. What name, sir?'

'Edward Jermyn.'

'Edward German,' the constable repeated. 'Where d'you live, sir?'

'At Mr. Scott's, in Fish Lane.'

'Right, sir,' said the constable, writing down the address. 'You must appear to-morrow at ten before Mr. Gatty, the magistrate. You, too, young master, to give your evidence.'

At this the boys burst out crying, begging us not to appear, using all those deceptive arts which the London thieves practise from childhood. I, who was new to the world's deceptions, was touched by their seeming misery.

The constable roughly silenced them. 'I know you,' he said. 'I had my eye on you two ever since Christmas. Now you'll go abroad to do a bit of honest work, instead of picking pockets. Stop your blubbing now, or I'll give you "Mogador Jack."' He produced 'Mogador Jack,' a supple shark's backbone, from behind the door. The tears stopped on the instant.

After this, the bearded man showed me the way back to Fish Lane, when Ephraim (who was at the door looking out for me) gave me a shrewd scolding for venturing out without a guide. Mr. Jermyn silenced him by giving him a shilling.

The next day, Mr. Jermyn took me to the magistrate's house, where the two thieves were formally committed for trial. Mr. Jermyn told me that they would probably be transported for seven years, on conviction at the Assizes; but that, as they were young, the honest work abroad, in the plantations, might be the saving of them. 'So do not be so sad, Master Martin,' he said. 'You do not know how good a thing you did when you looked out of the window yesterday. Do you know, by the way, how much my book is worth?'

'No, sir,' I said.

'Well, it's worth more than the King's crown,' he said.

'But I thought it was only sums, sir?'

'Yes,' he said, with a strange smile. 'But some sums have to do with a great deal of money. Now I want you to think to-night of something to the value of twenty pounds or so. I want to give you something as a reward for your smartness. Don't decide at once. Think it over. Here we are at our homes. You see, we live just opposite to each other.'

We were standing at this moment in the narrow lane at my uncle's door. As Mr. Jermyn spoke he raised his hand in a farewell salute with that dignity of gesture which was in all his movements. On the instant, to my surprise, the door of the house opposite opened slowly, till it was about half open. No one opened it, as I could see; it swung back of itself. After my friend had stepped across the threshold it swung to with a click in the same mysterious way. It was as though it had a knowledge of Mr. Jermyn's mind, as though the raised hand had had a magical power over it. When I went indoors to my uncle's house I was excited. I felt that I was in the presence of something romantic, something mysterious. I liked Mr. Jermyn. He had been very kind. But I kept wondering why he wore a false beard, why his door opened so mysteriously, why he valued a book of sums above the worth of a king's crown. As for his

offer of a present, I did not like it, though he had not given me time to say as much. I remembered how indignant the Oulton wherry-men had been when a gentleman offered them money for saving his daughter's life. I had seen the man robbed, what else could I have done? I could have done no less than tell him. I resolved that I would refuse the gift when next I saw him.

At dinner, that day, I was full of Mr. Jermyn, much to my uncle's annoyance.

'Who is this Mr. Jermyn, Martin?' he asked. 'I don't know him. Is he a gentleman?'

'Yes, Uncle.'

'Do you know him, Ephraim?'

'No, sir. I know him by sight, sir. Gentleman who lives over the way, Mr. Hyde.'

'That's Mr. Scott's, though.'

'No, sir. Mr. Jermyn has been there ever since February.'

'But the house is empty!'

'The lower floor is furnished, sir.'

'Do you know anything of him? Do you know his man?'

'They say he's in the fruit way, sir. In the Spanish trade. His men are Spaniards. They do say he's not quite to be trusted.'

'Who says this?' my uncle asked.

'I don't like to mention names, sir,' Ephraim said.

'Quite right; quite right. But what do they say?'

'Very queer things go on in that house,' said Ephraim. 'I don't like to say, but they think he practises witchcraft, sir. Awful noises go on there. I have seen some things myself there that I don't like to talk of. Well, I saw a black bird as big as a man stand flapping in the window. Then I saw eyes glaring out at the door. They give the house a bad name, sir, every one.'

'H'm,' said my uncle. 'What's he like, Martin, this Mr. Jermyn?'

'A tall man, with a beard,' I answered. I thought it wrong to mention that I knew the beard to be false. 'He's always stroking the bridge of his nose with his hand.'

'Ha!' my uncle said, as though recognising the trait. 'But with a beard you tell me?'

'Yes, sir. With a beard.'

'H'm,' he answered, musing. 'I must have a look at this Mr. Jermyn. Remember, Martin, you're to have nothing more to do with him till I know a little more of what he is. You understand?'

'Yes, Uncle.'

'One cannot be too careful in this town. I won't allow you in the streets, Martin, no matter who has his pockets picked. I told you that before.'

'Please, Uncle, may I go on the river, then, if I'm not to go into the street? I'm used to boats.'

'Yes, you may do that. But you're not to go on board the ships, mind.'

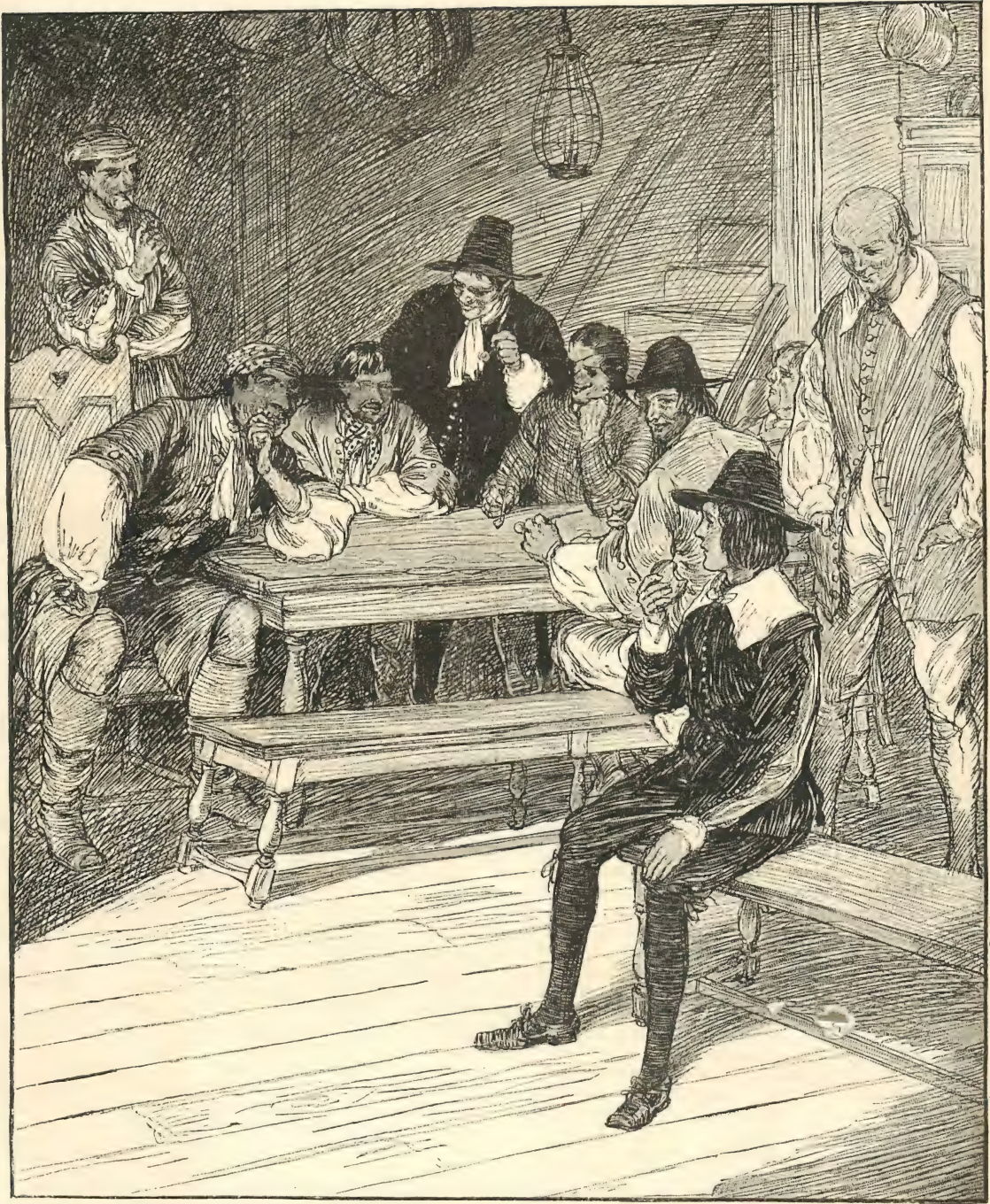
'Beg pardon, sir,' Ephraim put in. 'The fall at the bridge is very risky, sir!'

'Is it?' said my uncle, testily; 'then of course you can't go in a boat, Martin. You must play in the garden, or read.'

(Continued on page 26.)



“The boys were strictly searched by the constable.”



“‘Are you for King James, young waterman?’ said one of the men.”

MARTIN HYDE.

(Continued from page 23.)

I WAS very angry with Ephraim for putting in that word about the fall. Though I had only known Ephraim for a few days I disliked him, perhaps as much as he disliked me. He was angry (I could feel it) at having a boy in the house, after many years of quiet alone with my uncle. I know that when he had occasion to speak to me, he always went away muttering about my being a 'charity brat who ought to be in the poor-house.' Still, like most servants, he vented most of his malice indirectly, as in this hint of his about the river.

I rose up from the dinner-table full of rebellion. I would go on the river, I said to myself, fall or no fall. I would see more of Mr. Jermy, too. I would find out what went on in that house. I would find out everything. In all this, of course, I was very wrong, but having persuaded myself that I was being treated unjustly, I felt that I was only doing right in rebelling. So after waiting till Ephraim was in the pantry, washing up the dinner-things with the housemaid, I slipped down the garden to the boat-house. The door was padlocked, as I had feared; but with an old hammer-head I managed to pry off the staple. I felt like a burglar when the lock came off in my hand. I felt that I was acting deceitfully. Then the thought of Ephraim came over me, making me rebellious to my finger-tips. I would go on the river, I said to myself; I would go aboard all the ships in the Pool. I would show them all that I could handle a boat anywhere. So in a moment my good angel was beaten. I was in the boat-house, prying at the staple of the outer door, like the young rogue that I was. Well, I paid a heavy price for that day of disobedience. It was the most dearly bought day's row I ever heard of.

It took me a few moments to open the outer door. Then, with a thrill of pleasure, such as only those who love the water can feel, I thrust out into the river, on to the last of the tide, then fast ebbing. The fall under the bridge at that state of the tide was truly terrifying. It roared so loudly that I could hear nothing else. It boiled about the bridge piers so fiercely that I was scared to see it. I had seen the sea in storm; but then one does not put to sea in a storm. This waterfall tumbled daily, even in a calm. I shuddered to think of small boats, caught in the current above it, being drawn down, slowly at first, then with a whirl, till all was whelmed in the tumble below the arches. I saw how hatefully the backwash seemed to saunter back to the fall along the banks. I thought that if I was not careful I might be caught in the backwash, drawn slowly along it by the undertow, till the cataract sank me.

As I watched the fall, fascinated, yet scared by it, there came a shooting rush, with shouts of triumph. A four-oared wherry, with two passengers, shot through the arch over the worst of the water into the quiet of the mid-stream. They waved to me, evidently very pleased with their exploit. That set me wondering whether the water were really as bad as it looked. My first feat was to

back up, cautiously, almost to the fall, till my boat was dancing so vigorously that I was spattered all over. Standing up in the boat there, I could see the oily water, like a great arched snake's back, swirl past the arch towards me, bubble-less, almost without a ripple, till it showed all its teeth at once in breaking down. The piers of the arches jutted far out below the fall, like pointed islands. I was about to try to climb on to the top of one from the boat, a piece of madness which would probably have ended in my death; but some boys in one of the houses on the bridge began to pelt me with pebbles, so that I had to sheer off. I pulled down among the shipping, examining every vessel in the Pool. Then I pulled down-stream, with the ebb, as far as Wapping, where I was much shocked by the sight of the pirates' gallows, with seven dead men hung in chains together there, for taking the ship *Delight*, so a waterman told me, on the Guinea coast, the year before.

I left my boat at Wapping Stairs, while I went into a pastry-cook's shop to buy cake; for I was now hungry. The pastry-cook was also a vintner. His tables were pretty well crowded with men, mostly seafaring men, who were sitting together talking of politics. I knew nothing whatever about politics, but hearing the Duke of Monmouth named, I pricked up my ears to listen. My father had told me, in his last illness, when the news of the death of Charles the Second reached us, that trouble would come to England through this Duke, because, he said, 'he will never agree with King James.' Many people (the Duke himself being one of them) believed that this James, Duke of Monmouth, was the true son of Charles the Second and a very beautiful woman whom he (so the tale went) had married in his wanderings abroad, while Cromwell ruled in England here. I myself shall ever believe this story. I am quite sure, now, in my own mind, that Monmouth was our rightful king. I have heard accounts of this marriage of Charles the Second from people who were with him in his wanderings. When Charles the Second died (being poisoned, some said, by his brother James, who wished to seize the throne while Monmouth was abroad, unable to claim his rights), James succeeded to the crown. At the time of which I write he had been king for about two months. I did not know anything about his merits as a king; but hearing the name of Monmouth, I felt sure, from the first, that I should hear more of what my father had told me.

One of the seamen, a sour-looking, pale-faced man, was saying that Holland was full of talk that the Duke was coming over to try for the kingdom. Another said that it was not the Duke of Monmouth, but the Duke of Argyll that was coming—to try, not for England, but for Scotland. A third said all this was talk, for how could a single man, without twenty friends in the world, get through a cruising fleet? 'How could he do anything, even if he did land?'

'Ah!' said another man, 'they say that the West is ready to rally round him. That's what they say.'

'Well,' said the first, raising his cup, 'here's to King James, I say. England's had enough of civil trouble.'

The other men drank the toast with applause. It is curious to remember how cautious people were in those troublous days. One could never be sure even of one's friend's true opinion. It was a time when there were so many spies about that everybody was suspicious of his neighbour. I am sure that a good half of that company was disloyal; yet they drank that toast, stamping their feet, as though they would have shed their blood for King James with all the pleasure in life.

'Are you for King James, young waterman?' said one of the men to me.


'Yes,' I said; 'I am for the rightful King.'

At this they all laughed.

One of the men said that if there were many like me, the Duke of Monmouth might spare himself the trouble of coming over.

(Continued on page 34.)

AT EVENTIME.

 T eventime, when the fire burns low,
And fills the room with a ruddy glow,
When all is warm and bright,
We draw the crimson blinds aside,
And fling the casement window wide,
To peer into the night.

The night is just a magic cave,
In which we children staunch and brave
Are eager to explore:
Then from the wood's dark mystery
The wind-harp croons a lullaby
Of sweetest fairy lore.

The lantern moon, so big and round,
Reveals the goblins' hunting-ground,
And halls of elfin kings:
We see the gnomes with foxglove caps
Riding the wee field-mice, perhaps,
Around the fairy rings.

But when the black clouds hide the moon,
We, shivering, shut the window soon,
And draw the curtains tight;
Then gladly creep back to the fire,
To watch the flickering flames leap higher
In cheerful warmth and light.

A VILLAGE MAN'S MUSEUM.

RARE is the place that nowadays has not got its museum. But it is safe to say that of the hundreds of show-places not only in the United Kingdom, but all the world over, there is not one that can be compared for quaintness with that which is to be found at Bramber, a pretty little village near Brighton, in Sussex. It is only a small place, owned by an elderly man and his daughter, of little or no education, but it is fully worth travelling many miles to see. And yet it only consists, for the most part, of stuffed animals and birds. The creatures, however, have not been set up in so many monotonous cases, in a well-worn manner.

Almost every one of them is doing something either pretty or quaint, and herein lies the novelty and interest of the show.

For instance, in the first case, near the entrance, you see a number of robins, all in full plumage, 'flying' towards a small copse with leaves in their beaks. In the copse are two dolls 'fast asleep' and half concealed by leaves. Then in the dim distance there is an old church and castle tower.

What is the picture supposed to represent, no doubt you are wondering. It is a practical illustration of the story of the Babes in the Wood. Yes, it is a wonderful picture, and the more so when you take into consideration that its creator is a self-taught taxidermist, whose tools consist of but a few sharp pocket-knives of various sizes, a packet of needles and a glue-pot. But wonderful as it is, this group is insignificant when compared with that in the next case. Here are fifteen stuffed baby kittens, dressed in dainty costumes and scattered about on a lawn in striking groups before a pretty villa. The picture is called the Kittens' Garden Party. Some are playing croquet, some are sitting at a tea-table enjoying dainty cakes and dainty cups of tea, one is handing round the good things from a tiny brass tray, two are gossiping in a secluded corner, and two, apparently crabbed old spinsters, are criticising the costumes of the rest.

In the group that follows, eleven rats are enjoying themselves in an inn. Four are playing dominoes, two smaller ones are watching the game, one is asleep in a corner, one is helping a friend, while another, dressed as a policeman, is looking in at the door. Again, there is one with bandaged foot and a crutch hobbling towards those playing dominoes, and two old stagers, looking as wise as wise can be, are engaged in conversation with one another.

Passing on, you come to a very queer spectacle—a large case fitted up to look like a schoolroom, with maps, forms, and desks, and containing as many as forty-eight baby rabbits. The Rabbits' Village School is the title of the amusing picture. Some of the little creatures are writing, some doing arithmetic on tiny slates, some reading from tiny books, some sewing, and four engaged in the difficult task of teaching. A mistress, in a very quaint bonnet and dress, superintends the sewing class, amongst the members of which you notice that stockings and aprons are the articles that are being made. One of the arithmetic class has apparently misbehaved himself, for he is standing on a form with large tears in his eyes, while another is copying from a companion, and a third is holding up a chubby paw to attract the attention of one of the stern-looking masters.

In the next group there are all sorts of rare birds and animals in all kinds of extraordinary and quaint positions. There are owls, woodpeckers, jays, marmosets, squirrels, toads, weasels, stoats, rats, mice and cats, all on the most friendly terms with one another, and all looking as happy as a summer's day is bright and long. Then you see animals enacting the story, the House that Jack Built, and another very full of birds, giving an illustration of the story, the Death of Cock Robin. This latter is the most

interesting in this unique museum, for all the creatures that are mentioned in the story you see in the case, down to the fish with his little dish, and the fly with his little eye. There is the bull—a stuffed newly born calf, fitted with artificial horns—who tolled the bell, the rook with



The Founder of the Bramber Museum.

his book, the owl with his spade, the lark with beak wide open, singing as a lark has never sung before; little finches sadly carrying the coffin to the grave, the wicked sparrow with his bow and arrow, and a multitude of all sorts and conditions of other birds, all 'a-sighing and a-sobbing.' There is also a case containing twenty-four squirrels,

playing cribbage, 'all fours,' reading newspapers and books, and there is another of guinea-pigs engaged in a friendly game of cricket. And there are still other cases. Here you see twenty kittens attending the marriage of two of their number—all wearing quaint and smart little costumes made by the taxidermist's daughter—and here two rats stealing eggs, with a companion looking on. This case is of exceptional interest, for it shows you exactly how rats manage to carry eggs away with them into their burrows.

In still another case, there are two rats letting a companion out of a trap, and elsewhere a hundred and one other objects of surpassing interest, from



A Friend in Need is a Friend indeed.



A Strange Rider on a Strange Horse.

a kingfisher's nest—so rarely seen or found—to a tiny tree-pipit and a lamb with two perfect heads.

Forty-seven years has it taken the proprietor, 'old Bill' Potter, with during late years the assistance of his very energetic and talented daughter, to create the little show, and as many as a couple of years to stuff and set up some of the animals in the larger cases. He made a beginning with the story of the Death of Cock Robin. At that time he was employed at the village inn, then kept by his father. The picture, so delicate and wonderful in workmanship, attracted so much attention that the amateur taxidermist was tempted to try and make others. It met with unlooked-for success, and then it was that it occurred to 'Bill' to form a museum. He took a cottage, and in the best room, the 'parlour,' the museum was situated for many years. A penny is, and always has been, the charge made for admittance of children, and twopence in the case of adults, but the more well-to-do visitors are politely told that they can give what they like. How profitable this system of charging has proved is shown by the fact that not only has 'Bill' Potter been able to buy the snug little villa that he now lives in, but to build with good red bricks the present museum. But, in 'Bill's' own words, he is not so young as he used to be. Therefore, interesting to relate, nowadays it is



The Thieves.

his daughter's hand that stuffs the birds, sets them up in their cases, and, in short, keeps the show filled with new curiosities.

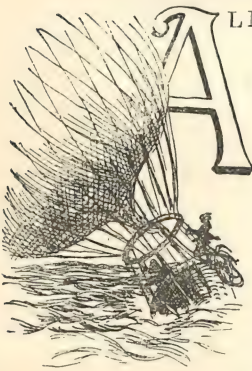
The prosperity of the museum shows that a man, though he may be poor and 'uneducated,' as we understand the word, may make a very comfortable living, no matter where may be his home, provided he has energy and brains enough to think of something original and entertaining.

J. C. BRISTOW-NOBLE.

CRUISERS IN THE CLOUDS.

(New Series.)

I.—THE TWO PRINCIPLES.



ALMOST all those who devote their efforts towards aerial navigation are divided into two main classes. The first thinks flight is to be achieved most satisfactorily by using machines that are lighter than the air in which they soar; and the second class pins its faith on machines which are 'heavier than air, but which overcome the disadvantage by self-contained strength.' In the great race for perfection we know that the 'heavier than

a kite, in itself, is heavier than air, or that the imprudent adventurers who threw themselves from lofty buildings with inadequate aeroplanes were *also* heavier than air. Certainly the efforts of this school of thinkers had not carried them very far when, in 1783, the brothers Montgolfier passed them at a bound, by sending up their fire balloon from the market square in Annonay.* From that date the upholders of the 'lighter than air' machines swept ahead, and no one doubted for many years that theirs was the more likely and practical means of flight. This belief has led to many improvements in balloons, especially to long horizontal bodies, with means of propulsion and steering attached.

Yet the steerable balloon has serious drawbacks. Its unwieldy bulk makes it the plaything of the winds, and, so far as we know at present, it seems unlikely that the great surface it must necessarily offer to the wind will ever be practically counteracted by the power of the engines it is able to carry. Furthermore, the inflating of the envelope with gas takes time and special appliances, and every return to earth is a sacrifice of its lifting powers. In case of use for military purposes, the great bag would form an easy target for the enemies' bullets, and the first damage would be fatal.

From all these drawbacks the 'heavier than air' machine is practically free, and, though it is some distance behind its rival at present, the best judges are of opinion that it stands a very good chance of winning, after all. The variety of designs invented by those who have worked upon it have done much to prove the error of certain methods. It was quite natural that wings should be looked to as the proper

* An account of this is given in *Chatterbox* for 1905.

means of flying, but modern investigation has shown this to be wrong. When a bird flies, a great deal more than the mere flapping of its wings is necessary, or its balance would be constantly upset. The currents of air strike against the under-curve of the wings at ever-changing angles, and to adjust these the bird instinctively manipulates its pinions in a manner that we could never hope to equal with artificial wings. You can get some idea of what we mean by this, if, in the words of the celebrated American aeroplanist, Mr. Wright, you hold a common sheet of note-paper between the fingers, and allow it to fall. However carefully you poise it, it will not reach the floor without swaying and tilting, and probably turning over. If this is the case in a sheltered room, it will be more marked out of doors, and the necessity to counteract this makes human wings out of the question—at present.

For a somewhat similar reason, the screw, except as a means of independent *propulsion*, is unsuited for assisting man to scale the clouds. Even the broad-surfaced aeroplane has not yet learned to battle successfully with these erratic currents; but, aided by its rudder, it is enabled to negotiate them better than movable wings could do, provided that the steering-gear is under the control of a skilful hand.

Thus, on the whole, in the practical race in the skies, it seems that the 'heavier than air' machine is more likely to triumph than the 'lighter than air.'

JOHN LEA.

THE MISADVENTURES OF JACKSON.

I.—THE ELECTRIC BATTERY.

'HULLO, Jackson! Have you heard the news?' was the greeting Jackson received when, having left his luggage at the bustling, confused station, in the hope that some one would deliver it some time, he sauntered in at the gate of St. Olaf's on the first day after the Easter holidays.

'Yes, of course I have. Queen Anne's dead!' answered Jackson with a grin. He was used to being taken in by his school-fellows, and felt rather pleased that for once they had not 'scored off' him.

'Rot!' answered Perkins, his bosom friend. 'It's something much more exciting. Old Bumble's gone.'

'What!' said Jackson. 'Has he really? Why, all the chaps said it would take an earthquake to remove him.'

'It did! His brother was killed in one, and left old Bumble all his money. He's going to live in the country and keep poultry.'

'Hurrah for old Bumble!' cried Jackson. 'I know what it will be,' and he began in a husky drawl, 'If three hens, my dear boys, lay five eggs in two days, how long will it take to fatten a cockerel for market?'

His imitation of the retired master, who for a long time had been entirely unequal to the management of his class, was so exact that the group of boys by the gate shouted with laughter.

'Who is the new man?' asked Jackson when the laugh had subsided.

He is straight from Cambridge, with goggles and

a placid smile, so we shall have lots more larks in the third. He's with the Head now. But, come on, Jackson, let's go and have a look at the new kids!' and the chums went off arm in arm.

Meanwhile Dr. Peterson, in his study, was wishing that the sudden and unexpected departure of Mr. Blake (irreverently known as 'Bumble') had not obliged him to engage a new master without the possibility of having a personal interview with him first. There was something so very mild in the appearance of Mr. Williamson's spectacles and light flaxen-coloured hair that he shuddered at the thought of placing him in charge of the turbulent third form.

'You're going to have a tough piece of work,' he repeated for the second time; 'but I'll give you two hints: keep your eye on Perkins. There's no harm in him except mischief, but there's a good deal of that. And see that the other boys don't make Jackson responsible for all their crimes. He's one of the best-tempered and nicest chaps in the school, but he has an absent-minded way of walking into scrapes.'

'Is Perkins a red-haired youth?' asked Mr. Williamson.

'He is,' replied the head master. 'Do you know him?'

'Well, I rather fancy that it was owing to the peculiar nature of his direction that I found myself in the kitchen just now instead of in your study. He told me he belonged to my form, and seemed to take a proprietary interest in me.'

'No doubt he did,' laughed Dr. Peterson, and he noticed with relief that if Mr. Williamson's hair was very light-coloured, at any rate there was a good deal of determination about the way in which he shut his mouth. And there the interview ended.

The next morning, after prayers, Mr. Williamson found himself face to face with the twenty-seven boys who composed his form, and realised with resignation that it would certainly take him several days to find out which name belonged to each of them. Perkins he knew already, and he managed to identify Jackson as a fair boy with large, sleepy blue eyes, but that was almost as far as he got the first morning.

It was Jackson's absent-minded appearance that people generally noticed first, but he was by no means as sleepy as he looked; and though, as a rule, he did not resent his school-fellows' practical jokes, the third form never forgot the day that he found his three rabbits lying in a row, gazing at him piteously with their bodies and legs bandaged to resemble Egyptian mummies. His onslaught on the offenders was so sudden and unexpected that, on the following day, more than one boy appeared in class with a black eye.

Work opened quietly on Mr. Williamson's first morning, and he was beginning to feel more at home with his class, when a mysterious whirring sound began to make itself heard. He looked sharply up and down the line of heads bending studiously over the long, old-fashioned desks, which appeared to be made to contain books, but were, in fact, hollow underneath, and if he thought that some of the shoulders twitched as the noise continued at intervals, he made no remark.

This was rather disquieting, for on similar occasions Mr. Blake had been known to rush frantically up and down the room exclaiming, 'Really, boys, I cannot allow this! I shall get quite angry, *quite* angry, if this goes on.'

The noise certainly had a peculiar way of wandering to a fresh place whenever Mr. Williamson turned his back; but he continued the arithmetic lesson as if nothing unusual was in progress, and the class was preparing itself to try and disturb his equanimity in a fresh manner when he turned round suddenly from the blackboard on which he was writing up a new example and said, 'Thanks, Perkins, I'll take that catapult.'

This seemed almost like witchcraft, and Perkins gasped. He did not know that, by means of reflections, people who wear spectacles can occasionally see what is going on behind them.

'Catapult, sir!' he exclaimed, with affected innocence.

'Yes; the catapult you have just slipped into your pocket, and with which you were going to send a note across to Jackson.'

Perkins gazed at the master undecidedly. The attack was so unexpected that he did not know what to make of it, and Mr. Williamson went on: 'Come, Perkins; you don't look like a liar. If you can give me your word of honour that I am mistaken, I shall believe you.'

But Perkins did no such thing. To his own surprise, he handed over the catapult with a feeble grin, and, for a time, the whirring noise ceased, and the class settled down to work.

When, at the close of the lesson, the boys had filed out on their way to the gymnasium, Mr. Williamson picked up a scrap of paper, which caused him a good deal of quiet amusement. It ran as follows:—

'The babe isn't as green as he looks. Stow that electricity for a bit.'

He had come to St. Olaf's as junior mathematical and science master, and, as it happened, his own form did not come to him for another lesson that morning, nor, as it was a half-holiday, did he see them again in the afternoon. But they would have been rather astonished if they had known that he spent the whole of it in his class-room, and that his time there was not entirely occupied with books and papers.

The next morning, Mr. Williamson again took his own form for the first hour—this time for geometry—and it was not long before he saw that it had decided to make a mighty effort to regain the upper hand. Perkins and one or two of the bigger boys glared at him defiantly, and even Jackson regarded him with wide-awake interest.

For a time, while Mr. Williamson was hearing the home-work, the boys were so occupied with the rapidity of his questions, and with changing their places up and down the long desks, that they had no time to think of anything else; but when he went to draw a new figure on the black-board, there was a sound of whispering and shuffling feet, and the whirring sound of the day before recommenced.

Mr. Williamson made no remark, but, going to his desk, fetched himself a fresh piece of chalk.

Then suddenly, above the murmuring, arose a startled cry of 'Help! help! help! It's got me! it's got me!'

'What's the matter?' said Mr. Williamson sharply, turning round at last to find the attention of the whole class riveted on Jackson, who, with an agonised expression, was trying to pull his arms out from under the desk, where they appeared to be securely fixed.

'What do you mean by this noise?' said the master. But Jackson kept up his 'Ow, ow, ow!' and the whirring noise seemed louder than ever.

Mr. Williamson opened his desk and took out the report-book, in which all punishment had to be entered, and, as he closed it again, Jackson's groans ceased, and he drew his hands away from the desk with a sigh of relief.

'Now, Jackson, perhaps you will kindly explain your behaviour, and tell me what was the matter.'

'I—I don't know, sir,' stammered the boy, who had lost his wits altogether. 'It was that electric machine that caught me, and would not let me go.'

'It was, was it? Well, now, what I want you fellows to understand is this, that I mean to have order in my class, and that you *will* be caught if there is any trouble. I shall report no one to-day; but I shall never have the smallest hesitation in sending any boy who misbehaves up to Dr. Peterson, and you know what that means. Now, we will go on with our problem.'

And the class worked at the problem in a lamb-like silence, that promised well for the future.

And, to the astonishment of the rest of the class, when an interval came, Perkins and Jackson pronounced strongly in favour of the new master.

'I like a chap,' said Perkins, 'who scores off his own bat, and does not always have to have the doctor behind him. We shall have to buck up, but, after all, we were jolly tired of old Bumble.'

And when he found an old electric battery and a neat roll of wire inside his book-box the next morning, he regarded it with a cheerful grin, and forgot the hours he had spent in arranging it the term before.

'But I should like to know,' he said thoughtfully to himself, 'how he managed to switch on that current and give poor old Jackson fits.'

And the explanation was quite simple. The battery was an old medical one with two handles, and Perkins, with much ingenuity, had fixed it so that it could be pushed at will from one end of the hollow underneath the desk to the other. Then whichever boy happened to be opposite to it grasped the handles and set the machine whirring.

Now, electricity happened to be Mr. Williamson's hobby, and it did not take him long to discover Perkins' elaborate arrangement, well hidden though it was. Nor was it a matter of any difficulty to connect the old, worn-out battery, by means of a wire running down the leg of the form, to a powerful new one which he concealed in his desk.

The consequence was that when he switched on the current, Jackson was unable to let go of the handles, and the only drawback to the success of Mr. Williamson's scheme was that he caught Jackson when he had hoped to catch Perkins.

A. KATHARINE PARKES.



“‘Help! It’s got me!’”



"I turned sharply and hit out at his face."

MARTIN HYDE.

(Continued from page 27.)

I FINISHED my cake quietly after that. Then, as the tide was not yet making, to help me back up the river, I wandered into Wapping Fields, where a gang of beggars camped. They were a dirtier, more troublesome company than the worst of the Oulton gipsies. They crowded round me, whining about their miseries, with the fawning smiles of professional beggars. There were children among them, who lied about their wants as glibly as their parents. The Oulton beggars had taught me to refuse such people, as being nearly always knaves; so I said that I had nothing for these people: I felt their hands lightly feeling the outsides of my pockets for something worth taking. One of them, with a sudden thrust upon me, snatched my handkerchief. He tossed it to a friend. As he started to run from me, a young man, with an evil, weak face, pushed me backwards with a violent shove. I staggered back from the push, to fall over a boy who had crouched behind me there, ready to upset me. When I got up, rather shaken from my fall, the dirty gang was scattering to its burrow, for they lived, like beasts, in holes scratched in the ground, thatched over with sacks or old clothes. I hurried back towards Wapping, in the hope of finding a constable to recover my handkerchief for me. The constable (when I found him) refused to stir until I made it worth his while. Sixpence was his fee, he said, but he was sure that a handsome young gentleman like myself would not grudge a sixpence to recover a handkerchief. On searching for my purse (in which I had about two shillings), I found that that had gone too—'nicked' by the thieves. I told the constable that my purse had been stolen.

'Oh!' he said. 'How much was in it?'

I told him.

'Could you describe the man who took it?'

'No,' I said. 'I did not see the man take it.'

'Then how do you know that anybody took it?'

Of course I did not know that anybody had taken it, but I thought it highly probable, and said so.

'That won't do here,' he said, settling down in his chair to his tobacco. 'I'll look into it. If I hear of it, why, next time you come here you shall have it.'

'But my handkerchief?' I said.

'Sixpence is my fee,' the brute answered. 'Do you want to rob a poor man of his earnings? Why, what a rogue you must be, young master.'

I tried to move him to recover my handkerchief, but without success. At last, growing weary of the sound of my pipe, as he said, he rounded on me.

'If you don't run away home,' he said, 'I'll commit you as a nuisance. Think I'm going to be bothered by you? Be off, now!'

At that, I set off down to the river. There I found two dirty boys in my uncle's boat, busy with the dipper, trying to fill her with water. I boxed the ears of one of them, when the other, coming behind me, hit me over the head with the stretcher. I turned sharply, and hit out at his face. The other, seeing his chance (my back being turned), promptly soused me with the dipper. I saw that I

would have to settle one of them at a time; so, paying no attention to the dipper, I followed up my first blow with one or two more, which drove the stretcher-boy out of the boat. The other was a harder lad, who would perhaps have beaten me had not a waterman on the Stairs taken my part. He took my enemy by the ear. 'Get out of that!' he said, giving him a kick. 'If I catch you messing boats again, I'll give you Mogador Jack.'

I pushed off from the Stairs then, glad to get away with both oars. My enemies, running along the banks, flung stones at me as long as I was in range. If I had had my sling with me, I would have warmed their legs for them. When I was out of range of their shot I laid in my oars, so that I could bale. The boys had poured about six inches of water into the boat. If the plug had been less tightly hammered in, they would no doubt have sunk her at her painter by pulling it out. Then I should have been indeed in difficulty. It took me about twenty minutes to bale the boat clear. As I baled her I thought that Londoners must be the most unpleasant people in the world, since already, in two days, I had met so many knaves. It did not occur to me at the time that I too was a young knave to be out in a stolen boat against orders. I never once thought how well I had been served for my disobedience.

I had an uncomfortable journey up-stream, for I was very wet from my sousing. I loitered at the Tower to watch the garrison drilling with the big guns. Then I loitered about among the ships, reading their names, or even climbing their gangways to look at their decks. I lingered a long time at the schooner *La Reina*, partly because she was much the prettiest ship in the Pool, but partly because I was beginning to dread Ephraim. I wondered whether Mr. Jermyn was on board of the *La Reina*. I was half tempted to climb aboard to find out. I clambered partly up her gangway, so that I could peer over her rail. To my surprise, I found that her hatches were battened down, as in ships ready for the sea. Her cargo of oranges, that had smelt so sweetly, must have been a blind, for no ship, discharging cargo the day before, could be re-loaded, ready for sea, within twenty-four hours. Indeed, she was in excellent trim. She was not too light to put to sea. No doubt, I said to myself, she has taken in ballast to equal the weight of oranges sent ashore. But I knew just enough of ships to know that there was some mystery in the business. The schooner could not be the plain fruit-trader for which men took her. As I looked over her rail, noting this, I said to myself that 'here is another mystery with which Mr. Jermyn has to do.' I felt a thrill of excitement go through me. I was touching mysterious adventure at half-a-dozen different points. I felt inclined to creep to the hatchway of the little cabin, to listen there if any plots were being hatched.

It was getting duskish by this time; it must have been nearly seven o'clock. Two men came up the cabin-hatchway together. One of them was Mr. Jermyn; the other a shorter fellow, to whom Mr. Jermyn seemed extremely respectful. I wished not to be seen, so I ducked down nimbly into my boat, drawing her forward by a guess-warp, till I

could row without being heard by them. I heard Mr. Jermyn calling to a waterman; so very swiftly I paddled behind other ships in the tier, without being observed. Then I paddled back to my uncle's boathouse, the door of which, to my horror, was firmly fastened against me.

(Continued on page 47.)

THE CHESTNUT TREE.

OF all the trees in summer-time
I like the chestnut best;
With spreading boughs so broad and green,
It towers among the rest.

And there, right to the topmost spray,
From branches swinging low,
Its radiant flowers of pink and white
Like lighted candles grow.

The reason I admire it so
Most clearly you can see,
For it recalls last Christmas-time
And my large Christmas-tree.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

2.—WORD SQUARE.

1. Continued pain.
2. A useful mineral.
3. The stalk of grain of any kind.
4. Well-known British trees. R. M. B.

[Answer on page 75.]

ANSWER TO PUZZLE ON PAGE 2.

1.—Consideration.

- | | | |
|-----------|-------------|------------|
| 1. Era. | 4. Noise. | 7. Nice. |
| 2. Train. | 5. Oration. | 8. Raisin. |
| 3. Onion. | 6. Drone. | 9. Sinner. |



'CHATTERBOX' PRIZE COMPETITIONS, FEBRUARY, 1909.

The subject for February is 'A Dog or Cat Story.' Tell some anecdote about a dog or cat, original if possible, as well as you can, in *your own words*, and post it to the Editor of CHATTERBOX on or before Feb. 28th, 1909, and not before Feb. 1st.

Prizes are also given for the best Letter to the Editor of CHATTERBOX, on any subject. Letters should be marked outside 'Monthly Letter,' and should be posted to the Editor between Feb. 1st and 28th, 1909.

Rules and all other particulars are given on the cover of the monthly parts of CHATTERBOX.

AN ENDLESS CHAIN.

Founded on Fact.

ARTHUR was very proud of the fact that he was an English boy, which was quite right and natural; but unfortunately he was rather inclined to look down upon any one who was not English.

Thus, when one summer his holidays were spent in a picturesque old French village, Arthur was continually trying to show his French friends, Jean and Gabrielle, how brave and clever an English boy could be. Although he did not realise it, he became rather a braggart, and Jean and Gabrielle found it hard sometimes to practise that politeness towards a guest which they had been taught always to show. They were obliged to admit that Arthur beat them in most games and exercises, and they would have done so willingly had not the English boy been at such pains to insist upon the fact.

'Let's take the path across that field,' suggested Arthur one day, as they were coming home together from a country ramble. 'The old barn looks deserted, and I don't suppose any one would mind if they *were* there.'

Jean hesitated. 'It is probable that a dog is on guard,' he said, 'and in these districts the watch-dogs are very fierce.'

Arthur laughed rather scornfully. 'I'm not afraid of dogs,' he said. 'In England we aren't scared so easily. But I will go first, and if you are frightened, wait until you see me get across safely.'

Jean flushed angrily, and was about to march into the field with Arthur, but Gabrielle checked him.

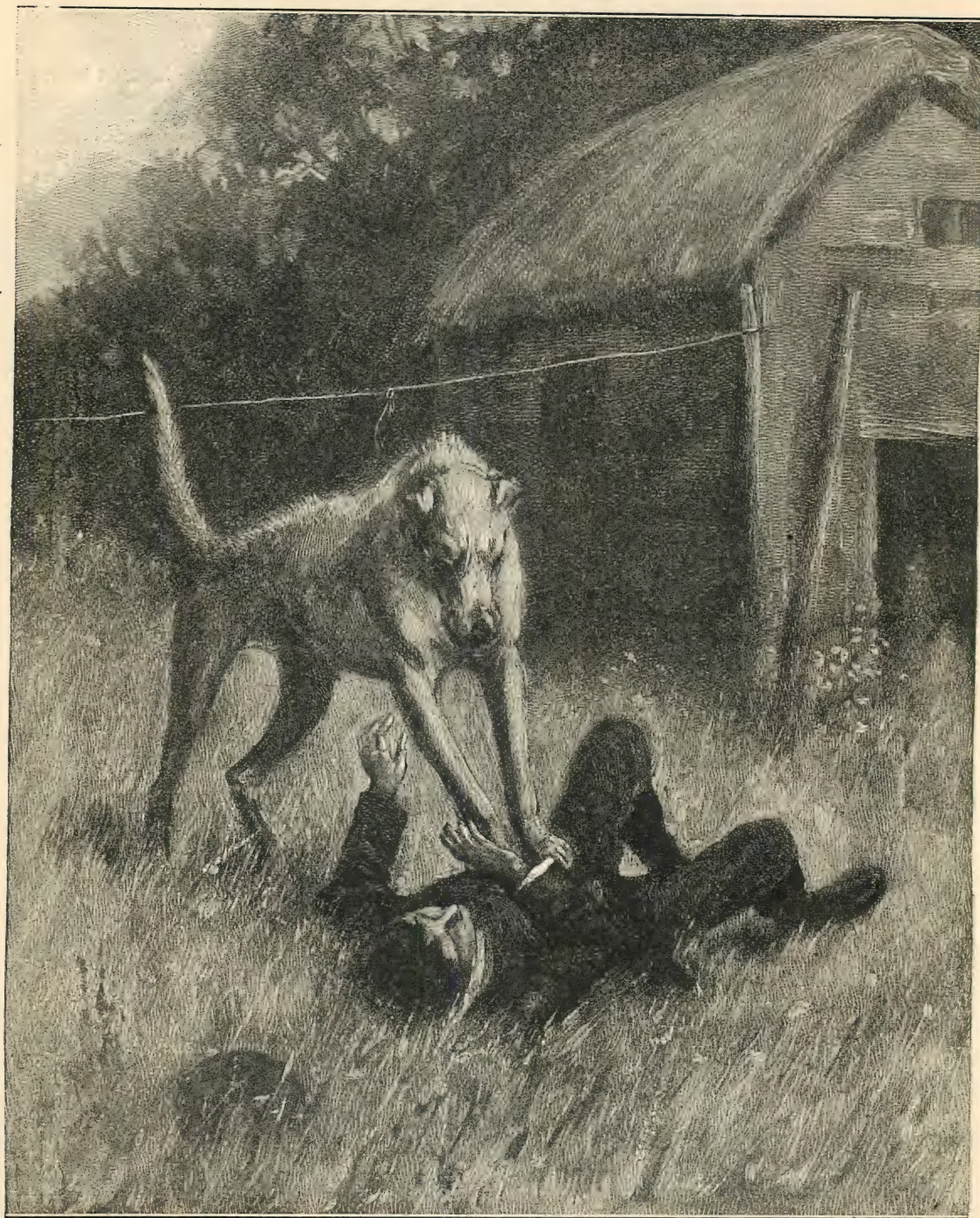
'Do not you run into danger also, Jean,' she begged. 'Arthur must learn for himself.'

Arthur stepped jauntily along the path, feeling very superior, but he ceased to whistle as he noticed a big dog's head raised suddenly from the grass where it had been hidden. He determined not to show the white feather, however, and went forward a little more slowly. The dog rose, and also moved forward, growling a little. A long wire was attached to his collar, and Arthur paused to note its extent, guessing he was not yet within its reach. He took another step in advance, speaking with cheery encouragement to the formidable creature. Then there was a growl, a bound, and a loud whirr, and before Arthur had time to turn the great dog had knocked him flying over, and was standing on top of his victim, who dared not even call for help. He had time to notice, however, that the dog's wire was not fastened to some special spot, but that, by a curious French device, a loop at its end ran along an overhead wire that stretched to poles at either end of the field, thus allowing the guard to deal with intruders at both extremes of his property.

The dog made no effort at further attack, seeming content with holding his victim quiet and helpless. Arthur lay perfectly still, wondering miserably what would happen next. Then he heard loud exclamations from Jean and Gabrielle, who were calling to the dog. The animal disdained to take any notice at first, till the voices came nearer and nearer. The dog moved uneasily, then suddenly bounded off.

'Run, Arthur; quick, quick!' came Gabrielle's voice.

The boy obeyed instantly, and while his former



"He dared not even call for help."

gaoler was futilely chasing Jean at the other end of the field, ran back to safety, after which Jean followed him, for he had been clever enough to keep out of the

danger-line. Arthur looked rather red when Jean came up, but he held out his hand.

'Thank you,' he said. 'You are ever so much

braver than I am, and cleverer, too. I'm sorry I said you weren't.'

Jean smiled with pleasure, for he realised how much the admission had cost his friend, and determined not to be outdone in generosity.

'Father says the bravest thing is to own up if you are in the wrong,' he said. 'So you are the braver.'

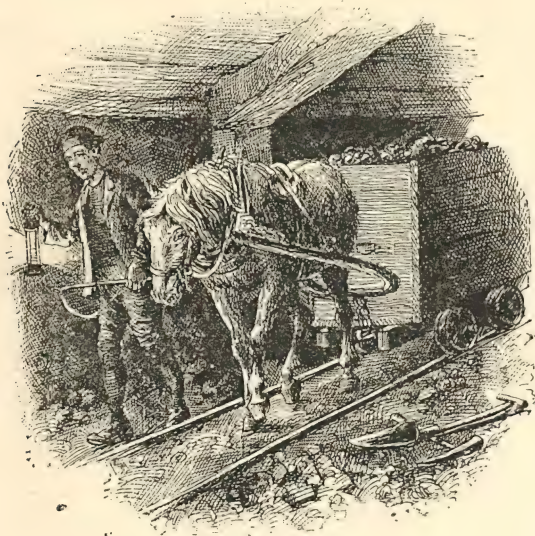
THE HORSE AS A HELPER.

I.—RIDING, HUNTING, AND WAR.

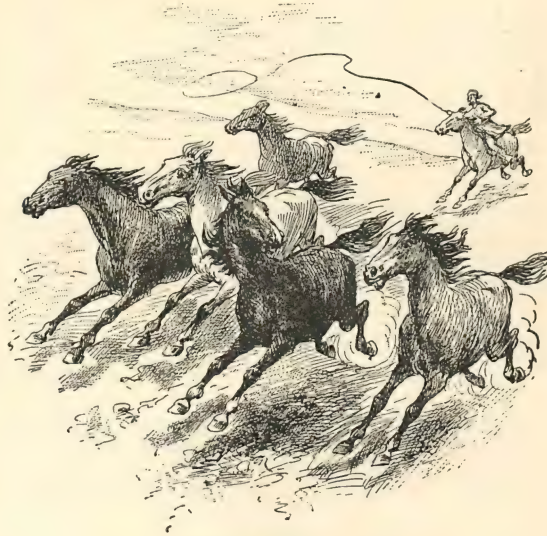
OF all the animals which man has brought into his service the horse is, perhaps, the most generally useful. It would be difficult to make a complete list of the services which it is continually rendering.

Our roads and streets are busy with traffic, the greater part of which consists of vehicles and loads drawn by horses. In the fields men are at work with the aid of horses. In winter English gentlemen ride to hounds; while in far-off Western Canada the English colonists yoke horses to their sledges and bring their corn over the frozen roads to the railway stores. On some parts of the frontiers of our vast empire troops of cavalry may be hurrying to the scene of strife. Strangest of all, perhaps, deep down in the earth, far removed from our view, patient ponies are drawing coal from the remote corners of the mine to the shaft which leads to the surface.

When or for what special purpose the horse was first domesticated it is difficult to say. There is some



Pit-pony at Work.



Lassoing Wild Horses.



Buffalo Hunting.



Horse-chariot in War.

evidence that it was at first hunted as a wild animal for the sake of its flesh. Though at the present time it is chiefly prized as a working animal, it is probable that man first tried to domesticate it in order that he might have food and milk always at hand. The Kalmucks, in the districts of the southern Volga, often have herds of a thousand horses, which they drive from place to place. From mare's milk they make their favourite beverage, called *koomiss*, and they sometimes eat the flesh of their horses. The Indian tribes which inhabit the pampas of South America have similar herds of half-wild horses, and they live chiefly upon horseflesh.

But though the horse might first be domesticated, like oxen and sheep, for its flesh, it could not be long before man also learned to ride it. The people who have large herds of horses could not possibly manage them unless they were able to ride, and could use trained horses to keep the herd in hand. When a Kalmuck wishes to take a horse from the herd, he tries to lasso it. Mounting a fresh horse, he rides in among the herd and singles one out from the rest. As soon as the selected horse sees he is wanted he tries to hide himself in the crowd, but when that fails he bolts across the open country, and there is a wild chase. When at last he is overtaken, and the lasso is flung round his neck, he struggles wildly to prevent his pursuer from putting the bridle on his head, and it often requires the efforts of several men to effect it.

Such animals are only to be captured and ridden by expert horsemen. The Kalmuck is trained from his youth to this kind of work, and boys often begin to take lessons in riding when they are only three years old. The cowboys, and other rough riders of the Western States of North America, of Mexico, and of the pampas of South America, are equally expert, and their methods of lassoing and breaking in are very similar to those of the Kalmucks.

If a trained horse is useful in capturing another runaway horse, it may be equally useful in hunting swift-footed game. The North American Indians used to hunt the buffalo on horseback, and the horses were most cleverly trained for their work. The horse watched the hunted buffalo as intently as its rider did, and knew by the movements of the buffalo's tail when he was about to charge, and it would set off at full gallop for a short distance out of his way. It returned when the danger was past, and would carry the rider within a few feet of the buffalo's flank, where he might easily shoot an arrow at its heart. If by any chance the horse stumbled, and threw its rider, it immediately stopped, and waited for him to remount.

The value of such highly-trained horses to the Indians can hardly be over-estimated. These people lived almost entirely upon buffalo-meat, either fresh or dried, and, though they could sometimes stalk the animals on foot, it was a tedious task, and few could be killed in this way. But with the aid of their horses, which were the swiftest animals on the prairies, the Indians could frequently capture a whole herd, and lay in provisions for many weeks or months to come.

Every one has heard of the Arabian horse, and of the Arab's attachment to him. The Arab values his

horse chiefly for its fleetness, which gives him an advantage over his enemies in warfare. He puts his burdens upon the back of a camel, but he reserves his horse for his own use as a rider. A swift horse enables him to overtake his enemy or escape him, whichever he prefers. This illustrates the value of the horse in warfare. From the times of the Assyrians, the Egyptians, the Greeks, and the Romans, down to the present day, horses have been used in warfare. As with the Bedouin Arabs to-day, so it was with all the civilised nations of antiquity, the horse was almost entirely reserved for warfare. The use of the horse in royal retinues arose out of its use in warfare and military parades. These royal retinues were often enormous. In 1522 the Emperor Charles V. visited Henry VIII., and was accompanied by two thousand men and a thousand horses; and when Henry VIII. went over to the Field of the Cloth of Gold, he required stabling for two thousand horses.

THROUGH THE NIGHT.

Founded on Fact.

THERE were very few passengers at Granton Ferry, waiting to cross the Firth of Forth; but even the chill mist of an August evening, after a day's rain, was insufficient to damp the spirits of Jimmy Radford. He sat on the quay and kicked his active heels impatiently, while his brother 'fussed'—so he expressed it—with a couple of first-class bicycles a little the worse for the weather.

'Leave the machines alone, Basil,' said Jimmy. 'Here she comes. We shall be across in no time now, and then—'

'Home, and a fire!' said Basil, promptly, shivering.

'You old molly! There's a good ride before us first,' and Jimmy jumped up, as the little steamer came in a leisurely manner alongside the quay. He was a tall, well-made boy of fourteen, while Basil was a year younger. But if their ages had been reversed, Jimmy would have been the leader, his fund of energy contrasting with Basil's slower ways.

'Where are the laddies bound for?' asked a kindly passenger on the boat, noticing the eager looks the boys cast at the shore for which they were making.

'Home,' said Jimmy. 'We have just come from England, for the holidays. We were kept at school because my brother had a cold, and they thought it might be measles. Our people are at St. Monan's for the summer,' naming a village on the Fifeshire coast.

'You'll be English?' said the inquirer, and Basil nodded.

'We live in London usually,' he said in his slow way. 'We have never been in Scotland before.'

'We came to Edinburgh by train,' exclaimed Jimmy. 'But they said we might ride the rest of the way, so as to see something of the country. We have been seeing Edinburgh all day, and now we shall be awfully late.'

The stranger exclaimed, 'You're not meaning to ride from Burntisland to St. Monan's to-night?'

Jimmy laughed. 'Rather! We're all right, we can do it easily. We have done fifty miles often.'

Remonstrance was useless with Master Jimmy, who had got leave to ride the thirty miles to St. Monan's, and with whom considerations of time and

climate weighed little. So about half-past seven the two boys started gaily enough from Burntisland, which little town furnished them with a 'scratch' meal, for their destination.

The first few miles went by easily, but the mist was getting thick. 'Let's take a train,' suggested Basil. Jimmy considered the question. They were riding into Kirkcaldy, a long stretch of street was before them, and trams made it difficult to ride, for the streets were full of working people released from their day's toil. Jimmy got off and accosted a passer-by.

'Can we get a train to St. Monan's from here?'

The man considered the question. 'You will be on a cycling tour, maybe!' he said, brilliantly.

But the English boy was impatient. 'No, we only want to reach St. Monan's.' He pronounced it Monan's.

'St. Minnan's,' said the man. 'Ye will maybe take the train to Elie, and ride from there.'

'Can we pick up the train a little further on?'

asked Jimmy, loath to give up the ride yet, and the man said, 'Ay.'

So they hurried on, riding with difficulty in the darkening twilight, and still the road ran on, bare and uneven, with never a signpost. By-and-by a tram-line appeared, and cars ran beside them in the darkness. They inquired again, and it was then that Jimmy learned the unwisdom of trusting the casual passer-by in a Fifeshire coast town. Five miles to the nearest station, and barely a chance of the last train!

Basil was chilled and tired; he lacked his brother's energy, but his pluck was equal to the strain. Regardless of the mist, they tore into Leven, where the railway showed welcome lights, and pantingly asked advice of a stalwart 'bobby.' But the last train had gone!

'It's no very far,' said the policeman, encouragingly. 'Ye'd better walk. It's dark for those machines.'

On through the darkness went the holiday-makers; miles and miles it seemed, and after a bit even Jimmy grew weary. They found no signposts, and there was nothing to do but knock up the sleepy inhabitants of the cottages. 'To the east,' and similar directions proved worse than useless. 'We mustn't sit down,' counselled Jimmy, bravely; 'we shall die of cold if we do. We must get there some time.'

Drenched and tired, they struggled through that nightmare walk, two plucky boys, and Jimmy consoled himself with the reflection that this was a real adventure. Imagination came to his aid, and he commanded Basil to play that this was a midnight raid, or, again, a forlorn hope by the cyclists' corps in a European war specially invented for the occasion. The time passed better that way, and the circumstances were realistic to the last degree.

Slowly, very slowly, the dawn-light rose in the sky, and through the mist the boys saw a shaft of light; but it was not the sun. It was a distant light-house, and Jimmy realised, in dismay, that they were lost in a waste of moorland.

'A house!' suddenly cried Basil, 'with a light!'

Jimmy looked at his watch; it was three o'clock. They pushed on, and there indeed was a house, with a candle burning in the window.

It was a grumpy young man who led them into

the parlour, a chill apartment, and bid them bide there while he fetched his father.

'I don't like these people,' said Jimmy, his mind still full of wars and alarms. 'Oh! Basil, do you think we are safe?'

'I don't know. Perhaps they are border robbers.' Basil followed Jimmy's lead as usual.

'But this isn't the border,' said the practical Jimmy. 'I should think smugglers more likely.'

A gruff voice came from the room beyond them. 'Take the young rascals ben,' was what they heard.

To Jimmy's imagination the words sounded ominous, and not a simple order to take them in and look after them, which was the real intention of the speaker.

'Let's run,' he whispered; and the two slipped out silently, and took to their heels, leaving bicycles and baggage behind them. Impulsive Jimmy, tired and bewildered by the long night, was now seized with panic. A shout of surprise came after them, and a dog barked. 'Run!' gasped the boy.

'Look out!' Basil said suddenly, as they stumbled over the rough grass, but he was too late; they had been too intent on flight, and in a moment they were both head over heels in a dirty duck-pond.

It was a very forlorn pair of adventurers that Sandy, the grumpy, sleepy young man, hauled out of the water in the cold, early light of dawn. He scolded them roundly as he did so, but even Jimmy could detect no unfriendliness in his tone. 'What for did ye no stay where I put ye?' he grumbled. 'My mither wad ha' given ye—'

He was going to say some food, but at that moment a big, bustling woman came up, hastily dressed in a skirt and shawl, and she finished for him. In a very practical manner she helped the boys off with their soaking clothes, and made Sandy array them in his garments. They were many sizes too large, but what matter? Dry, and comparatively warm, the boys sat in the hospitable kitchen of Mrs. MacNab, and ate porridge with a healthy appetite.

They could not explain their fright satisfactorily, but the farm-people seemed to think that the fact of their being English visitors excused everything, since they could not be expected to know things under the circumstances. Sandy, by great good fortune, was about to set out on an early drive to market, and his mother, ignoring Jimmy's rather tactless murmurs about payment, curtly bade him drive the boys to 'St. Minnan's,' bicycles and all; and, still clad in the huge and quaint garments of the farmer, the two drove off with Sandy.

An anxious household had decided that they were probably staying in Edinburgh, and the waking of the servants was only accomplished by the efforts of Sandy. Five minutes later, Jimmy was answering questions by the dozen, while Basil stolidly gave himself to the enjoyment of a hot drink, and the whole family, in dressing-gowns, circled round the boys and begged for their story.

It was Robbie Greig, a grown-up friend of their elder brother's, who saved them from ridicule, with something like a wink. 'There are some very rough customers in some of the places round here,' he said. 'You were quite right to be careful—but you'll have to learn the language, young Jimmy!'



"It was a very forlorn pair of adventurers that Sandy hauled out of the water."



Boy with a Hawk. By Niklaas Maas.

PICTURES AND THEIR PAINTERS.

From the Wallace Collection, London.

II.—NIKLAAS MAAS.

IF we really wish to understand the art of any country, we must know something of that country's history, and of the conditions under which the artists lived their lives. Especially is this true of the Dutch school of painting, dating from the opening of the seventeenth century. For thirty years past Holland had been fighting for her freedom in a hand-to-hand struggle with the mighty power of Spain, a struggle out of which the little nation came triumphant, free for ever from the yoke of her old master, and with the right to govern herself and to worship after her own fashion. And, in the pride and joy of her independence, the nation woke to new powers, and developed a school of painting which was all her own.

Frans Hals has left for us the portraits of the light-hearted, hard-headed fighters who helped the country to win her freedom, and of the military guilds which grew up in the days when every man was a soldier. But, as the seventeenth century went on, Holland became not only free but rich and prosperous, and her people developed a taste for rich dresses, costly jewelry, fine plate and furniture, such as Rembrandt loved to paint. They were, moreover, a practical folk, used to fighting the forces of nature as well as human enemies, keeping the ocean back by strong dykes from their level fields. They cared little for poetry, for ancient myths and romance; they liked familiar scenes and the small, every-day incidents of life. Add to this that they lived in a damp, ungenial climate, obliging them to go indoors for comfort, and we shall understand why Holland is especially the land of what is called 'genre' painting, that is to say, of pictures whose subject is taken from homely incidents and ordinary, every-day life.

A painter of such scenes was Niklaas Maas, whose 'Boy with a Hawk' is the subject of our illustration. Of his life we know nothing except that he was born at Dordrecht, probably in 1632; that he studied under the great Rembrandt in Amsterdam; that he afterwards moved to Antwerp, and died in Amsterdam in the year 1693. Even as to his work the critics seem uncertain, for the style of his later pictures is so different from that of the earlier ones that some find it difficult to believe that they were painted by the same hand, and it has been suggested that there were two Maas, perhaps father and son.

From his teacher, Rembrandt, Maas learnt his wonderful treatment of light, and some of his portraits, where the faces stand out from the surrounding shadow as if touched by flickering firelight, recall the great master at once. Such is the case with the two 'Card-players' at the National Gallery, a very plain pair, certainly, but marvellously alive. But, as a rule, Maas's pictures are of homely scenes, which he touched with a good-natured humour of his own. He shows us a stolid little girl, with an air of immense importance, watching beside the cradle of the baby brother or sister, or a kitchen

wench asleep on her stool, while the cat makes good use of the opportunity to seize the duck from a plate on the table. We can peep through the open door of the kitchen and see the backs of the party in the parlour, all unconscious of the fate of their dinner, while an elder maid seizes the sleeper by the shoulder, half angry, yet unable to help the laughing twinkle in her eye.

Such was the life of the comfortable Dutch burgher, two hundred and fifty years ago, when Niklaas Maas walked the streets of Amsterdam and noted what he saw for the pleasure of ages yet to come.

MARY H. DEBENHAM.

SNAKE FASCINATION.



GOOD deal has been written about snake fascination, as it is called—the wonderful power which some reptiles have of numbing or paralyzing the animals they are going to make their prey. 'The mesmeric power,' if we give it that name, seems to dwell chiefly in the eye, and this has led people to say that the brilliancy of the eye bewilders the victim: but we cannot be sure this is the true explanation

always. It is not only the poisonous species that fascinate, but others living upon prey; those feeding upon vegetables, of course, do not require this power. It is evident that without an aid of this kind, some serpents, unable to move quickly, would have difficulty in securing food.

Fascination is something more than being dazed or bewildered. A naturalist watched a snake which had designs upon a poor little squirrel; the snake was quite motionless, the neck inflated, and the head erect, while the victim gradually drew nearer its enemy, to be received with open jaws. If simply frightened, the animal would, we fancy, run away as fast as its legs could carry it; instead, it marches to execution. By some mysterious power, the animal is drawn to the serpent, and the same thing may happen to a human being. Dr. Bird gives an instance. Two boys were out for a walk, and they came upon a large black snake, and one of them was curious to see whether the reptile had the power to fascinate *him*. So he came within a few yards of the snake, which raised its head, when 'something seemed to flash from its eyes like the rays of light thrown off by a mirror exposed to the sunshine.' The boy said that in a moment all his thoughts were confused, and he fancied himself in a whirlpool, every turn bringing him nearer to the centre. All the while he was approaching the snake, but his companion, seeing his danger, ran up and killed the creature.

In South Africa there is found a snake called the Booms, which has large eyes, and sits with the body partly curled round a branch, its head raised up and

the mouth open. Should a party of small birds discover the reptile, they fly round it, uttering wild cries, till one, more terror-stricken than the rest, goes straight into the serpent's jaws. An observer noticed a hedge-sparrow fluttering about, very agitated, in a hawthorn-bush. Its movements were curious: at every hop from branch to branch it went lower down, and, drawing nearer, he saw a snake coiled up below with the head raised. The snake noticed him, and glided away, while the bird flew off, chirping joyfully.

Antelopes and other quadrupeds have been known to be so fascinated by the sudden appearance of crocodiles from a river, and the strange contortions they made, as to be unable to flee from the spot.

THE OLD VIOLIN.

Founded on Fact.

WHEN Uncle James—who was Father's elder brother—died, we children could not feel very sorry, for we had scarcely ever seen him, and what we had heard about him had not made us like him much. Father never said a word against him, but I had once heard Mother say that he was a miser.

According to Uncle James's will, we—that is to say, Father or Father's children—were to have all his money and all his furniture. His few things were of very little value, and most of them we stored away in a big attic at the top of our house. The strange thing was that no money could be found, although Father searched everywhere, and peered into every chink and cranny. Uncle James, we knew, had once had a banking account, but it appeared that some time before his death he had drawn all his money out of the bank. Where he then put it nobody knew.

Soon after Uncle James's death, Father fell ill. What a sad time that was for all of us—especially for poor Mother! Father grew worse and worse, until at last he left us. That was a loss indeed!

There were four of us children, of whom I was the eldest. I was nearly fourteen, and George was twelve, and Alice ten, and Mary only eight. When Father died, I wanted to leave school at once and stay with Mother, but she said that I should be of greater use to her by-and-by if I went back to school for a time. I knew that we were very poor, and I wished that I could have gone to work and earned some money without delay. However, both George and I returned to school.

When we came home for the Christmas holidays, I found that Mother had been half-starving herself in the endeavour to 'make ends meet.' She said that George and I really must leave school now, because she could not possibly afford to pay the fees for another term. That did not trouble me, but it hurt me dreadfully to see Mother so anxious and worried, and I often wished that we had been able to find some of Uncle James's money.

It was very miserable at home that Christmas. Mother tried to be brave, but she could not help crying pretty often. She did not cry when she was with us, but when she went out of the room for a

little while, and then came in with red eyes, I knew what it meant. Poor, poor Mother!

She said that we must move into a smaller house. While we were thinking about this, but were still undecided as to where we should go, Aunt Alice came to see us.

Aunt Alice was Mother's only sister, and my sister Alice was named after her. She was younger than Mother, and we children were very fond of her. We had not seen her for a long while, for she had been married just about the time that Uncle James died, and her husband had been obliged to go abroad on business, and so she had had to go too. When she heard of Father's death, she could not return at once, but she came back as soon as ever she could, because she wanted to comfort Mother. Of course, she had a lot to tell us. After tea, Mother asked her if she would go upstairs with her into the attic, and see Uncle James's things.

'I don't know what to do with the old furniture,' said Mother. 'It isn't worth keeping—besides, we should have no room for it in a small house—and I fear that it isn't worth selling either. But you shall tell me what you think.'

So Mother and Aunt Alice went up to the attic, and we four followed them.

While Mother and Auntie were talking, George and I amused ourselves by looking at some queer old books, and the little girls played about at the other end of the room. Presently Alice pounced upon an old violin which had been one of Uncle James's possessions. Like most of his other belongings, it was a cheap, common thing, of no apparent value.

I say 'apparent value' because—but you will understand presently.

Alice, who loved music, and everything connected with it, tucked the old fiddle under her chin, and pretended to draw a bow across its strings. She could do nothing else but pretend, for there was no bow, and the strings—all four of them—were broken!

As she stood sawing the air with her right hand, and wagging about the fingers of the other hand upon the poor dumb thing, Mary accidentally jerked the performer's left elbow. Down went the fiddle with a bang upon the floor, and when Alice picked it up, there, to her horror, was a huge, gaping crack!

The sound of the fall, and Alice's cry of dismay, drew the attention of us all.

'Look!' I said, 'there is something white inside that violin.'

'Give it to me,' said Aunt Alice.

She looked very excited, and she said afterwards that she somehow knew at once what that 'something white' was. After she had taken a good peep, she dashed the poor old thing, with all her force, down upon the floor.

The next moment she was on her knees, pulling out from the interior of the broken fiddle roll after roll of crisp white paper.

We had found Uncle James's money-box! Only I never could quite understand how he got those bank-notes into it. They were jammed in, very tightly, at both ends of the instrument.

There were enough of them, and they were of sufficient value, to allow George and me to go to

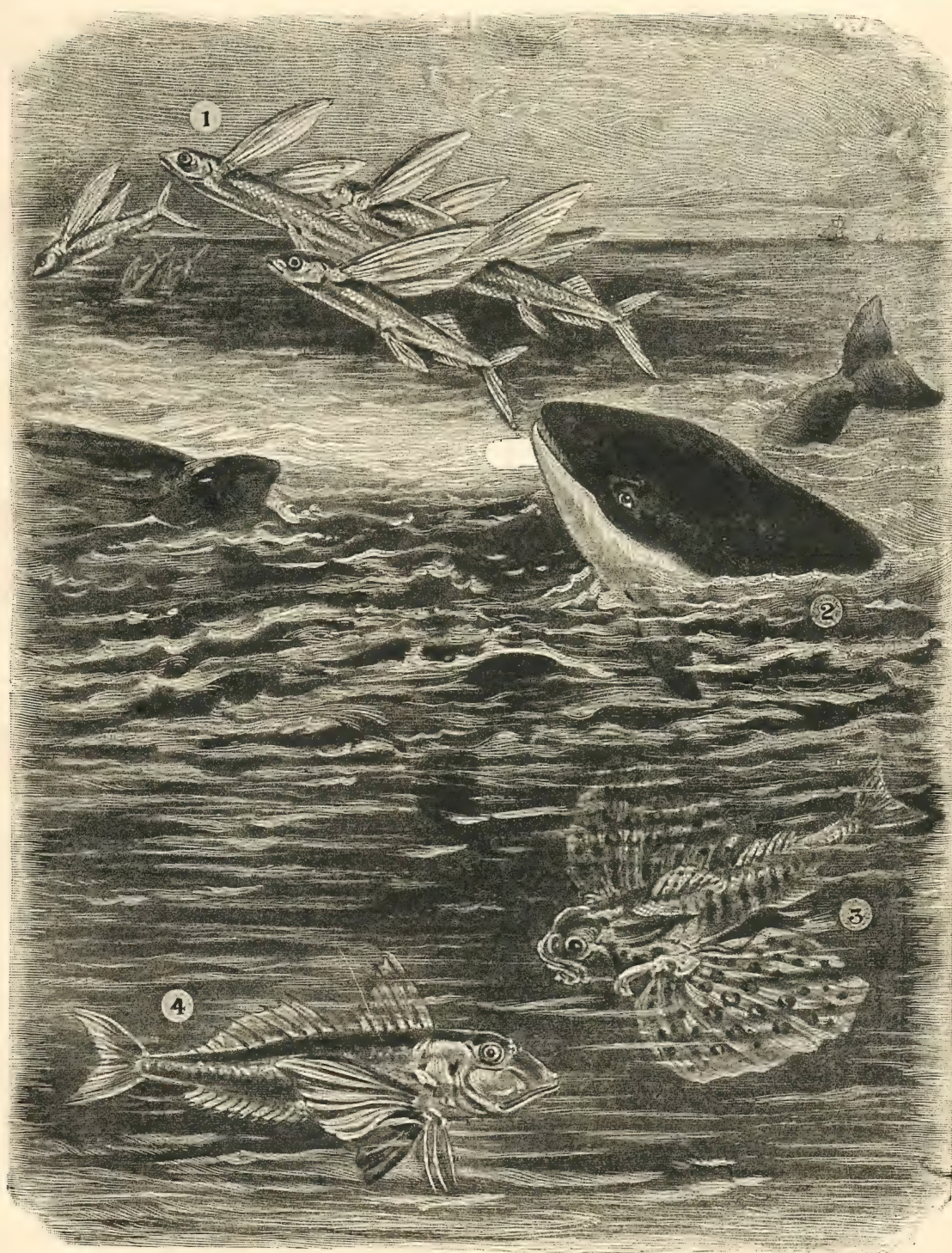


“We had found Uncle James’s money-box.”

school again for several years longer, to pay for Alice’s long-desired music lessons, and, best of all, to relieve Mother from all anxiety about money matters for many years to come.

Alice has now a beautiful violin of her own, and everybody praises her playing. She still treasures the fragments of our very good friend, Uncle James’s old fiddle.

E. DYKE.



Flying Fish. (See page 46.)

WONDERS OF THE SEA.

II.—FISHES THAT FLY.

A STORY is told of an old woman who, after the first words of welcome to her sailor son, just returned from a long sojourn in distant seas, asked: 'And now, Jack, tell me something of what you have seen.'

'Seen, Mother? Oh, mountains of sugar and rivers of wine, and fishes that fly!'

'No, no, Jack,' she exclaimed, 'that won't do! Mountains of sugar and rivers of wine you may have seen, but fishes that fly—*never*.'

You see she was adopting a very common attitude—refusing to believe in the existence of anything she had not seen with her own eyes. Sugar and wine she had seen, though she understood nothing of the way in which these commodities are produced; but flying fishes she had never seen, and so she imagined they could not exist. She believed the impossible, but could not accept what was true!

Nowadays it would be less hard for ignorant persons to believe in fishes that fly, since specimens can be seen in any museum, though, of course, the ability of these creatures to perform so unfishlike a feat as flight would have to be taken in good faith; and there are many who find themselves unable to believe in this flight, and among them are those who have actually seen shoals of flying-fish in full career. They contend the motion is rather to be described as parachuting than a flight, and they are probably right.

Before we attempt to discuss the correctness or otherwise of their contentions, it would be well to say a few words about the general appearance of flying-fish and their nearest relatives.

To begin with, then, there are two quite distinct kinds, or, to be more accurate, species of fish which possess this disputed power of 'flight.' Let us take first for examination that known as the Flying Gurnard (*Dactylopterus volitans*). This fish is nearly related to the gurnard, which most *Chatterbox* readers must have seen in fishmongers' shops (Nos. 3 and 4 in the illustration). It will be noticed that the breast-fins are of great size, and further, that in front are what appear to be three fingers. As a matter of fact, these fingers were once, in the ancestors of the gurnard, included with the rods which now support the web of the breast-fin; but they have now become released from this work, and set apart to serve in part as walking legs and in part as feelers.

Now, in the flying gurnard these breast-fins have become enormously increased—so much so that they have come to serve the purpose of wings. They are used for this purpose whenever the fish is pursued by its enemies. Making swiftly for the surface of the water, it drives itself into the air by a forcible flick of its tail, just as salmon leap; but once launched into space, the breast-fins are widely spread and flight begins. This is sustained for a distance of several yards, the track of the body describing a rainbow curve in its course. Some observers are convinced that during this time the 'wings' are held perfectly rigid, so that the body is carried

along as by a parachute, just as the so-called 'flying' squirrels and 'flying' lemurs pass from tree to tree, for instance, by means of an expanded fold of skin stretched between the legs and body on each side. Others, however, assert that the 'wings' are rapidly vibrated, after the fashion of a bird's wing, though, of course, with a much more limited range of motion and less powerful stroke. Some day, perhaps, the matter will be definitely settled.

The flying gurnard is met with in the Mediterranean and the tropical parts of the Atlantic Ocean. But the flying gurnard is far surpassed by another species of flying-fish, a near relation of the mullets, the *Exocoetus* (No. 1), which can cover far greater distances at a flight, and when the water is reached at the end of a spin, the flight can be continued by a violent kick, so to speak, with the tail against the surface of the water, just as this is reached at the end of the curve, and this can be repeated two or three times. These fish, which live in shoals, are greatly sought after by large fishes, such as the tunny and albacore, and also by porpoises (No. 2), and it is to avoid their unwelcome attentions that the flying-fish seek the safety of the upper regions. A shoal of flying-fish careering through the air is a most wonderful sight. Sometimes they rise so high that they are carried by the wind on to the decks of ships. Though, like the flying gurnard, a native of warm seas, the flying-fish is a great wanderer, and has occasionally been taken off the English coast.

W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., A.L.S., &c.

TO A CROSS CHILD.

SEE how the little sunbeams make
A ladder through the larches;
The bluebells nod, and beckon you
To greet them as a comrade true
Beneath the wooden arches:
While from his perch on bended bough
A speckled thrush is piping low,
'That naughty child—how sad to hear—
Unheeds the mirthful hours, I fear,
As by her each one marches.'

See how the merry little leaves
Are sporting in the breezes,
For they are dancing to the tune
So gaily sung by Mistress June
As often as she pleases.
Ah! little child, are you the one
To have the wish to sit alone,
With angry thoughts and sullen face,
While all the world with thankful grace
Its golden leisure seizes?

There, now the gloomy looks are gone,
Together with your frowning;
Above the tree-tops to the sky
Like black-winged birds away they fly—
Joy comes with that disowning:
The small birds chirp a glad 'good morn,'
The flowers shine brighter on the lawn:
With them your heart, rejoicing, sings
Of all delight that goodness brings,
The day with pleasure crowning.

SIR WALTER SCOTT ON LAZINESS.

WHO would imagine that Sir Walter Scott could sometimes feel lazy? Yet he says that he often found the beginning of the day's labour as distasteful as 'plunging into cold water.' 'We shiver on the brink,' said he, 'but once in, are full of vigour and energy. If the morning hours are squandered in idleness, we are apt to think the rest of the day is too short to trouble about, and so the precious time passes away with no achievement.' Such a thought as this makes one inclined to obey the advice of another philosopher, who said: 'Don't wonder *when* to do a thing, but *do it now!*'

MARTIN HYDE.

(Continued from page 35.)

I MUST have made some little noise at the door trying to get in. At any rate, Ephraim, who was waiting for such a signal, came forward with a churlish glee to rate me.

'So you're come back, Mr. Martin,' he said. 'These are nice carryings on for a young gentleman!'

I thought that I might as well be hanged for a sheep as for a lamb. Ephraim's tone jarred upon me, so I told him to shut up, as I didn't want any of his talk. This rather staggered him, so I told him further to open the boathouse, instead of standing like a stock, as I wanted to moor the boat. He opened the door for me, glowering at me moodily.

'Mr. Hyde shall know of this,' he said.

When all was secured he caught me by the arm to drag me out of the boathouse; so I, expecting this, rapped him shrewdly with the stretcher on the elbow. I thought for a moment that he would beat me. I could see his face very fierce in the dusk. I heard his teeth gritting. Then fear of my uncle restrained him. All that he said was, 'If I had my way, I'd take it out of you for this. A good sound whipping is what you want!'

'Is it?' I asked, contemptuously. 'Lock the door.'

Ephraim left me in the sitting-room while he made his report to my uncle. It was not a long report. He returned in a few minutes to say that I was to be locked into my room without supper. 'Mr. Hyde is in a fine taking,' he said. 'Perhaps he will knock some of your pride out of you.'

I made no answer, but let him march me to my room to the execution of the sentence. 'There,' he said through the door, as he turned the key on me. 'Perhaps that'll bring you to your senses!'

'Ephraim the stiff-neck!' I answered, loudly. 'Old Ephraim! Stiff-neck! Stiff-neck!'

'Ah!' he answered, clumping down the corridor. He was thinking how small I should sing when, in the morning, he gave me the option of apologising to him or going without breakfast.

It was pretty dark by this time. Fish Lane was as quiet as a country road; no one was stirring there. I thought that, as my uncle would shortly go to supper, I might soon venture out by the window, high up as I was, to buy myself some food in the town. I liked the notion; but, when I came to

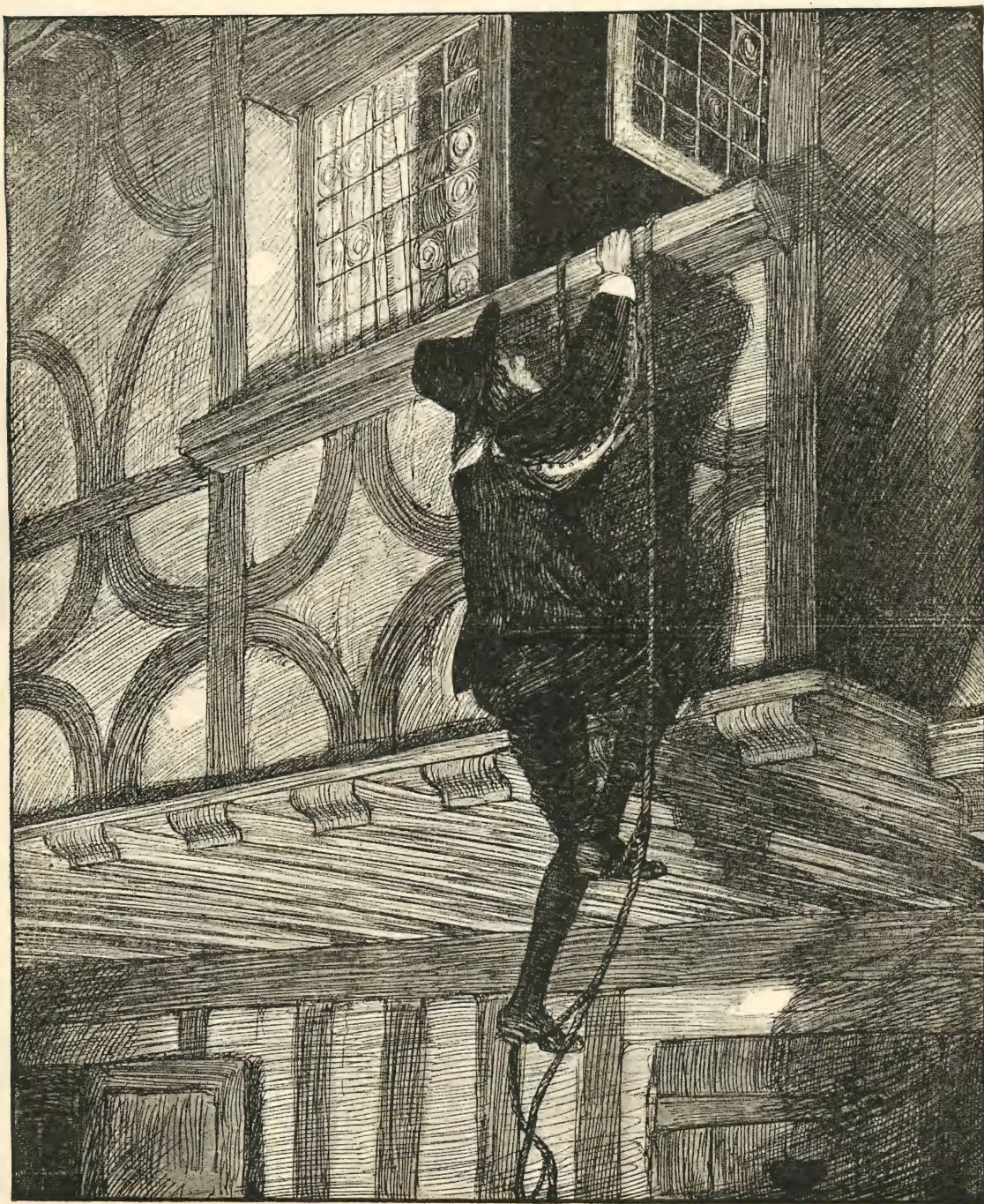
look down from the window, it seemed a giddy height from the pavement. Going down would be easy, but getting back would be quite another matter. Thinking it over, I remembered that I had seen a short gardener's ladder hooked to the garden wall. If I could make a rope, by which to let myself down, I could, I thought, make use of this ladder to get back by, for it would cover nearly half the height to my window-sill, a full thirty feet from the ground. If, by standing on the upper rungs, I could reach within five yards of the window, I knew that I should be able to scramble up so far by a rope. There was no difficulty about a rope. I had a good eighteen yards of choice stout rope there in the room with me, the lashings of my two trunks. I was about to pay this out into the lane, when I thought that it would be far more effective if I fashioned a ladder for myself, using the two trunk-lashings as the uprights. This was a glorious thought. I tied the lashings together behind the wooden bed-post, which was to be my support in mid-air. Then I rummaged out a hank of sailor's spun-yarn, a kind of very strong, tarred string, with which to make my steps or rungs. I did not do this very well, for I was working in the dark; but you may be sure that I made those steps with all my strength, since my bones were to depend upon them. I ran short of spun-yarn before I had finished, so my last three steps were made of the fireirons. They made a good finish to the whole, for, being heavy, they kept the ladder steady—at least, I thought that they would keep the ladder steady.

I was so excited, when I finished the tying of the tongs, that I almost forgot to take some money from the little store which I kept locked up in my trunk. I took the precaution, before leaving, of bolting my door from the inside, lest Ephraim should visit me in my absence. A shilling would be ample, I thought; but I took rather more than that, so as to be on the safe side. Then, having tested all my knots, I paid out my ladder from the window. No one was within sight along the lane. Downstairs they were at supper, for I heard the dining-room bell ring. Very cautiously I swung myself over the window-ledge on my adventure. Now, a rope ladder is an unsteady thing at the best of times; but when I swung myself on to this one it jumped about like a colt, banging the fireirons against the wall, making noise enough to raise the town. I had to climb down it on the inner side, or I should have had Ephraim out to see what was the matter. Even so, my heart was in my mouth, with fright, as I stepped on to the pavement. After making sure no one saw, I hooked up the lower ends of my ladder as far as I could reach, so that a passer-by might run less chance of seeing them. Then I scuttled off to the delights of Eastcheap, thinking what glorious sport I could have with this ladder in time to come. I thought of the moonlight adventures on the river, skulking along in my boat, like a pirate on a night attack. I thought how, perhaps, I should overhear gangs of highwaymen making their plans, or robbers, in their dens, carousing after a victory. It seemed to me that London might be a wonderful place to one with such a means of getting out at night.

(Continued on page 50.)



“‘Mr. Hyde shall know of this,’ he said.”



"I climbed nimbly to my room."

MARTIN HYDE.

(Continued from page 47.)

I ATE a good supper at a cook-shop, sauntered about the streets for awhile, then sauntered slowly home, after buying a tinder-box, with which to light my candles. I found my ladder dangling unnoticed, so I climbed nimbly to my room, pulling it up after me. I lit my candles, intending to read; but I found that I was far too well inclined for mischief to pay much heed to my book.

Casting about for something to do, I thought that I would open a little locked door which led to some room (apparently disused) beyond my own. I had some difficulty in breaking the lock of this door; but a naughty boy is generally very patient. I opened it at last, with some misgivings as to what my uncle might say on the morrow, though with the feeling that I was a sort of conspirator, or, shall we say, a man haunting a house, playing ghost, coming at night to his secret chamber. I was disappointed with the room. Like my own room, it was nothing more than a long, bare attic. It had a false floor, like so many houses of the time, but there was no thought of concealment here. Half-a-dozen of the long flooring planks were stored in a stack against the wall, so that any one could see what lay in the hollow below. There was nothing romantic there. A long array of docketed, ticketed bundles of receipts filled more than half the space. I suppose that nearly every bill which my uncle had ever paid lay there, gathering dust. The rest of the space was filled with Ephraim's dirty old account-books, jumbled higgledy-piggledy with collections of printed, unbound sermons, such as used to be sold forty years before. I examined a few of the sermons, hoping to find some lighter fare among them. I examined also a few of the old account-books, in the same hope. Other rubbish lay scattered in the corners of the room; old mouse-eaten saddle-bags mostly. There were one or two empty baskets, which had once been lined with silk. In one of them, I can't think why, there was an old empty, dusty powder-horn, the only thing in that room at all to my taste. I stuck it on to my belt with a scrap of spun-yarn, feeling that it made me a wonderful piratical figure. If I had had a lantern, I should have been a very king there.

As I sat among the rubbish there, with my pistol (a sailmaker's fid) in my belt, it occurred to me that I would sit up till every one had gone to bed. Then, at eleven or twelve o'clock, I would, I thought, creep downstairs, to explore all over the house, down even to the cellars. It shocked me when I remembered that I was locked in. I dared not pick the lock of that door. My scheme (after all) would have to wait for another night, when the difficulties would be less. That scheme of mine has waited until the present time. Though I never thought it, that was the last hour I was to spend at my uncle's house. I walked past it only the other day, thinking how strange my life had been; feeling sad, too, that I should never know to what room a door at the end of the upper passage led. Well, I never shall know now. I was a wild, disobedient young rogue. Read on.

When I decided not to pick the lock of my door, I thought of the mysterious Mr. Jermyn as an alternative excitement. I crept to my window to look out at the house, watching it with a sort of terrified pleasure, half-expecting to see a ghost flapping his wings outside the window. I was surprised to see that the window of the upper floor (which I knew to be uninhabited) was open. I watched it (it was just opposite), hoping that something would happen. Presently two men came quickly up the lane from the river. As they neared the house they seemed to me to shuffle in their walk rather more than necessary. It must have been a signal, for, as they came opposite the door, I saw it swing back upon its hinges, as it had swung that morning for Mr. Jermyn. Both men entered the house swiftly, just as the city churches, one after the other, chimed half-past nine o'clock. Almost directly afterwards I got the start of my life. I was looking into the dark upper room across the lane, expecting nothing, when suddenly, out of the darkness, so terribly that I was scared beyond screaming, two red eyes glowed over a mouth that trembled in fire.

I started back in my seat, sick with fright, but I could not take my eyes away. I watched that horrid thing, with my hair stiffening on my head. Then, in the room below it, the luminous figure of an owl gleamed out. That was not the worst, either. I heard that savage, 'chacking' noise which brown owls make when they are perched. This great gleaming owl, five times greater than any earthly owl, was making that chacking noise, as though it would soon spread its wings, to swoop on some such wretched mouse as myself. I could see its eyes roll. I thought I saw the feathers stiffen on its breast. Then both the horrible things vanished as suddenly as they had appeared. They were gone for more than a minute, then they appeared again, only to disappear a second time. They were exactly alike at each appearance.

Soon my horror left me, for I saw that the things disappeared at regular intervals. I found that I could time each reappearance by counting ninety slowly from the instant the things vanished. That calmed me. 'I believe they're only clockwork,' I said to myself. A moment later I saw Mr. Jermyn's head in sharp outline against the brightness of the owl. He seemed to be fixing something with his hand. It made me burst into a cackle of laughter, to find how easily I had been scared. 'Why, it's only clockwork,' I said aloud. 'They're carved turnips, with candles inside them, fixed to a revolving pole, like those we used to play with at Oulton on the fifth of November.' My fear was gone in an instant. I thought to myself how fine it would be if I could get into that house, to stop the works, in revenge for the scare they had given me. I wondered how could I do that.

(Continued on page 62.)

TRY AGAIN.

'TRY again!' the blue sky said
 To a lark that upward flew,
 For the sky was far o'erhead,
 And its pinions weary grew.

So the skylark tried once more,
Spread its wing with joyous cry;
Soaring higher than before,
Till at length it reached the sky.

'Try again!' the ocean said,
'Never mind the rock and tree,'
When a little streamlet stayed,
Wondering where its course should be.
So it started once again,
Past the fields where flowers grew,
And at last it reached the main,
Lost amid the ocean blue.

'Try again!' the lesson said;
'Persevere, my little man;
Try once more, don't be afraid,
I will help you all I can!'
So the brave boy tried once more,
Bit by bit the task was learned;
All his troubles soon were o'er,
And the master's praise he earned.

THE FALLING OF THE TREE.

IN a corner of the garden there stood a very old elm-tree, tall and wide-spreading, which Charlie's father had decided to have cut down. A rotten branch had fallen in the night, and there were others that threatened to fall off at any moment; for these reasons it was considered unsafe for Charlie and his sisters to play any longer beneath it. Two woodmen came, therefore, to fell the tree, and Charlie was, of course, intensely interested in their methods.

First he saw them measure the height of the tree. This they were able to do without climbing it, which Charlie thought very wonderful. They simply made a note of the position of the sun, and then measured the shadow thrown by the tree on the ground.

'Why do you wish to measure the tree?' asked the boy, as he watched the men making their calculations.

'Well, you see, young sir,' one of the woodmen replied, 'we want to find out exactly what space of ground it will occupy when it falls. It will have to come down in a direction in which it will do no damage—to flowers or shrubs, greenhouses or out-buildings.'

'And can you bring it down just where you decide it shall fall?' asked Charlie, eagerly.

The man smiled and nodded. 'We shall let it drop straight across the lawn,' he said. 'Only, mind you keep out the way, my lad, when it topples over,' he added, cautiously.

'Mayn't I stand over there?' the boy, asked, jerking his hand towards the distant edge of the lawn.

'By no means!' answered the man, sharply. 'By no manner of means! Standing there, you would be only about ten paces away from the top of the tree when it falls.'

'Ten yards!' laughed Charlie. 'That's a safe distance, surely. I want to get close up, and see what a big tree looks like when it's toppling over.'

'Now, look you here, young sir. When a big tree falls, it creates a rush of wind that would bowl a

man over, even if he were ten yards clear of it. These giant trees, all full of leaf, come down with a tremendous swish. Every leaf helps, and the current of air straight ahead is not very different from a small whirlwind. Why, only last summer my mate and I brought down a tree. We thought it was clear of everything, and so in a manner it was, but it blew in the front of a greenhouse, smashing the glass with nothing but the force of the current of air which it raised. I will see to it, young sir, that you're out of the way.'

Charlie said nothing, because in his heart he suspected that the woodman was exaggerating the danger. He thought it likely that the greenhouse window had been broken by some flying branch; he really could not believe that air-currents were ever strong enough to break glass. So he thrust his hands into his pockets, and stood watching the operations in silence.

An hour later the base of the tree had been cut through to within a few inches, and the men inserted the big wedge which was to accomplish the tree's downfall. One of them held the wedge in position, while the other drove it home with heavy blows from a sledge-hammer. The safest place for woodmen, when a tree is being felled, is close by the foot of it, on the opposite side to that on which it is to fall, and the two men worked on this spot till the last moment. The tree shook at the impact of the hammer, it creaked and leaned slightly forward; then, when only one more blow was needed, the men halted to see that the ground beneath was clear.

'Where's that boy?' said one.

'I fancy you offended him, mate,' the other remarked. 'He seemed to go off in a fit of sulks some time ago. Any way, we can see that all's clear. Let's make an end of it!'

Charlie's father and sisters were watching from the windows of the house, and the woodmen signalled to them that the elm was about to fall. Then one of them seized the big hammer, and swung it above his shoulders for a heavy blow. Down came the hammer on the wedge, and the tree staggered; it was falling now, and a second hard blow hastened its overthrow. It was a wonderful sight. The enormous mass of greenery sailed silently downward, gathering speed as it fell, and when it met the earth there was a mighty crashing of broken boughs and snapping twigs.

The woodmen now proceeded to inspect the fallen tree, walking round towards its upper branches, and calculating the amount of timber it might be expected to yield. Suddenly one of them gave a startled shout: 'There's that boy! Just picking himself up from the gravel. I warrant the young rascal has been hovering about within the danger zone, and has got a "floozer!"' Hallo! are you hurt?

Charlie was brushing the dust off his knees as the men came up to him. He met them shamefacedly, but he had the courage to admit his fault. 'I wanted to see it fall—close up,' he said, 'so I hid in the shrubbery, and came out when I heard the swish. But I think I must have got too near. My eye, but it gave me a breeze! Pebbles in my face, dust in my eyes, and my hat blown over the wall! A

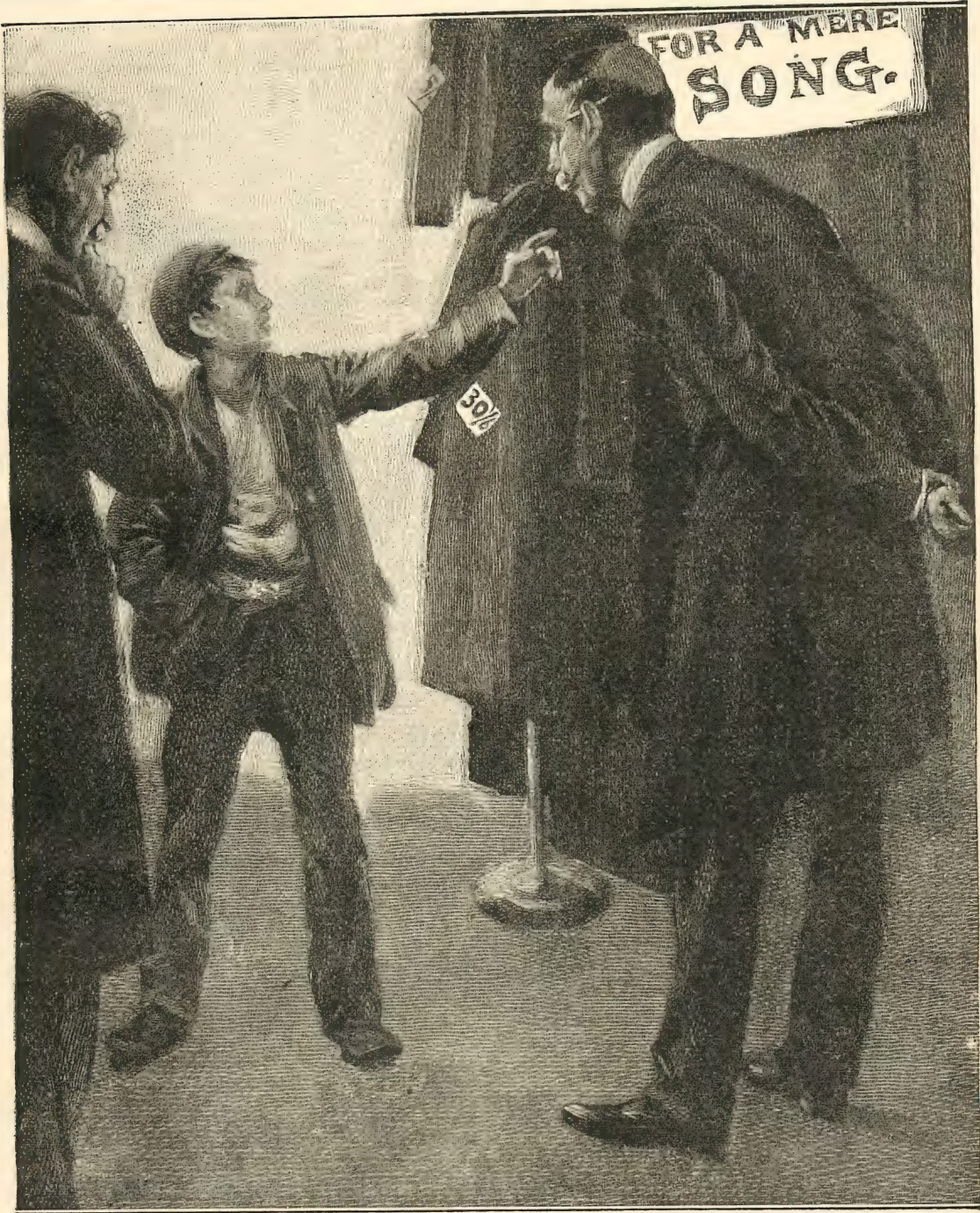


“ ‘Hallo! are you hurt?’ ”

broken branch actually flew over my head. I think I fell just in time to escape it.’

The men laughed at the boy’s frightened appearance, and one of them laid a kindly hand on his shoulder. ‘When I told you there was danger,’ he

said, ‘you thought I was spinning a fairy tale, eh? But now you see I was right. Old heads are usually wiser than young ones, my boy; and when young people refuse to listen to older and wiser folk, they are almost certain to get into trouble.’



"'I have sung you a song, and now I want the clothes, please, sir.'"

A SUIT FOR A SONG.

ABOVE the door of a big tailoring establishment was a notice to the effect that goods were going 'for a mere song.'

Seeing this, a ragged little urchin entered the shop and began to sing, hoping in this way to get a coat to shield him from the cold—for it was winter. Many of the assistants gathered round the child

with mocking encouragement. They considered the thing a capital joke. The singing, however, reached the ears of the master, who came to see what was the matter, and told the boy to go out of the shop and sing in the street.

'But,' said the poor youngster, 'your notice, sir, says that you give clothes for a song. I have sung you a song, and now I want the clothes, please, sir.'

The tradesman was not only tickled, but also touched, for he had a kind heart. He gave certain orders to an assistant, and within a few minutes the boy was attired in a fine new suit of clothes, with the addition of a warmly-lined overcoat. So he really did obtain a suit for a song!

THE SEA-KINGS OF ENGLAND.

Stories from Hakluyt's 'English Voyages.'

II.—IN THE POWER OF THE TURKS.

AMONG the English merchants in the time of Queen Elizabeth many trading voyages were made to Spain. Choosing a fair wind and tide, a ship called the *Three Half Moons* set out from Portsmouth, in 1563, intending to sail to Seville, and trade there. She had thirty-eight men aboard, and was strongly armed for fear of enemies, for not only were certain nations of Europe unfriendly towards England, but Turkish pirates from Barbary and the Levant were to be feared at any moment.

All went well until the *Three Half Moons* came near the Straits of Gibraltar, when there befell the worst that could have been expected. Eight large Turkish galleys appeared, and made for the Englishmen so fast and so fiercely that there could be no hope of escape: they must yield or be sunk. Nevertheless, they did not lose heart. The owner of the ship encouraged them, and bade them face the enemy valiantly. 'Show your manhood,' he said, 'and prove that God is on our side. Even if He wills that we shall fall into the hands of these Turks, endure it bravely, and trust to Him to deliver you in His good time. Remember also the ancient deeds of our forefathers, who, in the hardest extremity, yet always prevailed, even where it was almost impossible.'

When he had spoken, they fell on their knees and prayed briefly. Then they rose up boldly, seeing the enemy close at hand, bent on destroying them cruelly. The drums, trumpets, and flutes sounded, and made a music which would have encouraged any man, had he never so little heart and courage in him.

John Foxe, the gunner, trained his guns to the best effect, and fired, while the bowmen shot thick and fast. They slew twice as many Turks as were slain among themselves, and yet the Turks shot twice as fast as the Englishmen, and outnumbered them in every way. Before long the *Three Half Moons* was sorely battered, and torn open beneath the water line, so that she became unseaworthy. The crew fought valiantly, but the end was certain: the number of the Turks was so great that they could not resist long; and when, at last, they were so spent with fighting that they could hardly hold their weapons, they were overcome and made prisoners.

The Turks had little mercy for such stout oppo-

nents, but set their prisoners to work at once at the oars in their galleys, in the place of the many who had been slain in the fight. In that miserable condition, toiling unspeakably under cruel masters, they endured the rest of the summer. In the late autumn they were taken to Alexandria, where, in the harbour, the galleys were always laid up for the winter. The Englishmen were cast into a prison, not far from the harbour: a harbour, fortified with strong walls, ran near the city, and this prison stood by the harbour-side. Here were many other Christian captives, and here, for many months, the crew of the *Three Half Moons* lay with irons on their legs, ill-fed and ill-used. The master and the owner of the ship were ransomed; but the rest were not so fortunate, and in their confinement they suffered so terribly from hunger and ill-treatment that before the winter was out they all died, except one.

That one was John Foxe, the gunner of the *Three Half Moons*. He was a man of strong frame and strong heart; and being by chance a skilful barber, as well as a gunner, he won some favour from the Turks for whom he and the other captives had to work. He behaved himself well and orderly also, till in the end the keeper of the prison so far relented towards him that he would every day let him go forth from the gaol, to ply his trade of barber as best he could in the neighbourhood of the harbour. But he wore always an iron on his leg, and had to return at nightfall, and to pay a certain part of his earnings to his gaoler. There were six others of the Christian captives who also, by their long imprisonment and good behaviour, had won this favour.

For fourteen years John Foxe endured this hard life. Every summer he served in the galleys, every winter he returned to the prison and made a scanty livelihood there. In all that time he never lost heart, nor ceased to pray that he might in the end be delivered. At last, in the winter of 1577, he found means to carry out a plan he had long pondered. There were altogether at that time two hundred and sixty-eight Christian captives in the prison, three of them, including Foxe, being Englishmen. There was also a Spaniard, Peter Unticaro by name, who had been a prisoner some thirty years, and had won favour like John Foxe: he had been allowed to remain outside the prison, in a little victualling house on the outskirts of the harbour, which he hired, paying a fee to the keeper of the harbour in order that he might live there. Foxe had visited this house many times, and since both he and the Spaniard were thought to have given up all hope of escape, no suspicion fell on them.

Foxe told his plan to Unticaro, and when they had considered the matter well, they took into their confidence another of the prisoners, and before long five more, whom they thought they could trust. On the last day of December, these seven met together in the prison, and revealed their intentions to the rest of the prisoners, and persuaded them to join in an attempt at escape; and when they consented, the plotters gave them some rude files which Unticaro had somehow procured, bidding them every one free himself from his iron by eight o'clock on the next night.

On the evening of New Year's Day, 1578, Foxe and his six companions repaired to the house of

Unticaro, and made merry, to divert suspicion, till night came on. When the time seemed fitting, Unticaro went forth to the house or fort of the keeper of the harbour, and took him a message purporting to come from a friend, one of the rulers of the city of Alexandria: this ruler, the message said, desired the keeper to come to Unticaro's house to meet him, for he had news for him which brooked no delay: he would not keep him long, and begged him to hasten, as he could not tarry a great while at Unticaro's hut.

The harbour-keeper suspected no ill and went out, ordering the warders not to bar the gate of the harbour walls, for he would not be absent long. Meanwhile, John Foxe and his companions had been arming themselves as best they could. Foxe found for himself an old rusty sword-blade, without hilt or pommel, which he made to serve his turn by bending the hand end of the blade into the shape of a handle. The others got spits and knives and clubs, and anything else of that kind which they could lay their hands on.

The keeper came to Unticaro's hut. He saw no light and heard no noise, and straightway suspected mischief. He stepped back quickly. But John Foxe was lying hid round the corner of the house, and stood between him and safety.

'Foxe, what have I deserved from you that you should seek my death?' asked the keeper.

'Villain,' answered Foxe fiercely, 'you have brought many a Christian to his death by your cruelties, and now you shall know what you have deserved at my hands.'

With that he lifted up his old sword, dull with the rust of ten years, but still strong and heavy, and struck the keeper so stout a blow on his head that he fell dead on the spot.

Then Unticaro joined Foxe, and they called out their comrades in the house. All together they made their way softly to the harbour gates, which were still open, and entered.

'Who goes there?' cried one of the warders: there were six inside.

'We are all friends,' answered Foxe in their own tongue. But when the warders came out, his answer was of another kind. 'We outnumber them,' he cried to his companions. 'Fall on! Play your parts like men.'

They attacked the warders fiercely, and in a little while had dispatched all six of them. Then, to guard against surprise from the city, Foxe shut and barred the gate securely, and planted a cannon over against it.

When this was done, they entered the keeper's lodge, and found the keys of the fortress and the prison by his bedside. With these keys they ransacked the place, and found better weapons; and in the keeper's bedroom they found also a chest, wherein was a rich treasure, all in ducats. Unticaro and two others took as much of it as they could, stuffing the money in their shirts next their skin; but Foxe would not touch a single piece of it, saying that it was liberty only which he sought.

When they had taken all the arms they could, they made for the prison, and opened the gates, setting the prisoners free. There were warders on guard,

but most of them they slew. Nevertheless, eight got away before the captives could reach them, and took refuge on the roof of the prison. Foxe and his men brought ladders, but only reached the roof after a hard fight. Foxe was shot thrice through his garments without being hurt. But Unticaro and the two who had taken the treasure found themselves so weighted by it that they could not use their arms properly, and were slain.

And now the prison was altogether in the hands of the rebels. But in the fight with the warders on the roof they had betrayed themselves by a strange chance. One of the Turks, sorely wounded, but not killed, fell from the roof to the ground outside the prison, and there, in his pain, made so loud a lamentation that he roused the people in some neighbouring houses. Quickly the news spread that the prisoners were paying their ransoms by force of arms. The city was stirred up: out of every house and fort the Turks came running, and, worst of all, two great castles on either side of the harbour were warned of what was happening.

There was but one way of escape—the sea. Down to the shore the Christians ran, some bringing arms, some food, some oars, and some keeping at bay the enemy who began to pour over the harbour walls in pursuit of them. On the shore lay a great galley, beached for the winter, but in good trim and ready for the sea. Into it they all flocked, and set themselves once more to the task they knew so well—toiling at the oars. But now they worked as desperate men struggling for their liberty, not as slaves.

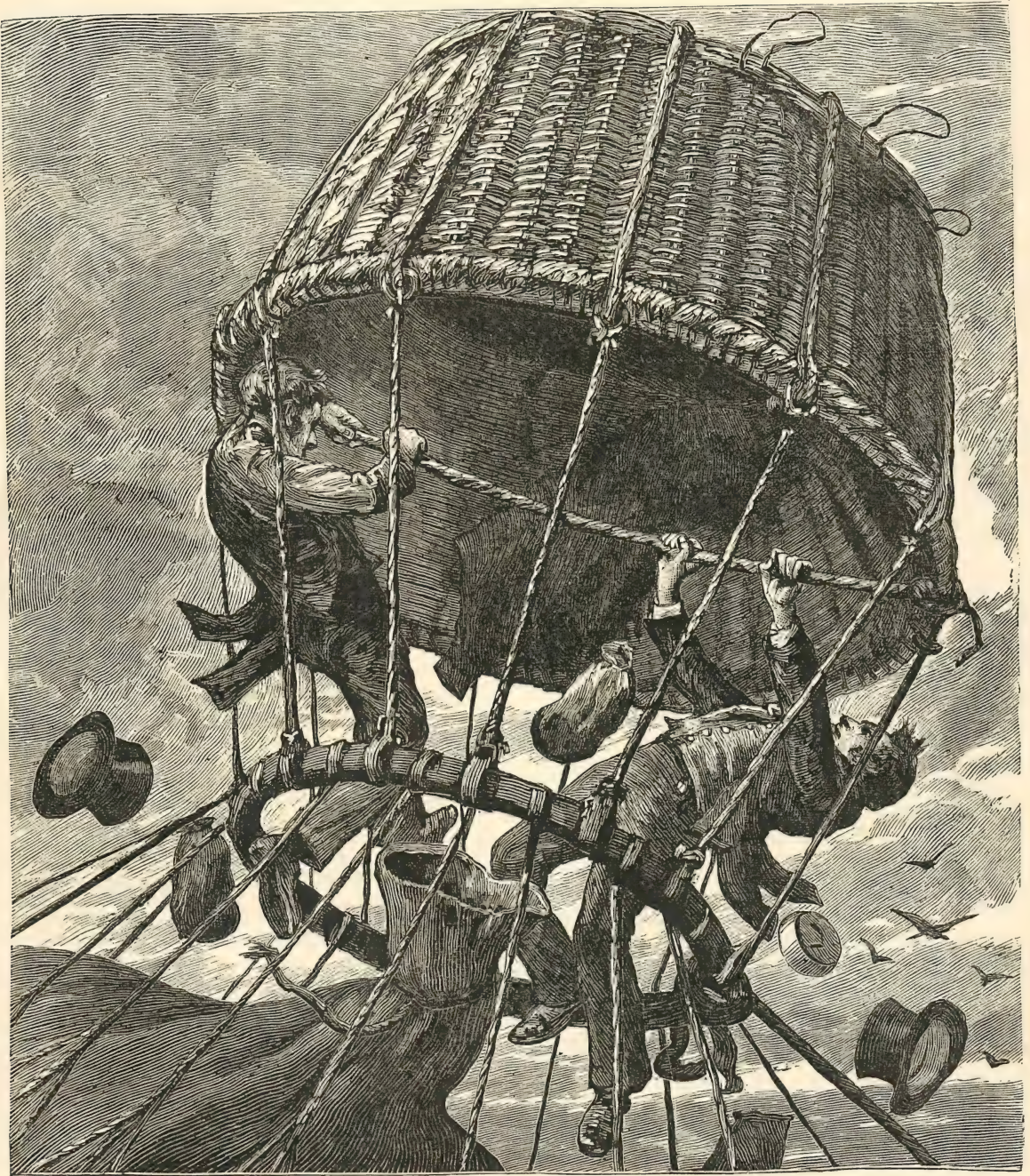
They got the galley afloat in time, hoisting up the sails as well as rowing with all their might, for the wind was off the land. But they were not yet safe: the two castles commanded the harbour and the offing, and began to fire at them with their ordnance. Five-and-forty round shots did they fire, each one thundering past the galley and missing it by but a little: yet not one touched it. The Turks on land ran this way and that at the water's edge, seeking to launch other galleys in pursuit; but they were all in confusion, and their skill in seamanship was little beside that of their former slaves; so that gradually the fugitives drew away from that hostile coast and into safety.

But though they were safe for the moment, they were not yet out of danger. They had no compass, and no pilot who knew those seas, and but little store of food. They made out a course as best they could guess by the stars; but for twenty-eight days they wandered blindly in the sea, and in that time eight of them died of hunger and weakness. On the twenty-eighth day they came to the Isle of Crete, where there were Christians dwelling who welcomed them and gave them help. John Foxe's sword was hung up there as a relic.

And now they were at last safe, though the Turks were scouring the seas for them. From Crete they voyaged safely to Tarento, in Italy; there they sold their galley, and divided the money paid for it, and separated, each man going to his own home as best he could. So at last, in 1579, John Foxe reached England again; and for his bravery in freeing so many captives he was rewarded liberally, so that he passed his remaining years in comfort and honour.



“What have I deserved from you that you should seek my death?”



"A sudden jerk turned the car completely upside down!"

CRUISERS IN THE CLOUDS.

[Second Series.]

II.—NARROW ESCAPES.

THE number of fatal accidents to aeronauts is very small in proportion to the number of ascents that have been made; but if we added to these the number of narrow escapes, the figures would look very different. Nothing is easier than to leave the earth in a balloon; no roads are safer to travel than the wide and unobstructed ways of the upper air; but the return journey is fraught with peril—it is the settling down again that fills the balloonist with anxiety. So many difficulties then arise—the speed of the balloon as it nears the earth; the nature of the ground upon which the landing will take place; the quantity of gas still remaining in the envelope; and sometimes, almost worse than any of these, the manner in which his fellow-passengers will behave—for success in landing often depends upon the coolness of those in the car. The most skilful aeronauts have strange tales to tell of dangers thus run at their journey's end.

On one occasion the celebrated Charles Green, perhaps the greatest of English aeronauts, had ascended from Chelsea with a passenger named Macdonnell. After a flight of nearly an hour's duration, it became advisable to descend on account of the strong wind that was blowing. Scanning the world beneath, from the edge of the car, Green made up his mind that the broad salt marshes of Essex, which lay like a map at no great distance, were well suited to his purpose. But the wind was growing every moment, and precautions were necessary. Taking a piece of strong rope, he stretched it across the centre of the car, fastening the ends securely to each side.

'Take a firm grip of this,' he said to his friend. 'I am going to throw out the grapnel.'

Fortunately for himself, Mr. Macdonnell obeyed at once. The balloon was now less than two hundred feet above the earth, and was travelling at some sixty miles an hour. The aeronaut opened the valve, and held the line that the gas might continue to escape. The cable was lowered, and, as the anchor touched the ground, a slight shock was felt in the car. But the speed was not checked. A moment later, however, a sudden jerk turned the car completely upside down! Instruments, ballast, hats, and other articles followed each other in a cataract earthwards; but the two travellers hung over the line that was stretched from side to side, with nothing between them and certain death but the strength of the rope. Their anxiety, for the moment, was naturally intense. Then, as suddenly as it had turned over, the car swung beneath them again. But the anchor and its cable were gone, the former being so firmly embedded in a dyke over which they had passed that, rather than give way, it had snapped the cable. With nothing to check it now, the balloon swept on, dragging its car at terrific speed over furrow and ditch, crashing at last through a strong oak fence, as though it had been made of match-work. Only when the gas was nearly all gone did it flap feebly to the ground, and allow the severely shaken passengers to alight.

Mr. Coxwell had a similar experience with even worse results. Mounting with two young gentlemen in Derbyshire, he was led to believe that just beyond a certain range of hills, an open space would be found suitable for landing in. But on reaching the place indicated, a deep and rocky valley presented itself, intersected by a number of stone walls. It was too late to escape the danger, so, ordering his companions to sit down on the floor of the car and hold to the hand-ropes, Mr. Coxwell prepared for the landing. Heavy gusts of wind drove the balloon along, the anchor tearing its way through wall after wall. At last, the car itself began to strike, and as it scattered the stones right and left, several of them struck the travellers, wounding them severely in head and face. By the time the fourth wall was reached, however, so much gas had escaped that the great envelope sank against the stones itself, and was torn from top to bottom. When those who from a distance had watched this perilous descent came to the rescue, they found the three travellers at the bottom of the car covered by stones, all badly cut and bruised, but not seriously.

To avoid, in some measure, such accidents as these, balloons are now usually provided with what is called a ripping flap. A separate cord is attached to a point near the summit of the envelope, and by pulling this cord, such a large section of the silk is torn away that the gas instantly escapes. To guard against this rope being pulled in mistake for the one which governs the ordinary valve, they are dyed different colours, the latter generally being white, so as to be more easily seen in the hours of darkness.

(Concluded on page 74.)

HOW REGGIE MADE THE LION ROAR.

An Adventure in Rhodesia.

CROUCHING under a tree at the top of the mealie-patch, the boy could see down to the furthest limit of the field. Hour after hour Reggie had watched for some sign which might show the presence of a wild pig. His fingers tingled for a shot as he held his gun in readiness, but the patch below stood unruffled from end to end.

'The beasts can't be coming to-day,' he thought.

Behind the boy the hill dipped into a hollow, swamped with tall grass, and beyond this it spread away in an undulating stretch towards Fort Jameson. The grassy hollow made an excellent lair for the wild pigs, for wherever they moved they were under cover. At irregular intervals they ventured out in twos and threes in search of food, and on such occasions wire fences and thorns were of little avail to turn them.

'I wish they would hurry up!' he said aloud. 'Father says he has already destroyed half the herd, but—hallo! what's that?'

That was a slight movement in the even surface of the mealie-tops, telling of some creature forcing its way through. Reggie saw it the moment he turned. His fingers twitched with impatience as he brought his gun to bear on the spot; he went down on one knee and waited for the opportune moment.

The pig, alone and hungry, was not inclined, however, to draw nearer; he seemed evidently content with his immediate surroundings.

The boy took steady aim at sixty yards, and pressed the trigger. Bang! A squall, which was not unlike a human shriek, and a wild scamper to the fence, told him the creature had been hit. He darted up, and saw the pig charging the fence; it tore through the wire and bolted off. The boy thrust a hand into his pocket in search of his powder-flask, and loaded up for a second shot.

'Poor brute!' he exclaimed. 'I can't allow him to die in slow misery. I will just ram down another charge and—'

Out of the long grass a huge brown lion sprang suddenly up, disturbed by the scampering pig. Lions, in the outlying districts of Rhodesia, are the settler's terror. They seize his mules at dead of night, they terrify or kill his cattle, they drive the man himself indoors at night for safety. Reggie's father had shot a lioness on the previous evening; this beast, the boy thought, might perhaps be its mate.

It was strange that he should first think of this. A far more serious reflection was that his gun was as yet unloaded; the old bent ramrod he was using had refused to work. There was nothing between him and the beast save a flimsy fence, which certainly made no pretensions to being lion-proof. And the creature was moving, was coming on! Reggie glanced around; in no direction was there a chance of escape.

There was a tree at the top of the patch; he could climb that, he knew. He started towards it at a frantic dash, threw down his weapon at its foot, and swarmed up. The lion bounded over leisurely, reached the tree, sniffed the gun at its foot, then sat on its haunches, peering up aloft.

'You great ugly beast!' shouted the boy. 'Go away! Ya-ow! Get out, I say!' But the animal sat undaunted; he looked up, blinking his eyes as if disturbed from recent sleep, utterly indifferent to Reggie's cries.

'Go awa—y!' The shout, half scream, half yell, and prolonged to the utmost extent of the powers of the lungs of a healthy boy of sixteen, had no more effect on the great beast than if a bird had piped. The only sign of irritation he displayed was the pounding of his tail as he lashed the ground behind him.

'Well, this is what I call a fix!' declared the boy. 'And the farm a mile away! Surely some one might hear. Hallo, there! Hallo-o-o!'

He could see the farmstead, with its red tiles bleached pink in the sun, its front garden, and deserted yards. Every one was indoors at that hour; his father would be enjoying a siesta till four. The lad climbed higher, watching the homestead with eager eyes. If only some one would come out and look in his direction! He put his hand to his mouth trumpet-wise, and awoke the hills with his cries. But the country-side was deserted, and his voice could not reach the farm.

'Well, the thing won't stay there for ever,' he thought. 'At nightfall he will go off, and I can get my gun. But can I drive him away by any other means?'

He clung to the tree with one hand, while with the other he managed to take off his heavy boot. He gripped it firmly, and descended to a lower branch. 'Take that!' he shouted, as he flung the boot full on the lion's head.

The boy drew himself higher with a quick movement as the lion started; the beast shook his mane angrily, growled, then settled himself again. Reggie tried his second boot, flung with all his strength. It was a blow fit to stagger a man, and it actually caused the lion to howl with the pain of the blow!

Reggie clutched the tree again; the unexpected roar was startling. But it gave the boy an idea: if he could only make the beast howl again—howl louder, and keep on howling—surely his father would hear then, and come out to reconnoitre.

Was there anything else he could throw at the lion? In the pockets of his coat were one or two copper coins; he dived for these eagerly, and counted out the spoil into the palm of his hand, three Transvaal pennies and a halfpenny. 'I'll try the halfpenny first,' he muttered as he leaned back for a vigorous shot. 'Here goes!'

Down flew the copper coin, striking smartly on the tender part of the lion's nose, and hitting with a sting that caused the beast to roar again. An instant later Reggie had flung down one of the pennies, a bigger missile, and one that struck close by the same spot. 'That ought to make him sing!' cried the boy as he prepared for a third shot; but at that moment the lion really did 'sing.' He skipped back with a mighty roar, buried his mane in the grass, and fell to rubbing his nose like a gigantic cat, his tail whirling like a windmill.

Thoroughly frightened and shaken now by the lion's terrible voice at close quarters, the boy yet gripped his two remaining pennies tightly; he was waiting his opportunity; he had a mind to venture both pennies in one last double shot. Presently the opportunity came; the beast had turned, and was facing the tree in an attitude that suggested a spring. Reggie clutched the coins tightly, calculated the distance mentally, then flung back his right arm.

Luckily the coins held together, and luckily they flew straight. The result was a howl from the lion that seemed to rend the very sky. It drove the boy to the top of the tree instantaneously, and he looked anxiously across towards the farm.

'Father! Father!' he screamed, his tiny voice drowned by the lion's roaring. 'Yes, there he is—my Father! I thought he would hear that awful roar. He's running about the yard—he's calling Sam and Pete! Thank goodness!'

A lion's roar in the daytime was unusual enough to set the household at the farm immediately astir; the sound carried far in the still afternoon. Reggie hugged the branches tightly as he watched the three or four men creeping up, stealthily and warily, taking advantage of the cover of hedges and bushes as they approached the spot. Then he lost sight of them. But presently three shots rang out in quick succession; three floating puffs of smoke told where the hunters lay concealed. When the smoke had blown away, the view was clear for other shots; but these were not necessary. Reggie looked down and saw the lion stretched motionless on the greensward.



“‘Take that!’ he shouted, as he flung the boot.”

He slipped down the tree-trunk, reached the ground with a leap, and ran to meet his father.

‘I made him roar, Father!’ he cried in glee; ‘I made him roar! You see, I couldn’t get away, and

I couldn’t make you hear when I called, so I pressed the lion into service, and made him do the shouting for me. You heard him, didn’t you? And won’t we be able to make a big rug out of his skin?’



“Sing us your best song, and you shall have the pardon.”

SINGING FOR A LIFE.

AMONG the personal stories of courage and suffering which belong to the period of the French Revolution, none is more thrilling in its interest

than that of Madame de Bonchamp, the young widow of one of the Vendéan generals. Her good and gallant husband died on the banks of the Loire, of wounds received at the battle of Chollet, insisting,

with his last breath, that the lives of all prisoners should be spared.

Madame de Bonchamp, after perils and escapes the account of which reads like a romance, was seized by the Republican soldiers and thrown into prison, in those days usually the prelude to the guillotine. Each day she expected to hear her name among the list of those ordered for execution, and awaited the end with quiet firmness, employing her time in teaching her little daughter, a child of six or seven years, whose engaging ways and sweet voice helped to lighten the hours of captivity. Friends were, however, at work on her behalf, and were urging the mercy shown by Monsieur de Bonchamp to his enemies as a reason for pardoning his widow.

Word was brought to the prison that if Madame de Bonchamp could send a relative to plead her cause with the tribunal at Nantes, she might make sure of receiving the order for her release; and her gaoler, who had already shown her much kindness, suggested that her little daughter should be the messenger. The little one was taught her speech with the utmost care, and in due time appeared before the judges who had condemned so many to death.

'Citizens,' said the childish voice, 'I beg of you to give me my mother's pardon.'

The tribunal, used as they were to horror and bloodshed, were touched by the little lonely creature, the only thing that war had left to her widowed mother.

'We hear that you can sing sweetly,' said one of the judges. 'Sing us your best song, and you shall have the pardon.'

Little Mademoiselle de Bonchamp, in much delight and importance, immediately started the song which she had heard many a time from her father's soldiers—

'Long live the King!
Down with the Republic!'

Had she been a few years older that song might have brought both herself and her mother to the guillotine; but perhaps the tribunal of Nantes were sick of severity, and were disposed to be lenient with the loyal baby. They made a few comments upon the detestable education given to the children of Royalists, and then dismissed the little maiden with the precious order of release.

THE COMING OF SPRING.

WITH a pinafore spangled with daisies,
With sunshine tied up in her hair,
With a mouth full of poems and praises,
Subtle Spring, she is here, she is there.

Did you see—did you see her? The mountains
Laughed joy as she passed, in her track
To shatter the ice on their fountains,
And bring the anemones back.

She came to our gates without warning;
Her steed is as swift as the light;
In his mane is the wind of the morning,
He is shod with the silence of night.

We awoke—she had gone like the shadows;
We sought her—she could not be seen;
She has gone by the way of the meadows,
Her footprints are decked out with green.

DUNNOTTAR CASTLE.



IN a wild and romantic spot upon the coast of Scotland, surrounded by hills and moors, one of the Keiths built Dunnottar Castle, about eight centuries ago. It is between Aberdeen and Montrose, in Kincardineshire. The black hills and swampy moors have not altered much, but the country around looks more cheerful now, and the cottages are far better than the poor hovels of the olden time.

Standing high above the sea, the castle had a grand prospect over both land and water. An old writer says that Dunnottar Castle is placed upon a stupendous plum-pudding rock, partly in the sea and partly out, shaped like a tub turned upside down. It is close to the sea-bank, which curves round in the shape of a horse-shoe, and for a long time the castle was only to be reached by a winding path from the sea up the cliff. As a great gap separated it from the land near, there was little fear of enemies attacking the castle that way, and they would have had a difficult job to climb up. The battlements had narrow openings, enabling persons to peep at the outside without danger, and the turrets showed many loopholes for the archer or the musketeer. There was a spacious banquet-hall, used in the time of peace, while, down below, dungeons, with their iron rings and chains, told of the sufferings of prisoners taken in war. In fact, Charles II. made the castle for some years a state prison, and shut up there many of the Covenanters who opposed his government. During the greater part of its history Dunnottar was owned by the Marischal family, but it was taken from them in 1715. One of its remarkable events was the capture by Sir William Wallace in 1298, and the turning out of the English garrison. Not very far off from this castle is the fishing village of Finnon, well known for the dried or Finnon haddocks.

MARTIN HYDE.

(Continued from page 50.)

I WAS thoroughly ripe for mischief of any kind; my scare had driven away all desire for sleep. I looked at the window, wondering if it would be best to go down my ladder again, to get the ladder in the garden. I was about to do thus, when I remembered the planks in the box-room. How splendid it would be, I thought, if I could get a couple of those long planks across the lane as a sort of bridge. They were strong, thick planks, not likely to sag in the middle, if I could only get them across. Getting them across was the difficulty; for, though I was strong for my age, I found the first plank very contrary. After blowing out my candles, I fixed one end of the board under my heavy four-post bed, pointing the other end out through the window,

slanting upwards. Straddling across it, I very gingerly edged it out, a hand's-breadth at a time, till I had some ten feet wagging about in the air over the lane. It was as much as I could do unaided to aim the thing. It seemed to have a wild, contrary kind of life in it. Once or twice I came near to dropping it into the lane, which would have been the end of everything. When I got it across, the end caught on the window-ledge for about ten perilous minutes. I was quite tired out before I got it properly across, with two feet of the end in the other house. I did not at all look forward to the job of getting it back again after my trip.

One plank was hardly safe, I thought; so I slid a second over it, without much trouble. It seemed firm enough then for anybody, no matter how heavy. So carefully I straddled across it, hopping forward a little at a time, as though I were playing leap-frog. When once I had started, I was much too nervous to go back. My head was strong enough. I was well used to being high up in trees. But the danger of this adventure made me dizzy. At every hop the two planks clacked together. I could feel the upper plank shaking out behind me a little to one side of the other. Then a tired waterman shambled slowly up from the river, carrying his oars. He passed underneath me while I was in mid-air. It was lucky for me, I thought, that few people when walking look above their own heads. He passed on without seeing me. I waited up aloft till he had gone, feeling my head go dizzier at each second. I was, I trust, truly thankful when I was able to dive down over the window-sill into the strange house. When I had rested for a moment, I felt that it was not so difficult, after all. 'Going back,' I said to myself, 'will be much less ticklish.' Turning my head, I saw the eyes of the ghostly face glaring at me. They smelt very strongly of kitchen tallow.

I was not in the least frightened. I crept cautiously along the floor, on tip-toe, to examine the contrivance. A hollow shaft of light wood, a sort of big wooden pipe, led down through the floor, probably to the ground-floor, or basement, much as a mast goes down through a ship's deck into the hold. It was slowly revolving, being worked by some simple, not very strong mill-contrivance downstairs. A shelf had been fixed up inside the pipe. On the shelf (as I could see by looking in) was a tallow candle in a sconce. Two oval bits of red glass, let into the wood, made the eyes. The mouth was a smear of some gleaming stuff, evidently some chemical. This was all the monster which had frightened me. The clacking noise was made by the machine which moved it round. As for the owl, that was probably painted with the same chemical.

People were more superstitious then than now. I have no doubt that an ignorant person like Ephraim, who had lived all his life in London, had been scared out of his wits by this machine. Like most ignorant people of the time, he probably reckoned the thing as magic, merely because he did not understand it. One or two neighbours, a housemaid or so, perhaps, had seen it, too. On the strength of their reports the house had got a bad name. The two unoccupied floors had failed to get tenants, while Mr. Jermyn, the contriver of the whole, had been left alone, as no

doubt he had planned. I thought that Londoners must be very foolish people to be so easily misled. Now that I am older, I see that Londoners often live in very narrow grooves. They are apt to be frightened at anything to which they have not been accustomed; unless, of course, it is a war, when they can scream about themselves so loudly that they forget that they are screaming.

I examined the machine critically by its own candle, which I removed for the purpose. I meant to fix up one very like it in Ephraim's bedroom, as soon as I found an opportunity. Then I looked about the room for some other toy, feeling in a fine state of excitement with the success of my adventure. The room was quite bare. But for this ghost-machine, there was nothing which could interest me, except a curious drawing, done with a burnt stick on the plaster of the wall, of a man-of-war under sail. After examining this drawing, I listened carefully at the door, lest my faint footsteps should have roused some one below. I could hear no one stirring, the house was silent. 'I must be careful,' I said to myself. 'They all may have gone to bed.'

Understand, I did not know then what I was doing. I was merely a wrong-headed boy, up to a prank, begun in a moment of rebellion. When I paused on the landing, outside the ghost-room, shading the candle with my hand, I was not aware that I was doing wrong. I was only thinking how fine it would be to find out about Mr. Jermyn, before crawling back, over the plank, to my bed. I wanted to steal about these deserted floors like a conspirator; then, having, perhaps, found out about the mystery, to go back home. It did not enter my head that I might be shot as a burglar. My original intention, you must remember, had only been to stop the works of the ghosts. It was later on that my intentions became criminal, instead of merely boyish, or, in other words, crack-brained. As to stopping the ghosts, I could not stop the revolving pipe. I could do no more than take away the light from the ghost-face. As for the owl, on the lower floor, when I came to it I found that I could not do so much, for it was a great big picture on board, done in some luminous paint. I had nothing with which I could smear it over, nor could I reach the head. As for stopping the machine, that I dared not attempt to do, lest I should bring some one up to me from the works, wherever they were.

Standing by the ghost of the owl, hearing the chack-chack of the machine at intervals below me, I became aware of voices in the room downstairs. When the chack-chack stopped I could hear men talking. I could hear what they said, for they were speaking in the ordinary tone of conversation. There was an open space, as it happened, all round the great pipe, where it passed through the floor. I could peep through this into the room below, getting a good sight of what was going on. It was very wicked of me, for there is nothing quite so contemptible as an eaves-dropper; but I could not resist the temptation to look down. When once I had looked down, I am ashamed to say that I listened to what the men were saying. But, first of all, I put out my candle, lest any one, looking up, should see the light through the open space. (Continued on page 66.)



"I saw the eyes glaring at me."



A SERENADE.



“Mr. Jermyn had risen at the Duke’s last speech.”

MARTIN HYDE.

(Continued from page 63.)

AT the head of the table there was a very handsome man dressed all in black, as though in mourning. His beauty was so great that afterwards it passed into a proverb. Later in the year, when I saw this gentleman nearly every day, I noticed that people (even those who did not know who he was) would look after him when he passed them. I will say only this about his handsomeness: it was a bodily kind of beauty, of colour rather than of form; there was not much character in it. Had he lived, I dare say he would have become ugly like the rest of his family, none of whom, except his great-great-grandmother, was accounted much for looks. Next to this handsome man, on the right, sat Mr. Jermyn, looking fifteen years younger without his false beard. Then came a soldier in uniform. Then a very black-looking man, with a face all eyebrows. Then a little, wiry man, who jumped about as though excited. I could only see him when he jumped; he had an unpleasant, saturnine face which frightened me.

That, as far as I could see, was the whole company. When I first began to listen, the man in uniform was speaking to the handsome man at the head of the table. I knew at once, when he said 'your Majesty,' that he was talking to James, the Duke of Monmouth, of whom I had heard that afternoon.

'No, your Majesty,' he said. 'No, your Majesty,' he repeated, 'I can't answer for the army. If things had been different in February' (he meant, 'if you had been in England when Charles II. died') 'there would have been another king in England. As it is, I'm against a rising.'

'Don't you think his Majesty could succeed by raising an army in the West?' said Mr. Jermyn. 'The present usurper' (he meant James II.) 'is a great coward. The West is ripe to rebel. Any strong demonstration there would paralyse him. Besides, the army wouldn't fire on their own countrymen. We had enough of that in the Civil War: What do you think of a Western rising?'

The soldier smiled. 'Ah, no!' he said. 'No, your Majesty. Whatever you do, sir, don't do it with untrained men. A rising in the West would only put you at the head of a mob. A regiment of steady trained men in good discipline can destroy any mob in twenty minutes. No, your Majesty. No. Don't try it, sir.'

'Then what do you advise, Lane?' said the Duke.

'I would say wait, your Majesty. Wait till the usurper commits himself. When he has made himself thoroughly unpopular throughout the country, then send a few regiments. It's only a matter of a year or two. If you'll wait for a year or two, you'll see yourself invited over. Besides, a sudden rising in the West must fail, sir. Your Majesty would be in between two great garrisons, Bristol and Portsmouth. We can't be sure that either would be true to us.'

'Yes,' the Duke answered. 'Yes, Lane. But as I plan it, the army will be tempted north. Argyle will make a strong feint in Scotland with the great clans, just when the Western gentry declare for us.'

'I take it,' Lane answered, 'that Argyle has sounded the clans. He knows, I suppose, what force

of drilled men will rally to him. You know nothing, sir, about the West. You know that many men are for you; but you know not how many nor how good. You will need mounted men, sir, if you are to dash down upon London with any speed. You cannot raise cavalry in a week. All that you will get in the West will be squireens, or dashing young farmers, both kinds unaccustomed to being ordered: both kinds totally unfitted for war.'

'Yes,' said the saturnine little man. 'But a rising in the West would have this natural effect. Argyle will draw troops to the north, as his Majesty has explained. Very well then. Let Devon declare for the King, the business will be done. The usurper will not dare to send the few troops left to him out of the capital, lest the town should rise on him.'

'Very true—a true—a good point,' said the man with the eyebrows.

'I think that disposes of your argument, Lane,' said the Duke, with a smile.

'It's a supposition, sir, against a certainty. I've told you of a military danger. Falk, there, only tells you of a bare military possibility.'

'But it's as certain as anything can be,' said the man with the eyebrows. 'You can see. That's just what must happen.'

'It is what may happen if you wait for a year or two, your Majesty,' Lane replied. 'But a newly crowned King is always popular. I doubt if you will find public opinion so much on your side, your Majesty. Not for a year or two, till he has made himself disliked. They have settled down now to this usurper. They'll resent an interruption. The tradesmen will resent an interruption.'

'I think you over-rate the difficulties, Lane,' said Mr. Jermyn.

'Yes,' said the Duke. 'I'm a great believer in putting a matter to the test. Much must necessarily be left to chance. If we wait, we may not find public opinion turning against our enemies. We may even lose the good opinion of the West by waiting. Besides, by waiting, Lane, we should lose the extraordinary help of Argyle's diversion in the north.'

'Yes,' the others said in chorus. 'We mustn't lose that. A rising this early summer, when the roads are good. A rising as soon as Argyle is ready.'

'Well, your Majesty,' said Lane, shaking his head, 'I see you're resolved. You shall not find me backward when the time comes, for all my doubts at this meeting. To your Majesty's happy success.' They all drank the toast; but I noticed that Mr. Lane looked melancholy, as though he foresaw something of what actually happened in that terrible June.

'Very good,' said the Duke. 'I thank you, gentlemen. Now, Jermyn! We two shall have to be off to the Low Countries in another half-hour. How about messengers to the West? You, Lane, are tied here to your regiment. Falk! How about you, Falk?'

'No, your Majesty,' said Falk. 'There's danger in sending me. I'm suspected. I'm known to be in your interests.'

'You then, Candlish,' said the Duke to the man with the eyebrows.

'Not me, sir,' said Candlish. 'I can't disguise myself.'

'It would be a good thing,' said Falk, 'if we could get some Western carrier.'

'The Western carriers are all watched,' Lane replied. 'They are followed wherever they go, as soon as they arrive at their inns here.'

'Haven't you found some more gipsies, Falk?' Candlish asked. 'The last gipsy we had was very good.'

'He was caught by a press-gang,' said Falk. 'Gipsies aren't to be trusted, though. They would sell us at once if they had the chance. Ramon was an exception.'

Mr. Jermyn had risen at the Duke's last speech, as though to put on his coat, ready to leave the house. The Duke was listening to the conversation, making idle sketches, as he listened, on the paper before him. I think I hardly realised, as I craned over the open space, that I had been listening to a conversation which would have condemned all present to death for treason. I repeated to myself in a dazed sort of way, that the West was ready to rise. 'King James is a usurper,' I said softly. 'These men are going to rebel against him. There's going to be a civil war in England about it.'

(Continued on page 76.)

COME AWAY!

HEAR the wind gaily cry,
Come away, come away!
For the sun now is high
And the month is May.
Oh, come see the May-fly
And watch the trout play.

There are swans on the river,
The white lilies gleam,
Tall rushes a-quiver
Bend over the stream,
Where minnows dart ever
And water-fowl scream.

The swift moments fleet,
There's lots to be done;
Come with hastening feet,
Come with laughter and fun,
When the May-bloom is sweet
And bright shines the sun.

A NEGRO'S BEDSTEAD.

Founded on Fact.

TWO English travellers were once passing through a wild part of West Africa when they espied before them, towards nightfall, a native village. Hitherto they had been sleeping in tents, but for once the desire possessed them to spend the coming night under a roof of rushes. So they sent their native guide on ahead, with instructions to find out whether any kind of native building was available for their accommodation, while they themselves followed more slowly in the direction of the village with their mules and baggage.

Hamil, the guide, presently returned, and reported that he had found an empty negro dwelling, which his masters were welcome to occupy for the night. The travellers therefore urged the mules to a trot, and quickly reached the village. The house Hamil

had spoken of proved to be the first dwelling in the street, a roomy construction of mud-burnt walls and roof thatched with reeds; there was a walled enclosure all round which provided accommodation for the mules, and a large plot of neglected garden-ground at the back.

When the mules had been safely rounded up in the enclosure, the travellers entered the house. They were surprised to find it furnished, though the thick dust which covered everything proved that it had not been inhabited for some length of time. In one of the apartments were stools, a table, a fireplace, and pegs in the wall from which hung saddles and native implements; in a second room was a huge bedstead, standing in solitary grandeur in the centre of the room, the only article of furniture in the apartment.

'A bedstead!' exclaimed one of the travellers. 'Here in the heart of West Africa! I warrant,' he added, 'there isn't another bedstead within a hundred miles.'

'And it has been made out of telegraph poles,' his companion remarked, drawing aside the blanket that covered the bed. 'A telegraph pole has served for the four posts of it, being neatly sawn into quarters, and the body of the bed has been made out of telegraph wire, threaded across and across—thick, strong stuff! Now where did the builder of the bed get his materials from, I wonder?'

At this moment the native guide, who had been fastening the outer door, came into the room. 'Big enough for two,' he remarked, as he came in.

'You are right, Hamil,' answered one of his masters, 'and we intend to test its strength with the weight of our bodies presently. But,' he added curiously, 'how did such an article of furniture come to be made by a native?'

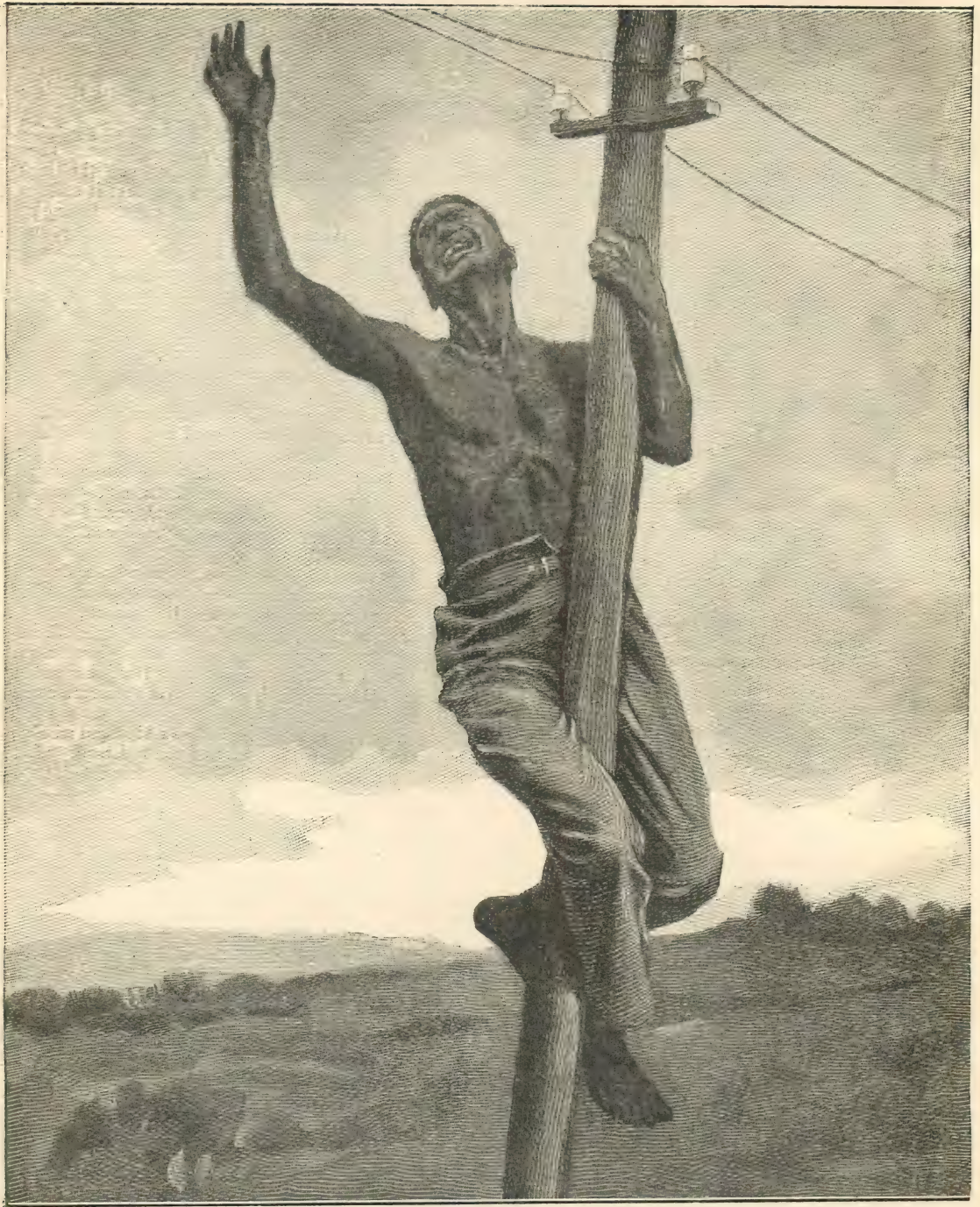
Hamil laughed softly, and shook his head wisely; he seemed to know the secret of the bedstead. 'Let my masters sit down on the bed,' he suggested, 'and I will sit at their feet and tell them the story—'

'Tell it briefly, Hamil,' advised one of his listeners. 'We are tired.'

'I will be brief,' said the native, as he seated himself on the floor. 'The facts are these: Three miles to the south there runs the iron line [the railway], and alongside it were posts and long stretches of wire. The builder of the bed sawed down a post, and came back to the village, carrying the wire and dragging the post after him. Here on this floor he fashioned the stolen material into the bed whereon you are seated, my masters.'

'The rascal!' said one of the Englishmen; but Hamil lifted up his hand with a sudden quick gesture—there was more to tell.

'The material ran short,' continued Hamil. 'The native once more paid a visit to the iron line. He saw the iron horse go by; he saw that the break in the wire had been repaired. But he wanted a dozen more lengths of the wire, and he had made up his mind to have them. So he planted his knees firmly on the face of the nearest telegraph post, and flung his arms round it. He felt the thrill of the Western magic, that was in the wires overhead, vibrating the pole as he climbed. Quickly he reached the top, then clutched the wire for a hold, but—the long thin line seemed to be on fire—it stung him with a mighty shock—'

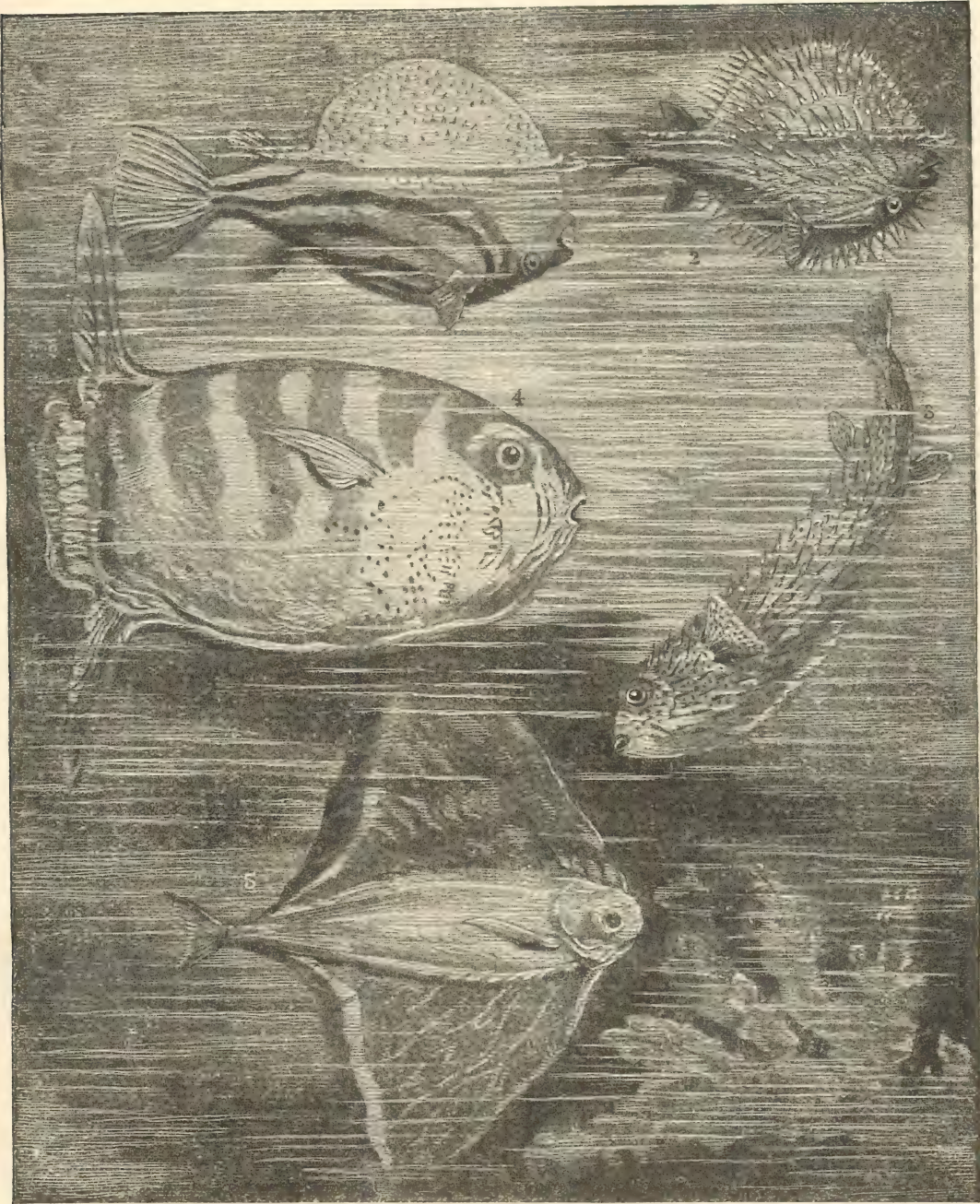


"He clutched the wire."

'Electricity! exclaimed one of the travellers. 'Of course,' he said, rightly guessing, 'the workmen electrified the wire to protect it from thieves.'

Hamil grunted. 'Evil always overtakes him who

does evil,' he said. 'If my masters will examine the bed, they will see that in parts it is not completed—the shock of the "Western magic" killed the builder of the bed before his work was done.'



Fishes that Float and Dive.

WONDERS OF THE SEA.

III.—FISHES THAT FLOAT AND DIVE.

THE study of fishes has many limitations, as compared with the study of land-animals, for one cannot stow oneself away in some sheltered spot

to watch the ways of fishes, as can be done in studying the life of the woods or fields. Our knowledge of a great part of fish-life will never be complete, and of many of their ways we can only gather information piecemeal, and infer a great deal more.

In studying 'fishes that float and dive,' for example,

who amongst us is there so confident of his swimming powers that he will undertake to stay a week or two in mid-ocean, even supposing that he could manage to procure food and drink? The thing is not to be done. And so, then, we must be content to make a patchwork of most of our facts about fishes. But even then it will be found that with care and diligence an amazing amount of accurate information can be, and has been, gathered.

Let us, for instance, take a sample or two from the pile of facts which have been discovered about 'fishes that float and fishes that dive.' For their special and peculiar methods of progression, very profound changes of shape have been necessary, as a glance at our illustration will show. These performers can at once be picked out from among their fellows of the great wide sea.

Those that dive shall come first under notice. How do we know which are diving fishes and which are not? This question might well be asked, and it would be difficult to answer in most cases. But the fish furnish their own evidence. Firstly, this is obtained from the food which the stomachs of captured specimens disclose. Those extraordinary creatures, the Sun-fishes (No. 4 in the illustration), for example, of which there are several species, are amongst the most skilled of all these divers.

From the stomachs of one or other of these species, larval eels, among other things, are nearly always taken. Now, larval eels are the young stages of development of our common fresh-water eels, which, it is known, leave the rivers just before they lay their eggs, and descend to the sea. This haven gained, they scurry on till they reach the deepest parts of the ocean in these regions—opposite the west coast of Ireland. And here, far, far down, beyond the reach of light, they lay their eggs—safe, as they perhaps imagine, from all enemies. But, as these hatch, and the young eels, in a guise unrecognisable as eels, emerge, they quickly become the prey of a score of enemies, and among these, few, probably, levy a heavier toll than the sun-fish.

There have been some who have had the good fortune to watch the movements of these wonderful divers, and their accounts help us to understand the meaning of the most extraordinary shape which the sun-fish, alone among fishes, possesses, for it looks as though it had suddenly been chopped in half just behind the back fin, and that an apology for a tail-fin had been stuck on the cut surface by way of an attempt at appearances! When the sun-fish dives, he turns head downwards, then sets the long fins at the extreme hinder end of the body in rapid vibration. As a result, he is borne swiftly down, and down, and down, till the pressure of the water above him begins to grow intolerable. Seizing a mouthful of luscious eels, he turns his face upwards, and in a brief space is at the surface once more. The strange fish with the enormous fins above and below him (No. 5) is another diver, about which but little is known.

The floating people of the sea are a numerous folk. Among the fishes there are some more than usually remarkable. Such, for instance, are the Globe-fishes (No. 1), of which there are many species. These fishes have the power of transforming themselves

from ordinary fish-like forms, into something very like balloons! This they do when chased by larger fishes, first dashing up to the surface of the sea, then gulping down air till the required balloon-shape is attained. So soon as this takes place, the body, as it were, 'turns turtle,' as the sailors say. That is to say it floats back-downwards, and with the inflated portion of the stomach sticking out above the water. This, catching the wind, acts as a sort of sail, wafting the threatened one to a place of safety.

Some of the globe-fishes have the body covered with a most formidable armour of prickles or spines, while in others these prickles are extremely small. Both kinds are shown in the illustration (Nos. 2 and 3). The more prickly species, by the way, is known as the 'Porcupine-fish.'

W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., A.L.S., &c.

A LARK'S TOMB.

IN the walls of a humble cottage in a Devonshire village there was to be seen, many years ago, a fine brass plate, on which were engraved the following lines:—

'Within this wall there lies a lark
Whose age, I think, well worth remark.
Take fifty-five from seventy-three,
And there his age exact you see.
And in remembrance of his age,
These lines were writ beneath his cage.'

The peasant whose pet this lark had been delighted in showing this poem to all visitors, and never forgot to tell them that he wrote it by his own unaided efforts. The bird had come into his possession when fully grown, and must therefore have been quite nineteen years old at the time of its death.

MARVELS OF MAN'S MAKING.

[Second Series.]

I.—THE CITY AND SOUTH LONDON RAILWAY, AND OTHERS.

AS London has no room to spare on the surface of the ground for those who want to construct railways, there is nothing for it but to run the trains on a lofty road above the housetops or through the ground beneath their foundations. Taking all things into consideration, the latter has proved the more convenient method, and many years have now passed since the first underground railway was constructed in London. In those days it was thought advisable to keep as near the surface as possible, and great and wonderful engineering feats were performed in tunnelling beneath our ponderous hotels, churches, and warehouses, without allowing their foundations to be disturbed. Beyond this the engineer of the subterranean railways had endless difficulties to encounter among the network of water-pipes, gas-mains, and sewers, all of which he had to shift from his course, and yet not interrupt them in the performance of their duties.

But some twenty years ago another plan was proposed. This was to tunnel underground far below the foundations of the city and the jungle of pipes and drains. It was suggested that the way to reach

these tunnels, when made, would be by means of spiral staircases and large lifts in iron-lined shafts, capable of holding fifty or sixty passengers in each lift.

In spite of some opposition and disbelief in the scheme, Parliament gave permission for such a railway to be constructed from King William Street, by London Bridge, to the suburb of Stockwell, and the engineer and his workmen 'took off their coats' in October 1886. Close to 'Old Swan Pier,' beside London Bridge, stout timber piles were driven into the bed of the river to build a working stage upon, and a shaft, or pit, was sunk to a depth of eighty-two feet below the surface of the water. One of the reasons for beginning the work at the Thames was that tunnelling under the water was the most difficult part of the task, and, if accomplished satisfactorily, would leave no doubt as to the success of the remaining portion. Furthermore, Parliament had said that the traffic of the streets must not be interfered with, and throughout the whole undertaking this order was obeyed. Not even the barges or steamboats could complain of the shaft in the river, for it was too close to the land to be in their way. At a depth of some seventy feet there was an opening in each side of the shaft, and through these the tunnels were begun, one to go under the river, the other towards King William Street. All the material dug out was sent up the shaft and thrown into barges drawn alongside the landing-stage. At first, owing to the men not being familiar with the improved tools they had to use, progress was slow, only twenty-three feet of tunnel being cut in two weeks; and at such a rate they would have been a long while in reaching Stockwell. But practice came to their aid, and they were soon advancing through the earth at the rate of eighty feet a week.

This got them across to the south side of the Thames by February 1887—four months after driving the first pile. But those who were working towards King William Street had not met with quite such good fortune. When some sixty yards from the shaft at Old Swan Pier, a new kind of soil was reached, and the tunneller's great enemy, water, burst in. Work was immediately stopped while the end of the tunnel was blocked up with a water-tight bulkhead. It would be necessary to continue the task under compressed air, and to accomplish this there had to be erected across the tunnel what is called an 'air-lock,' a chamber through which the workmen would have to pass from the ordinary air of the tunnel to the compressed air between the air-lock and the bulkhead. The air-pressure here must of course be strong enough to force back the incoming water, only, in such cases as we are speaking of, the engineer is careful to do no more than just balance the two forces. It was curious to notice, while the work was going on, that the surface of the Thames above the tunnel was speckled with bursting bubbles of air. Driven through the earthen walls, it had found its way through seventy feet of soil into the river itself, and thence risen to the surface. Fortunately a distance of fifty yards brought the workmen into drier earth again, and as the strong iron rings which form the walls of the finished tunnel, resisted the incoming water, the pressure of the air could be reduced.

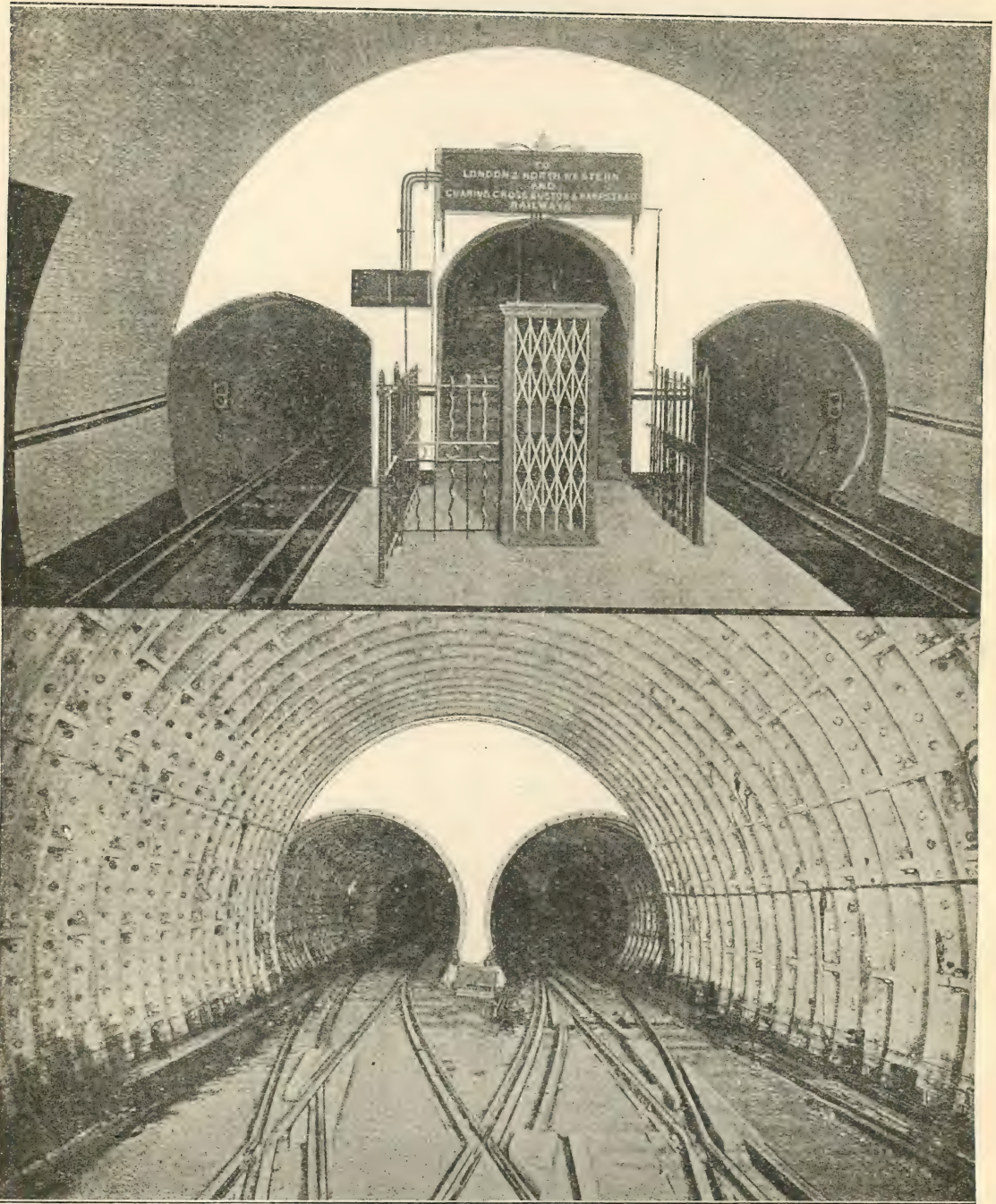
Unlike previous underground railways, this one was to be constructed with a separate tunnel for each line, and many were the advantages this would give. First, two small tunnels are stronger than one large one. Secondly, they render travelling much safer, as no collisions between trains going opposite ways can take place; thirdly, they take up less room, and, where necessary, can be built one above another. Since the ownership of land extends *downwards* as well as on the surface, this placing of the tunnels one on top of another saved much expense when leading them under private property. This plan was resorted to on the way from the Thames to King William Street, for the alley, called Swan Lane, beneath which they pass, is so narrow that if side by side they would have trespassed on private ground. Whenever possible, the route taken is under a public thoroughfare. To help forward the work, shafts were sunk at every place where a station was going to be, and each shaft contributed to the tunnel work, the whole six miles being cut, and ready to receive experimental trains, by the end of 1889.

At first it was intended to use cables, to drag the trains at ten or twelve miles an hour, but while the railway builders were busy, electrical engineers had been busy in other parts of the world inventing locomotives driven by electric power. Fortunately they accomplished their object before the City and South London Railway Company were ready to lay their cable. The old idea was given up and the new electric engine used instead, and the first journey was made with the Prince of Wales (now King Edward VII.) as a passenger, on the 4th of November, 1890.

The electricity for driving the engines is made at the great works in Stockwell, and is supplied to them along a steel rail laid between the tracks. At Stockwell, too, are the great hydraulic pumps for raising all the lifts at the various stations. The power from these pumps is conveyed in two small pipes fastened along the side of the tunnels, which are themselves only ten feet two inches in diameter. The trains so nearly fit them that in passing through they draw the air in behind them, and push it out in front, thus keeping the whole railway ventilated.

In the first six months after opening, two million four hundred and twelve thousand passengers were carried, and so we cannot wonder that before long the tunnels were extended at both ends, till they now stretch from Clapham Common to Islington, King's Cross, and Euston. To-day there are seven such lines under London, and we may pass beneath the surface of the ground at Clapham Common and not come up again till far beyond the breezy heights of Hampstead, or we can bid good-bye to the daylight at Finsbury Park and greet it again at Hammersmith, thus passing beneath the whole of noisy, bustling London (sometimes at a depth of a hundred feet) without knowing it.

We are greatly indebted to the City and South London Railway Company for help in preparing this article. The Company's chief engineer very kindly read the proof of it, and the General Manager gave permission to use the photographs which make up the illustration on page 72.



Euston Station, City and South London Railway.

A "Cross-over" at Euston Station.



"Rescue was at hand "

CRUISERS IN THE CLOUDS.

[Second Series.]

II.—NARROW ESCAPES.

(Concluded from page 58.)

FULL of risk as the coming to earth may be, more terrible adventures have been met with by those who have been so unfortunate as to settle in the sea. Many cases are on record in which aeronauts have lost their lives in this way, but as we are now only dealing with 'narrow escapes,' we shall not describe the more unhappy instances.

One of the first and most stirring adventures of this kind befell Count Zambeccari and two companions in the year 1804. They had ascended from the town of Bologna in Italy at night, and, leaping suddenly to a great altitude, experienced such extreme cold that Zambeccari and one of his companions lost consciousness. Some time elapsed before the third occupant of the car succeeded in bringing them back to life. The night was intensely dark and cloudy. The only ray of comfort that they possessed was furnished by a dimly burning little lantern. By the aid of this they tried to read their instruments, to ascertain their whereabouts, but all that they could be sure about was that it was two hours past midnight, and very, very cold. Scarcely had they realised the former fact, when the candle, unable to burn in such rarefied air, flickered with two or three brave efforts and went out for good and all. The weary time dragged on, the balloon, at last, beginning slowly to descend. On passing through a thick cloud of vapour, one of the company exclaimed that he could hear from beneath a strange noise like the breaking of waves. All listened attentively. It was too true. There was no mistaking the sound. They were descending into the sea. A moment later, by the feeble light of a clouded new moon, Zambeccari caught a glimpse of the heaving surface of the waves, and made as if to throw out ballast. But before it could leave his hands the car plunged into the icy water. The aeronauts, now overcome by terror, began to throw out all they could reach, even including some of their clothes. Still the car dragged through the billows. The little lamp was parted company with; pieces of the wicker-work car were broken off and thrown into the water, and at last, when all hope seemed gone, they rose suddenly from the crest of a wave. With amazing swiftness the balloon soared once more to a great altitude. The sufferings of the exhausted men now became intense. White frost covered their saturated clothes; the thin air partially suffocated them, and caused severe pain in the head. For half an hour the balloon remained stationary, then began once more to fall. Again the waves were reached, and, invading the car, immersed the travellers waist-deep. It was now four o'clock in the morning, but still too dark to ascertain their whereabouts. When at last dawn lifted the curtain of darkness, they found themselves some four miles from shore, and were cheered by noticing that the wind was driving their curious craft towards it. Alas! the hope soon died away, for a land breeze sprang up and drove them out again to the open sea. Despair had begun to settle down

upon them, when they saw a little fleet of boats putting out from shore. Rescue was surely at hand, if they could only bear the exposure a little longer! The boats drew nearer, till almost within hailing distance, then suddenly paused. The oarsmen had been struck by the remarkable appearance of the craft they had come out to succour. 'What *could* it be?' they asked each other. How strangely it shifted about on the water! Terror seized the ignorant seamen, and concluding that such a mystery was best left unread, they turned their boats and made off for shore as quickly as possible. Fortunately for their victims, there was a wiser man on the sea that day, and as his vessel, a little later, came in sight of the castaways, he sent a boat to their rescue. As they were lifted from the car, the balloon rose once more, and disappeared among the clouds.

To come to more modern times, in August of 1907, Captain Duary, an officer in the Spanish army, rose from Valencia with the object of reaching Madrid. But the wind willed otherwise, and blew his air-ship out over the Mediterranean. So great was the speed at which the balloon travelled, that three torpedo-boats sent in pursuit watched it disappear below the horizon, leaving them hopelessly behind. For a hundred and fifty miles the balloon held on its way, to sink finally into the waste of waters. It was six o'clock in the morning. Captain Duary threw out ballast in vain. The gas had escaped, and the car sank lower and lower. Feeling that he was drifting from the track of vessels, and every minute diminished the chances of rescue the aeronaut decided to leave the car and strike out for the island of Iviza (one of the Balearics) which he estimated at five miles distance. It was a bold undertaking, but it seemed the only hope. Some hour or two after he had left it, the balloon was sighted, still floating, by an English steamship, the *West Point*, and was taken on board, the captain fearing a catastrophe had taken place, as he found it deserted. The *West Point* held on her way again, till one of the officers cried out that he had heard some one call out of the sea. All eyes and ears were immediately on the alert. The call was heard once more; a human head appeared among the heaving waves, a little distance away, and a boat was instantly lowered. The swimmer was picked up after two hours' battle with the sea, in a state of great exhaustion, but kindly care soon restored him to well-being. Then he learned that the island he had hoped to reach was seventeen miles away, instead of five.

On August 15th, 1906, the steam-tug *Champion*, while towing an ice-ship in the North Sea, saw a large balloon descending. Throwing off the towing lines, her captain sped at full steam to the rescue. A chase of some miles brought the little tug up with the balloon, and the aeronauts flung out an anchor which was secured by those on the vessel. Little by little the car was drawn to the deck, the aeronauts safely transferred, and the huge envelope made a prisoner. Then the *Champion* returned to her duties, triumphantly conducting her charge, and those she had saved, into Calais harbour.

There is another kind of fire which has been known to give our sky-cruisers anxiety—the fire that

darts and glows in the thunder-clouds. More than once have aeronauts found themselves among the lightning. A well-known writer on the subject mentions having ascended once from Paris at night, to find himself between two clouds charged with electricity. The lightning played upon the balloon in vivid flashes, breaking out here and there, on the network, basket and guide-rope, into flames of what is known traditionally as St. Elmo's fire. Every object touched gave out sparks of light; but these were probably more apparent on account of the surrounding darkness. The danger of a balloon being struck by lightning is not great, owing to the fact that it requires contact with some other object to transmit the shock. Thus it sometimes happens that a balloon, charged with electricity absorbed from the storm-laden sky, will burst with a loud explosion on touching the earth, the latter being what is termed negatively charged. It was for this reason that a captive army balloon, not long ago, while in a storm-cloud, transmitted an electric shock down its cable with such force as to hurl to the ground the soldiers clustered round its anchorage.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

3.—CHARADE.

My first is to overload and hamper; behead it, it is a brown colour.

My second is real estate.

My whole is an English county.

C. J. B.

[Answer on page 106.]

ANSWER TO PUZZLE ON PAGE 35.

2.—A C H E
C O A L
H A L M
E L M S

WHICH WAS THE WISER?

SIR KENELM DIGBY was fond of telling stories for the entertainment of whatever company he was in, and and if he thought that by departing a little from the truth he could increase the interest of his narrative, he did not hesitate to do so. On one occasion when Lady Fanshawe, the wife of Charles the Second's Ambassador to Spain, was seated at the same table with him, among a large number of distinguished guests, mainly Frenchmen, she was amused by the wild, improbable tales he told. The French gentlemen, however, accepted them all with respectful confidence, till he said that in the Isle of Jersey there was to be seen a remarkable bird called the 'barnacle.' 'This bird,' said Sir Kenelm, 'begins life as a shell-fish, and is to be found clinging to sea-washed wood. In the course of a few seasons, however, its shell-coverings turn to feathers and wings, and it takes to the air like any other fowl.' The company thought over this astonishing statement for a few seconds in silence, then broke into a loud laugh of incredulity.

'And yet,' says Lady Fanshawe, who was certainly not very learned in natural history, 'it was the only true thing which Sir Kenelm Digby had said.'

THE HORSE AS A HELPER.

II.—PACK-HORSES.

WE have already seen how the horse is used for hunting, travelling, and war. If we leave European countries out of consideration, we find that in most other countries where horses can be employed in the service of man, they are almost reserved for the uses which have been named. In those countries, as far as is possible, the drudgery of carrying and hauling loads is reserved for some slower, duller, or less tractable animal, such as the ox, the camel, the reindeer, or the llama.

Whenever the horse was first put to this drudgery, it would probably be as a pack-horse, and perhaps it would be brought about under the pressure of war, when supplies had to be moved quickly. In military operations in a rough country, where vehicles cannot be used, baggage-horses are still often employed. In Scotland, even so late as 1745, Sir John Cope, marching against the Scottish rebels, had to halt in Haddington for several days, waiting for a hundred horseloads of bread, which were required for his troops.

One of the earliest pieces of information which we learn about our country is that, for some time before the invasion of Julius Cæsar, the inhabitants of Britain mined and smelted tin. This tin was carried in waggons to an island, believed to be the Isle of Wight, to which there was a track at low water; and in this island the merchants who came over from Gaul (France) bought it, and they carried it to their country in boats. It was then sent upon the backs of pack-horses across France, to the junction of the Rhone and the Saône, where it was put upon barges which carried it to Marseilles. This journey occupied about thirty days.

Although the ancient Britons had waggons and carts, we know that pack-horses were continuously used for carrying loads in England from the times of the Romans until about fifty or sixty years ago. As the trade of the country increased, the pack-horses became more numerous for a time; but when better roads were made, and vehicles might be more frequently and more widely used, the numbers of the pack-horses declined, and they were at length only retained in the hilly and remote parts of the country.

The pack-horses journeyed in companies, walking single file, because there was no room for two side by side in the narrow lanes. At the head of the group was a trained leader, who generally bore a large bell hanging from his collar, or a number of little bells attached to the sides of the collar or to a hoop above it. A few pack-horse drivers walked with the train.

The loads were tied to the horses' backs and flanks, or placed in large panniers which hung at each side. Small packages, sheafs of corns, light brushwood and faggots were often carried in a pair of 'crooks,' which were long poles bent in such a way as to form a sort of cradle upon each side of the horse.

A writer who lived in the reign of Queen Elizabeth states that a pack-horse would carry four hundredweight without much inconvenience; but at a considerably later period the horseload was reckoned at two and a half hundredweight. From five to

eight horses would, therefore, be required to carry a ton of cloth or salt, and in those districts where trade was brisk, great numbers of pack-horses were employed upon the roads. Defoe tells us that in his time nearly a thousand pack-horses, bearing woollen and cotton goods, were sent by the merchants of Lancashire and Yorkshire to Stourbridge Fair, a great fair which was held every year just outside Cambridge, and lasted several weeks. About the year 1760, a hundred and fifty pack-horses were sent every week from Manchester to Bridgenorth, loaded with cloth for exportation from the Severn. Probably it was the number of pack-horses on the roads which caused so many inns to have more accommodation for horses than for men, as we are told that many of them had.

All manner of portable goods were carried in this way, including things which we should now never think of entrusting to a horse's back. Lime, sand, and stones for the builders; clay for the potters; peat and coal for the cottager and householder; ore for the smelter; corn for the miller; eggs, butter, cheese, and poultry for the market—all these were carried by pack-horses. Defoe tells us that the best fish caught on the coast of Essex was sent to London by pack-horses which journeyed day and night. Even such breakable things as pots were mainly distributed through the country by means of horses.

The maintenance of the horses, the smallness of the loads which they carried, and the frequent delays and accidents by the way, combined to make this mode of carrying goods very costly. About two hundred and fifty years ago it cost as much to send



Pack-horses.

goods by road from Norwich to London, as to send them by sea from Lisbon to London. It cost about six pounds per ton to send goods from London to Birmingham, and double that amount to Exeter. These heavy charges had to be added on to the cost of the goods, making their price so high that very few

people could afford them. It is the same to-day in some of our far-off colonies where there are no railways, and it may sometimes cost more, for instance, to carry a bale of wool or a load of tin from the interior of Queensland to the coast than it



Horses with Side Panniers.

does to carry it from the colony to England. In this we see how inventions may reduce the cost of most unlikely things, and create a market for them, by bringing them within the reach of persons who could not previously afford them.

W. A. ATKINSON.

MARTIN HYDE.

(Continued from page 67.)

'A CIVIL war.' I had hardly repeated this to myself, when it came over me with a shock that I was in terrible personal danger. The men were just leaving the house. They would probably look up on leaving to see what sort of a night it was. They would see my wonderful bridge. It would be all over with me then. I was so frightened, that I could hardly stand up. I took a few cautious steps towards the door, saying to myself that I would never again be disobedient if I might escape this once. I was at the door, just about to open it, when I heard a step upon the landing outside, coming towards me. I gave up hope then; but I had just sense enough to step to my left, so that when the door should open (if the stranger entered) it might possibly screen me from him. Then I heard the Duke's voice from down below calling to Mr. Jermyn. 'Jermyn!' he called, 'bring down my books, will you! They're on my bed. What are you doing up there?'



“‘He’s frightened out of his wits, sir,’ said Lane.”

‘Just seeing to the ghosts, your Majesty. I won’t keep you waiting.’

‘I’ll come too,’ he answered. ‘I’d like to see your ghosts again.’

Then I heard Mr. Jermyn loitering at the stair-

head while the Duke left the council-room. My hair was rising on my scalp; there was cold perspiration on my forehead; it was as much as I could do to keep my teeth from chattering. I heard the Duke’s feet upon the stairs: there were eleven stairs—I

counted them. Eventually I heard him say, 'Now, Jermyn.' Then came Jermyn's answer of, 'This way, your Majesty.' He flung the door wide open, so that the Duke might enter. The two men passed into the room to examine the horrible owl.

The Duke chuckled as the machine moved round to him. 'How bright he keeps!' he said.

'Yes,' Jermyn answered. 'He won't need painting for a long while yet.'

'No,' the Duke answered. 'I hear, Jermyn, he has given you a most uncanny reputation.'

'Yes,' said Jermyn; 'the house has a bad name. What in the world is this?' In walking round the owl his foot had struck upon the unlucky tin candle-sconce which I had brought from the room above.

'Sounds like a tin candlestick,' said the Duke.

'Yes,' said Mr. Jermyn, groping; 'that's what it is. Now, how in the world did it get here? It's the candlestick from the dragon's head in the room above.'

'Are you sure, Jermyn?' the Duke asked in a voice which showed that he was agitated.

'Yes, sir; but no one's been up there.'

'There must be a spy,' said the Duke.

The two voices spoke together for a moment in whispers. I could not hear what they said, but a moment later I heard the rasping, clinking noise of two swords being drawn. 'Come out of that,' said Mr. Jermyn's voice. I felt that I was discovered, but I dared not stir from my covert. I heard the two men walking swiftly to the door. A hand plucked it from in front of me. I shrank back along the wall, covering my eyes with my hands, so that I should not see the long sword-blade pointing at my throat.

'Make no sound! Make no sound, now!' said the Duke, pressing his sword-point on my chest so that I could feel it thrust hard upon me as though it needed very little force to send it through. I made no sound.

'Who are you?' said Mr. Jermyn, backing to the opening in the floor. 'Kill him if he moves, sir. Candlish! Candlish! Bring a light! bring a light!'

I tried to swallow, but my throat seemed choked with dust. I heard the people downstairs bustling out of the room with candles. I tried to speak, but I could not. I was too much scared. I stood pressed hard against the wall, with the Duke's sword-point still in place.

'Bring it in here, Candlish,' said Mr. Jermyn.

There came a clattering noise from the window. Mr. Jermyn had released some heavy rolled-up curtain-blinds, which covered the whole window. There was no chance now of being seen from the street or from my uncle's house. Candlish entered, carrying a candle. The others followed at his heels. 'A boy, eh!' he said.

'What do you do here?' the Duke asked, staring hard at me.

'He's frightened out of his wits, sir,' said Lane. 'We aren't going to hurt you, boy, if you'll only tell the truth.'

'Why,' said Jermyn, 'it's Martin Hyde, nephew to old Hyde across the way.'

'But he has overheard us,' put in Falk; 'he has overheard us.'

'Come on downstairs. Bring him with you,' said the Duke.

Lane took me by one arm, Mr. Jermyn took me by the other. They marched me downstairs to the council-room.

'Here, boy,' said Candlish, not unkindly, 'drink this.' He made me swallow a glass of something warm, which certainly did me a great deal of good. I was able to speak after drinking it.

'Now, Mr. Hyde,' said Mr. Jermyn, 'how do you come to be in this house?'

'Take your time, boy,' said Lane.

'He's not a London boy,' said the Duke to Mr. Jermyn.

'No, sir,' he answered in a whisper. 'Just come here from the country.'

'Please, your Majesty——' I began.

'So you're a young rebel!' said the Duke.

'That shows he overheard us,' said Falk.

'Let him alone, Falk,' the Duke said. 'He will tell the truth. No use in frightening him.'

'Please, your Majesty,' I said again, 'I was locked up in my room for taking my uncle's boat this afternoon.' One or two of them smiled when I said this; it gave me confidence.

'But how did you get into this house?' Mr. Jermyn asked.

'Please, sir,' I answered, 'I saw your upper window open. So I laid a couple of planks across the lane from my window. Then I just straddled across, sir.'

'Are you used to burglary, may I ask?' said the Duke.

'No, your Majesty. But I saw the ghosts. I wanted to see how they were made.'

'Well, that's one for you, Jermyn,' said Lane. 'Your ghosts haven't frightened this one.'

'Sir,' I answered, 'they frightened me horribly. I wanted to be revenged for that. But, after a bit, I was sure they were only clockwork. I wanted to stop them. I did stop the thing upstairs, sir.'

'So you stopped the thing upstairs,' the Duke said. 'What did you do then?'

'I came down to this room, sir. I looked at the owl; but I couldn't see how to stop the owl, sir. I saw you all sitting round the room. I'm afraid I listened, sir.'

'That was not a gentlemanly thing to do,' said Lane. 'Was it, now?'

'No, sir.'

'You understood all that was said. Eh, boy?' said Candlish.

'Yes, sir; I understood it all.'

'Well, young man,' said Falk, 'you'll be sorry you did.'

'Be quiet, Falk,' said the Duke. 'No one shall bully the boy. What's your name, boy?'

'Martin Hyde, sir.'

'A very smart lad too, sir,' said Jermyn. 'He saved my book of cipher correspondence yesterday. We should have been in trouble if that had got into the wrong hands.'

'You understand,' said the Duke, 'that what you have heard might get us all, perhaps many more besides ourselves, into very terrible danger if repeated.'

'Yes, your Majesty, I understand,' I answered.
'Lock him into the pantry, Jermyn,' said the Duke, 'while we decide what to do with him. Go with Mr. Jermyn, boy. We shan't hurt you. Don't be frightened. Give him some oranges, Jermyn.'

(Continued on page 88.)

THE TAMING OF THE LION.

YOU want a sea-story, do you? Well, maybe you would like to hear of the Taming of the Lion, an incident which took place on board the trading-boat *Sybilla* off the coast of Hong Kong some twenty years ago. The captain, John Lyon by name, was a man possessed of a fierce, ungovernable temper, and was, moreover, about the biggest bully and coward who ever sailed the seas. He was positively hated by his crew, and more than once there had been a talk of mutiny.

The crisis came one day when Chang Ling, the Chinaman we had shipped on board at a Chinese port (to fill the place of a white sailor who had deserted), fell under the Captain's heavy displeasure.

The Chinaman's offence had been a slight one, and certainly had not merited the brutal blow which he received from the Captain, a blow which felled him to the ground like an ox.

'You dog of a Chinese!' cried the irate man, 'that'll teach you who's master here!'

The poor man groaned, too stunned to make any reply, or to attempt to raise himself to his feet for the moment.

'You're a bully, Captain, that's what you are!' cried a young fellow (Phil Barnet, one of the ship's officers), bounding forward, 'a cowardly bully, and I wonder you aren't ashamed of yourself!'

For a moment Captain Lyon looked as though the wind had been taken out of his sails, but he soon recovered himself. Clenching his fist, he demanded of the youth who he thought he was, and what he meant by his interference.

'I mean this, Captain,'—young Barnet's temper was up, or he never would have dared to speak thus,— 'I'm not going to stand by and see a man knocked about like that. The poor chap's life is a misery!'

Barnet spoke truly, for what with the Captain's brutality and the jibes of the crew, poor 'John Chinaman' had a sorry time of it.

The Captain's anger blazed hotter than ever at Barnet's words, and the punishment which he forthwith meted out to him for insubordination was about as severe as he could make it. But the punishment was never carried into effect, for that self-same evening, the crew, driven beyond endurance, mutinied.

The Captain's ferocity to Chang Ling had been, as it were, the spark to the gunpowder, and they resolved to depose the bully, in spite of the serious consequences which would certainly follow when they reached port, unless they could force the Captain to keep silent. The first one to bring the news to Barnet was the Chinaman, his yellow face wreathed with a smile of satisfaction.

Now, with all his faults—and Barnet was possessed of many—cowardice was not one of them, yet as he listened to Chang Ling a sharp thrill as of

fear went through his heart. According to the Chinaman, there was not a soul on board to take the Captain's part, and the men were so enraged that his life might be in serious danger. What was to be done? Keeping his own counsel, Barnet decided that his first step was to warn the Captain of his danger, and this he did without delay.

He found the man in his cabin, gloomily puffing away at his pipe in the dusk, the frown on his brow making him look more formidable than ever. Barnet's statement, which he made without any preamble, threw the Captain into a state of abject terror, and he promised to agree to any terms which the men might make, so long as his life was saved.

'I think, Captain,' said Barnet, 'the best thing you can do at present is to lock yourself in your cabin, and barricade the door. Perhaps I can manage to quiet the men down a bit.'

A minute or two later, Barnet, outside the Captain's cabin, was face to face with an armed crew.

'I say, you fellows,' said he, 'isn't this a bit rough, ten or a dozen of you to one? Come, give the Captain a chance! Show him you're in earnest, but don't go too far. It's a serious thing for all of us.'

'Look here, youngster: are you for us, or for him?' cried one of the seamen, levelling a pistol at Barnet's head. 'Out with it now!'

A swift, voiceless prayer went up from the brave young fellow's heart, then he made answer: 'I'll be no party,' said he, firmly, 'to mutiny.'

As he spoke, Chang Ling dashed the weapon out of the man's hand. Full oft had Barnet befriended him in the past, and full oft had the Chinaman vowed gratitude. Now his opportunity had come, and he made use of it.

'You wouldn't gain much by shooting me, Simmons,' said Barnet, with one quick, grateful look at Chang Ling.

The man muttered something under his breath.

'Now, my advice to you all is, *tame* the lion, not shoot him,' went on Barnet, coolly; 'keep him in captivity till he has granted your demands. I think I can promise you that you won't have much trouble.'

Barnet's words had a quieting effect, and for the time the Captain's life was safe.

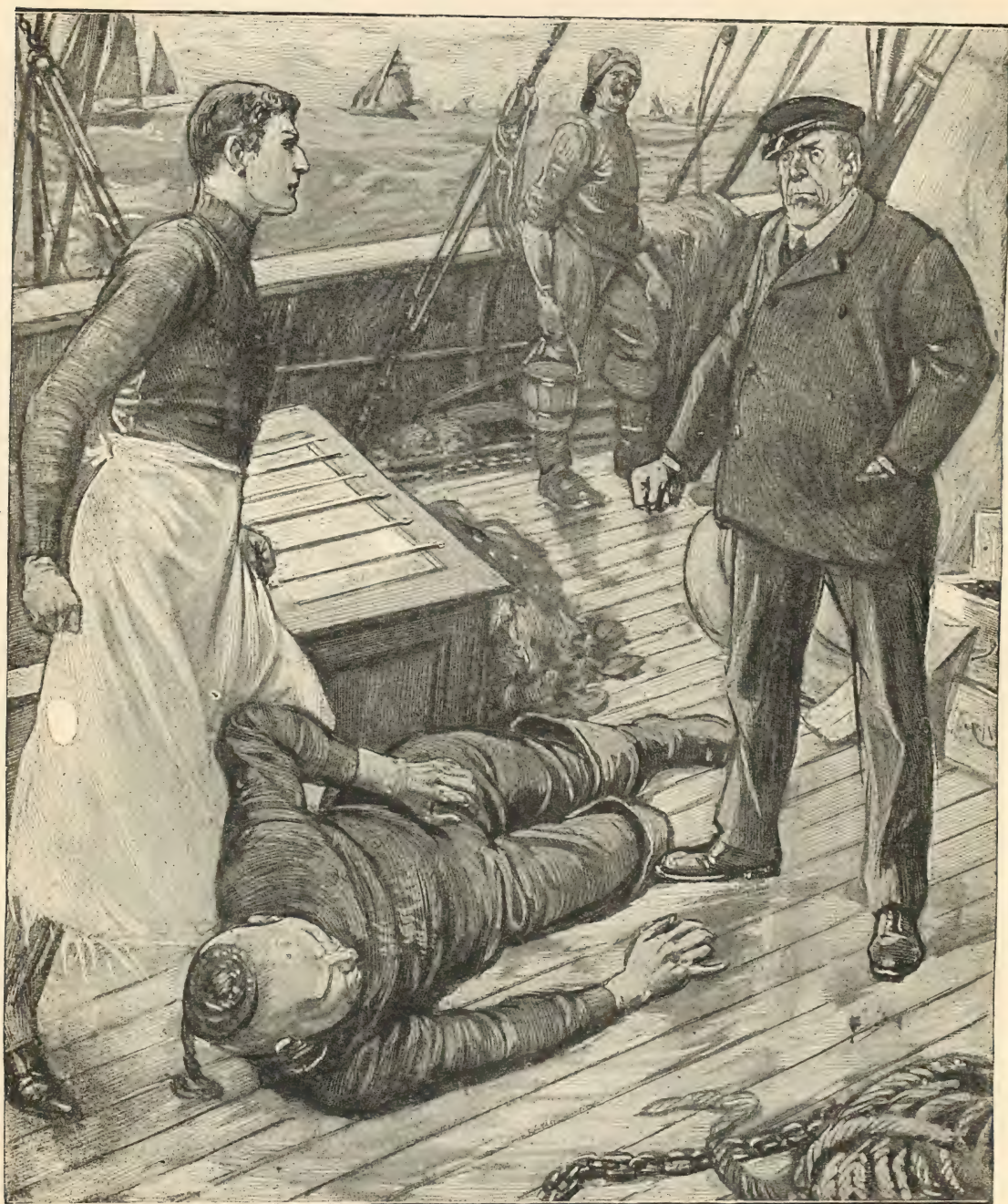
After a short while of solitary confinement, Captain Lyon was prepared to consider anything that would lead to freedom, and when the crew demanded that for the future they should be treated like men, and not like dogs, he readily gave his promise.

Moreover, after certain threats, he vowed to keep their rebellion a secret, and that no punishment whatever should befall the offenders. And so, for the rest of the voyage, the fierce old lion was effectually tamed; the bully had learnt a lesson he was not likely to forget.

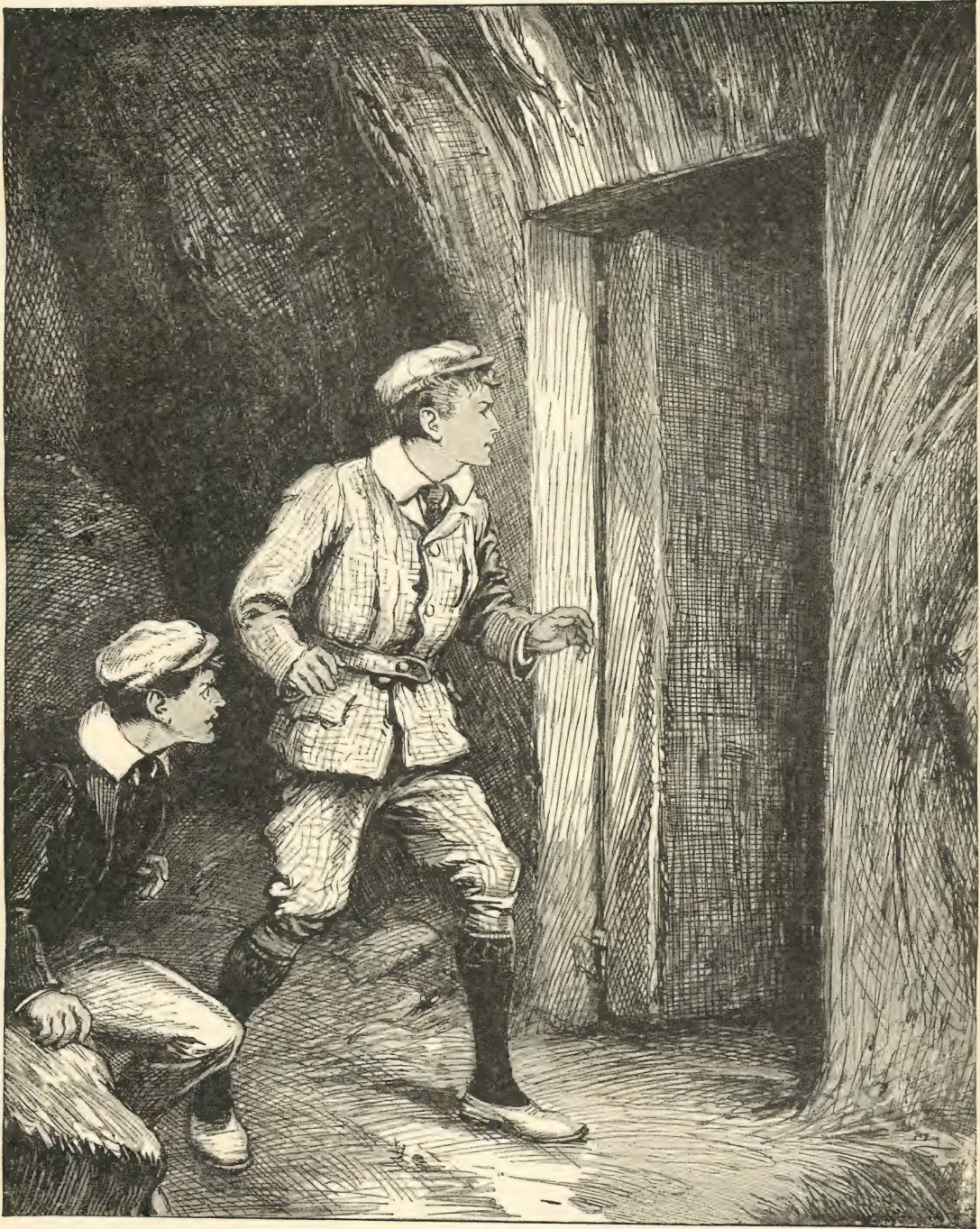
He gave up the sea shortly after this, and, when he died, left the bulk of his money to the brave young fellow who had saved his life.

* * * * *

How do I know all this, my boy, you ask? Well, Phil Barnet was a great friend of mine in after years, and it was from his lips I heard the story. He never would have it that he was a hero, though. 'I simply did my duty—that is all!' said he.



“‘You’re a bully, Captain,’ cried Phil Barnet.”



"A door had rolled back at their touch."

THE MISADVENTURES OF JACKSON.

II.—'FIERY DICK'S' LADDER.

ST. OLAF'S was not a very large school—it only contained about a hundred and fifty boys; but, by seven years of strenuous work, Dr. Peterson had managed to make it one of the most efficient in England. 'Old Bumble' had been the last remaining member of his predecessor's staff, and Dr. Peterson congratulated himself daily on having replaced him with Mr. Williamson.

The junior mathematical master was soon one of the most popular men in the school, and his form quickly ceased to resent the fact that he kept it in order. In fact, his boys began to vie with each other as to which of them could bring him the most exciting specimens for the large aquarium he established at his lodgings, and they had a wholesome terror of the wrath they aroused if any of the creatures proved on arrival to be in a dead or dying condition.

St. Olaf's was situated within a mile of the sea-coast, and the boys, when once their eyes began to open, were astonished at the number of weird sea-animals which lived in the pools that were only uncovered at low tide.

Jackson and Perkins were soon two of the most enthusiastic naturalists, and, when 'Founder's Day' brought its annual whole-holiday, they were delighted to find that there would, on that day, be a lower tide than usual at two o'clock, and that an expedition they had planned for some time would be possible.

An old fisherman had told them of a rare sea-anemone to be found at low tide in a small closed-in bay nearly six miles from St. Olaf's; and, as they did not possess bicycles, the expedition was one that could not be made comfortably on an ordinary half-holiday.

About half-past nine the boys started from school at a brisk pace; consequently they reached their destination soon after eleven o'clock, nearly two hours before there was any chance of rounding the point and reaching the bay which they wished to explore, and which was inaccessible from the cliffs above.

They could go no further for the time being than the Priory Bay, so called because an ancient priory had once stood on the heights above it. There were still the remains of the buildings on the cliffs, and parts had been converted into a large and comfortable modern dwelling-house. The cliff was hollowed out at the bottom into several deep caves, still supposed to be haunted by the smugglers, who had made both the caves and the priory ruins the scene of many midnight adventures.

'What shall we do till the tide goes down?' asked Jackson. 'There won't be any rocks out of water for another hour.'

'Let's eat our sandwiches,' suggested Perkins.

'Rot!' said his friend; 'and then starve from eleven till six? Not much! I vote we explore the smugglers' caves. We might find "Fiery Dick's" Ladder.'

'Right you are!' And Perkins sprang to his feet.

They had already visited the caves on a previous occasion, when, as new boys, they had been taken over them by a patronising friend; but they gazed with ever-green interest at the iron rings to which 'Fiery Dick' was supposed to chain any member of his gang who was suspected of treachery. Many were the blood-curdling tales which were told about the doings of this desperate smuggler of former days, and the vain attempts of the preventive men to capture either himself or his spoils; and it was popularly supposed that he had known of a secret way of reaching the ruins above. But no one had ever discovered it, and 'Fiery Dick's Haunted Ladder' had begun to be regarded as a myth.

The two boys, having searched behind every rock for a possible opening into it, climbed the rough stone steps inside the largest cave, which led to a hole in the cliff called the 'Smugglers' Look-out,' and there they began to pretend that they were smugglers themselves.

'Hist!' cried Jackson. 'Seest thou not yonder preventive boat rounding the point? By my store of French lace, it is the false traitor, Patourel, that steers!'

'Thou art right, brave comrade,' answered Perkins, in a hoarse whisper. 'Would he were nearer, that I might pay him for his treachery.' And he made a lunge at Jackson, for fear the meaning of his words might be misunderstood.

Jackson returned the thrust with interest, and the two boys rolled over together on the little platform at the top of the steps, till at last they collided with the rocks on the right-hand side of it. But, to the astonishment of both, the solid rock gave way before them, and they rolled into a dark opening.

'I say! Fiery Dick's Ladder!' cried Jackson when he had pulled himself up on to his hands and knees.

A door, faced with solid rock, had rolled back at their touch, and they were in the entrance of a dark, narrow passage. There was no glimmer of light visible, and the two boys hesitated on the threshold.

'Come on, Perkins; don't be a funk,' said Jackson.

'But we have no matches!' objected Perkins.

'I don't care!' said Jackson, doggedly. 'I'm going in. You don't catch me letting some one else having the honour and glory of the discovery.'

He started on his hands and knees, and, after a moment's hesitation, Perkins followed him. A few yards brought them to a turning, and Jackson found himself at the bottom of a flight of steps.

'Sup-per-per-pose we come upon Fiery Dick's skeleton?' whispered Perkins in a shaky voice, as the last gleam of daylight vanished. The smuggler captain was supposed to have crept into his secret haunt to die.

'Suppose we don't,' said Jackson, who was too keen on exploring to have time to be frightened.

'Ugh! what's that?' cried Perkins as a drop of icy-cold water suddenly trickled down his neck. He turned to fly, but Jackson leaned back and grabbed him.

'It's only water dropping from the roof, you idiot! Come on! Why, the other chaps would be green with envy if they knew where we were.'

'I dare say they would!' grumbled Perkins, in a sarcastic voice. 'Some fools like anything.'

Nevertheless, he continued to follow Jackson, as the steps went up and up and round and round, till the boys felt that they had climbed as far as the top of the Eiffel Tower at least.

At last Jackson, after turning a sharp corner, exclaimed, 'I believe we're inside a wall, now. It feels different, somehow, and—and here's a door at the side and we can't get any further!'

'Oh, why didn't we bring some matches?' groaned Perkins.

'Here's a handle!' cried Jackson. He turned it, but the door refused to open. 'Let's give a huge shove, and perhaps it will burst open like the one at the bottom,' he cried.

Perkins squeezed in behind Jackson, and both boys pushed with all their strength. At the same instant a key was turned on the other side, the door opened suddenly, and Jackson was precipitated into the arms of an elderly gentleman, who seized him by the collar and shook him vigorously.

'What do you mean by coming up my private staircase and trying to break in my doors?' he asked, in an irate voice, and the boys found, to their astonishment, that they were in a handsomely-furnished library, and face to face with General Woodhouse, the owner of the Priory and one of the Governors of St. Olaf's.

'I—I'm sorry, sir,' stammered Jackson. 'We thought we had found the smugglers' secret passage.'

'You did, did you?' said the General in a sarcastic voice, letting go, however, of Jackson's collar. 'Well, allow me to inform you that it is the private staircase I have had constructed for bathing. It was likely, wasn't it, that your smuggler acquaintances would have had the whole place fitted up with electric light and a proper ventilating apparatus?'

'We did not know there was any electric light, sir,' said Jackson, who was recovering his breath. 'We fell through the door at the bottom quite accidentally.'

'Do you mean to say that you came the whole way up in pitch darkness, imagining all the time that you were on "Fiery Dick's" ladder?' asked the General, in astonishment.

'We were afraid,' answered Jackson, 'that if we waited to go and buy matches, some one would make the discovery before us.'

'Then all I can say is that you're an uncommonly plucky pair of boys!' and General Woodhouse, his wrath vanishing as quickly as it had arisen, shook them each vigorously by the hand.

'We're very sorry we were trespassing, sir,' said Perkins, apologetically. He felt that he did not entirely deserve the praise he was receiving.

'Oh, look, Perkins!' suddenly called out Jackson, enthusiastically, 'there's a Plumose Anemone in that aquarium.'

'What do you know about the Plumose Anemone?' asked the General, as he turned round towards a huge aquarium that nearly filled up one bay-window.

'We came out here to try and find one, sir,' answered Jackson, 'and we were exploring the smugglers' caves while we waited for the tide to go

down. Our form-master has an aquarium, though it's not a quarter as good as yours.'

'Capital! capital!' said the General. 'I do like boys to have some ideas beyond the cricket-field. Come and have some lunch: I ordered it early so that I might go out and get some fresh specimens myself.'

'We have sandwiches,' suggested Perkins. 'They're at the bottom of the steps with our specimen bottles.'

'Bother the sandwiches,' answered the hospitable old gentleman. 'You're not going to tell me that you wouldn't rather have lobster salad. I'm quite glad I left the bottom door open for the mason to repair the roof. I'm always glad to make the acquaintance of plucky, intelligent boys.'

And, needless to say, Jackson and Perkins, though disappointed at 'Fiery Dick's Ladder' having turned into a modern and beautifully arranged staircase, were not altogether sorry at the unexpected termination of their climb. They had the 'rippingest lunch' they had ever eaten; then, with the General to guide them, they explored the fascinating pools and crannies of the bay, and found seven new and distinct creatures for Mr. Williamson's aquarium, whereas no other boy had ever brought him more than two. And after finishing the entertainment with a hearty tea, they were driven back to St. Olaf's in the General's motor-car, with a note to Dr. Peterson to say that General Woodhouse would always be pleased to see Jackson and Perkins on holidays, whenever the head master cared to give them leave to visit him.

A. KATHARINE PARKES.

A-HUNTING THEY WOULD GO.

SAID the mouse to the hen, one beautiful day,
'I hear there's a hunt just over the way;
I certainly think we might join the gay throng—
I know well the course they will gallop along.'

'Why, yes,' said the hen, 'it might well be done;
To join in a hunt seems a fine piece of fun;
Boot and saddle's the word, my young knight of the
cheese;

We'll gallop and hunt just as much as we please.'

Said the mouseling, 'Just listen to me, Mrs. Hen
(But do come outside—don't talk in your pen),
Now who'll have the brush, shall I or shall you?'
'I can hunt,' cried the hen, 'so just please take my
cue—'

'And I'll have the brush, for I am the strongest;
You'll own, too, I think, that my neck is the longest.
It will do for a ruffie to wrap round and round;
'Tis too heavy for you—why, you can't weigh a
pound!'

But the mouse disagreed, and he tossed his sharp
nose,

And so in a moment a quarrel arose:

But, alas! Mr. Reynard, who came there to sup,
Overheard these brave hunters and gobbled them up.

VALENTINE GILBERT (aged 14).



Find Jack Sprat's Wife



Find Old King Cole's Three Fiddlers.



Find Robinson Crusoe's two cats, parrot, dog, and herd of goats.

A PAGE OF PICTURE PUZZLES.

(Key on page 125.)

MAGIC SQUARES.

A **MAGIC SQUARE** is a series of consecutive numbers, arranged in a square, so disposed that every row, every column, and each diagonal shall sum up to the same total. This is the first thing required.

If the numbers can be so arranged as to give the same total in any additional ways, so much the better. Figures are very much like words; you can do a great deal with them if you use them well. Humpty Dumpty told Alice: 'They've a temper, some of them—particularly verbs, they're the proudest—adjectives you can do anything with, but not verbs; so the squares of odd numbers are like adjectives and those of even numbers are like verbs, even numbers which will not divide by four being the most difficult to manage.

The Square of Three.—There is only one arrangement of this magic square. It is constructed by taking the middle row and the middle column of the natural square (a square of numbers arranged in numerical order) as the diagonals, and filling up with the numbers required to produce a sum of 15 in each row.

1	2	3
4	5	6
7	8	9

Natural Square.

4	9	2
3	5	7
8	1	6

Magic Square.

The Square of Four.—A simple arrangement is to take the diagonals of the natural square, and to fill up the remaining cells by counting from the last cell of the square instead of the first, of course not repeating any of the numbers already placed.

1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12
13	13	14	16

Natural Square.

1	15	14	4
12	6	7	9
8	10	11	5
13	3	2	16

Magic Square.

This square may be divided into four quarters, each giving the same total as a row—i.e., 34. The four corners and the four numbers in the centre also each give the same total.

A magic square of any number divisible by four may be constructed in this manner; placing a dot in each of the eight cells representing the diagonals of the square of four, repeated as often as will fill up the square required, and then filling in the numbers counting from the top left-hand corner for every cell with a dot and counting from the bottom right-hand corner for every cell without a dot.

A better square of four is the following:—

1	14	7	12
8	11	2	13
10	5	16	3
15	4	9	6

In this arrangement *any* four numbers together forming a square will sum up to 34, and a row may be taken from the top and placed at the bottom, or a column may be removed from one side of the square to the other without spoiling the diagonals.

A Monsieur Frenicle, who died in 1675, left a collection of eight hundred and eighty magic squares of four which was published after his death. Of course these squares are in his collection.

The Square of Five.—A simple arrangement is to take the middle row and the middle column of the natural square as the diagonals, and to place the figure 1 in the cell immediately below the centre. Then write the successive numbers from 2 onwards in a diagonal direction; whenever the border is crossed, the square must be re-entered as if another square were placed close to the original one, and whenever a cell is reached which is already filled the next number must be placed in the *second cell* directly below that last filled.

	11	24	7	20	3	
16	4	12	25	8	16	4
	17	5	13	21	9	17
	10	18	1	14	22	10
	23	6	19	2	15	23
	11	24	7	20	3	

In order to make this operation clearer, the figures have been here placed outside the square each time the border has been crossed, and then repeated inside the square at the opposite side. The magic square of any odd number may be constructed in this way.

A better result is obtained by placing the figure 1 in any cell that may be selected and placing 2 in the next row, *two cells* to the right or left instead of one cell only—a knight's move at chess—and continuing this course; when an occupied cell is reached, the second cell directly below that last filled is to be taken, as in the former rule.

12	16	25	4	8
5	9	13	17	21
18	22	1	10	14
6	15	19	23	2
24	3	7	11	20

If you cut a hole in a piece of card so as to show five numbers of this square through the opening either in an upright cross or an X-cross, the sum of the five numbers will always be 65.

	13	
22	1	10
	19	

9		17
	1	
15		23

The magic squares of other odd numbers may be constructed by this rule, but if the number will divide by 3 the start *must* be made from the cell immediately below the centre, otherwise the diagonals will not come right.

W. S. J.

FUNNY COMPANIONS.

SOME of the older readers of *Chatterbox* will remember seeing, in the streets of London, a travelling show called the 'Happy Family.' It seems to have vanished; but those who went about with such exhibitions had a large cage on wheels, containing a variety of animals. These might be cats, mice, guinea-pigs, rabbits, and many sorts of birds.

Whether living thus together they were 'happy,' may be doubted; indeed, it is said that, in the training process, the poor prisoners were often cruelly treated. But, in the state of nature, we do come upon many instances of animals that are very different, or even enemies to each other, becoming quite fast friends.

We sometimes speak of people who live 'like cat and dog,' a very sad thing to do, and it is true these animals are apt to be quarrelsome. Still, in some houses, cats and dogs live quite pleasantly together; and I remember hearing about a cat which was so fond of a dog that she used to go out with him when he went for a morning walk along the roads. If tired on her return, she would mount upon his back, and so ride comfortably home. That a horse and a hen should be on friendly terms is still more odd, yet that has happened. Into a paddock where a horse grazed, a hen made her way sometimes from a poultry-yard near. The curiously associated pair became very fond of each other, the hen showing her affection by rubbing herself against the horse's legs, while he walked about with great care, lest he should tread upon his two-legged companion.

Animals occasionally lose their fear of others, which might kill and devour them. Thus, a canary will hop comfortably about a room where the cat of the household lies upon the rug, while that quadruped takes no heed of the bird. There has been an instance where a cat drove off from a window a stranger that had evil designs upon a pet, but we cannot say what might happen if the home cat was really hungry. Even in a wild state foes may occasionally agree, the beast of prey does not always seek victims of the same sort. Amongst themselves,

the greater number of beasts of prey are shy of each other, but now and then they are companionable.

One thing that has been particularly noticed about some wild animals is that those which resort to holes or burrows manage to keep friends with others who enter the same retreats. Possibly, when in the dark, they think it safer not to quarrel. Burrows are places of refuge for many animals, both when in health and if wounded or ill; and those which are made by one species, are often taken advantage of by others. The abodes of the wild rabbit are used, it seems, by blue rock pigeons, which have been noticed to fly out from them. Such a thing has happened as the appearance of a pair of pole-cats from a rabbit-burrow; afterwards it was discovered a colony had lived amongst the rabbits for several years. The fox, too, will hide in a rabbit-burrow, making the opening larger, and badgers have been seen to come out. But the badger is a first-rate digger, and frequently makes its own hole or butt, where the animal sleeps a good part of the winter. Badgers and foxes are not unfriendly, and live at times in the same burrow, yet a badger will seize and devour a fox-cub. Owls and jackdaws build occasionally in rabbit-burrows. Adders, too, have been noticed basking in the sun close to them, and if alarmed they quickly retreat within.

J. R. S. C.

MARTIN HYDE.

(Continued from page 79.)

MR. JERMYN led me to the pantry (a little room on the ground-floor), where he placed a plate of oranges before me.

'See how many you can eat,' he said; 'but don't try to burgle yourself free. This is a strong-room.'

He locked the heavy door, leaving me alone with a well-filled pantry, which seemed to be without a window. A little iron grating near the ceiling served as a ventilator. There was no chance of getting out through that. The door was plated with iron. The floor was of concrete. I was a prisoner now in good earnest. I was no longer frightened, but I had had such scares that night that I had little desire for the fruit. I was only anxious to be allowed to go back to my bed. I heard a dull noise in the upper part of the house, followed by the falling of a plank. 'There goes my bridge,' I thought. 'Are they going to be so mean as to call my uncle out of bed to show him what I have been doing?' I thought that perhaps they would do this, as my uncle (for all that I knew) might be in their plot. 'Well,' I said to myself, 'I shall get a good thrashing. Perhaps that brute Ephraim will be told to thrash me. But, thrashing or no, I have had enough of going out at night. I will ask my uncle not to thrash me, but to put me into the navy. I should love that. I know that I shall never get on in London.'

This sudden plan of the navy, about which I had never before thought, seemed to me to be a good way of getting out of my deserts. I felt sure that my uncle would be charmed to be rid of me, while I knew well that boys of that generation often

entered the navy in the care of the captains as naval cadets (or, as they were then called, 'captain's servants') at the age of eight or nine. I wondered why the debate lasted so long. Naturally, in that gloomy little prison, lit by a single tallow candle, with all my anxieties heavy on my mind, the time passed slowly; but they were so long in making up their minds that it seemed as though they had forgotten me. I began to remember horrible tales of people shut up in secret rooms until they starved to death, or till the rats ate them. I wondered how long I should live if that was what these men decided.

My fears were ended by the opening of the door. 'Come on,' said Mr. Lane. 'This way.' He led me back to the council-room, where all the conspirators sat at their places by the table. I noticed that Mr. Jermyn (cloaked now, as if for travel) was wearing his false beard again.

'Mr. Hyde,' the Duke said, 'I understand that you are well disposed to my cause?'

'Yes, your Majesty,' I answered, though, indeed, I only followed what my father had told me. I had no real knowledge about it, one way or the other. I knew only what others had told me. Still, in this instance, as far as I have been able to judge by what I learned long afterwards, I was right. The Duke had truly a claim to the throne; he was also a better man than the present king, James II.

'Very well, Mr. Hyde,' the Duke answered. 'Have you any objections to entering my service?'

I was not very sure of what he meant, it came rather suddenly upon me, so I stammered, without replying.

'His Majesty means, would you like to join our party?' said Mr. Dane. 'To be one of us. To serve him abroad.'

I was flushed with pleasure at the thought of going abroad, among a company of conspirators. I had no knowledge of what the consequences might be, except that I should escape a sound whipping from my uncle or from Ephraim. I did not like the thought of living on in London, with the prospect of entering a merchant's office at the end of my boyhood. I thought that in the Duke's service I should soon become a general, so that I might return to my uncle very splendidly dressed, to show him how well I had managed my own life for myself. I thought that life was always like that to the adventurous man. Besides, I hoped that I should escape school, the very thought of which I hated. Looking at the matter in that secret council-room, it seemed so very attractive. It seemed to give me a pathway of escape, whichever way I looked at it, from all that I most disliked.

'Yes, your Majesty,' I said, 'I should very much like to enter your service.'

'You understand, Hyde,' said Mr. Jermyn, 'that we are engaged in a very dangerous work. It is so dangerous that we should not be justified in allowing you to go free after what you have heard to-night. But its very danger makes it necessary that we should tell you something of what your work under his Majesty will be, before you decide finally to throw in your lot with us. It is one thing to be a prisoner among us, Hyde; but quite another to be

what is called a rebel, engaged in treasonable practices against a ruling king.'

'Still,' said Lane, 'don't think that your imprisonment with us would be unpleasant. If you would rather not join us, you have only to say so. We shall then send you over to Holland, where you will, no doubt, find plenty of boats with which to amuse yourself. You will be kept in Holland until a certain much-wished event takes place, about the middle of June. After that you will be brought back here to your uncle, who, by that time, will have forgiven you.'

'That's a very pretty ladder you made,' said the Duke. 'You have evidently lived among sailors.'

'Among fishermen mostly, your Majesty,' I said. 'My father lived in the Broads country.' I knew from his remark that some one had been across to my uncle's house to remove all traces of my bridge. My ladder, I knew, would now be dangling from my window, to show by which way I had escaped.

'We want you, Hyde,' Mr. Jermyn said, 'that is, we shall want you in the event of your joining us, to be our messenger to the West. You will travel continually from Holland to the West of England, generally to the country near Taunton, but sometimes to Exeter, sometimes still further to the West. You will carry letters sewn into the flap of your leather travelling satchel. You will travel alone by your own name, giving out, in case any one should ask you, that you are going to one of certain people, whose names will be given to you. There will be no danger to yourself; for the persons to whom you will be sent are not suspected. We think that a boy will have less difficulty in getting about the country in its present state than any man—provided, of course, that you travel by different routes on each journey. If, however, by some extraordinary chance, you should be caught with these letters in your wallet, we shall take steps to bring you off; for we have a good deal of power, in one way or another, by which we get things done. Still, it may well fall out, Hyde, in spite of all our care, that you will come into the hands of men with whom we have no influence. If you should (remember it is quite possible), you will be transported to serve in one of the Virginian or West Indian plantations. That will be the end of you as far as we are concerned. We shan't be able to help you then. If you think the cause is right, join us, provided that you do not think the risks too great.'

'If all goes well,' said the Duke, 'if the summer should prove prosperous, I may be able to reward a faithful servant, even if he is only a boy.'

'I will serve your Majesty gladly,' I answered. 'I should like to join your service.'

'Very well then, Jermyn,' he said, rising swiftly on his way to the door. 'Bring him on board at once.'

'We're off to Holland to-night, in the schooner there,' said Mr. Jermyn. 'So put these biscuits in your pocket. Now, then. Good-bye, Lane. Good-bye, everybody.'

'Good-bye,' they said. 'Good-bye, boy.'

(Continued on page 90.)



“‘See how many you can eat,’ he said.”



"We were off. I was a conspirator."

MARTIN HYDE.

(Continued from page 87.)

IN another minute we were, in the narrow road, within earshot of the tumbling water, going down to the stairs at the lane end, to take boat. The last that I saw of my uncle's house was the white of my ladder ropes, swinging about against the darkness of the bricks.

'Remember, Hyde,' said Mr. Jermyn, in a low voice, 'that his Majesty is always plain Mr. Scott. Remember that. Remember, too, that you are never to speak to him unless he speaks to you. But you won't have much to do with him. Were you ever at sea before?'

'No, sir. Only about the Broads in a coracle.'

'You'll find it very interesting, then—if you're not sea-sick. Here we are at the boat. Now, jump in. Get into the bows.'

'Mr. Scott' was already snug under a boat-cloak in the stern-sheets. As soon as we had stepped in, the boatman shoved off. The boat rippled the water into a gleaming track as she gathered way. We were off. I was on my way to Holland. I was a conspirator, travelling with a king. There ahead of me was the fine hull of the schooner, *La Reina*, waiting to carry us to all sorts of adventure, none of them (as I planned them then) so strange, or so terrible, as those which happened to me. As we drew up alongside her, I heard the clack-clack of the sailors heaving at the windlass. They were getting up the anchor, so that we might sail from this horrible city to all the wonderful romance which awaited me, as I thought, beyond, in the great world. Five minutes after I had stepped upon her deck we were gliding down on the ebb, bound for Holland.

'Hyde,' said Mr. Jermyn, as we drew past the battery on the Tower platform, 'do you see the high ground beyond the towers there?'

'Yes, sir,' I said.

'Do you know what that is?'

'No, sir.'

'That's Tower Hill,' he answered; 'where traitors—I mean conspirators like you or me—are beheaded. Do you know what that means?'

'Yes, sir,' I replied. 'To have your head cut off.'

'Yes,' he said. 'With all that hill black with people. The scaffold hung with black making a sort of platform in the middle; then soldiers, with drums, all round. You put your head over a block, so that your neck rests on the wood. Then the executioner comes with an axe. Then your head is shown to the people. "This is the head of a traitor!" We may all end in that way, on that little hill there. You must be very careful how you carry the letters, Hyde.'

After this hint he showed me a hammock in the schooner's 'tween-decks, telling me that I should soon be accustomed to that kind of bed.

'It was a little awkward at first,' he said, 'especially the getting-in part; but, when once snugly in, it was the most comfortable kind of bed in the world.'

After undressing by the light of a huge ship's lantern, which Mr. Jermyn called a battle-lantern, I turned into my hammock, rather glad to be alone. Now that I was pledged to this conspiracy business,

with some knowledge of what it might lead to, I half-wished that I was well out of it. The 'tween-decks was much less comfortable than the bedroom which I had left so gaily such a very little time before. I had exchanged a good prison for a bad one. The smell of oranges, so near to the hold in which they were stored, was overpowering, mixed, as it was, with the horrible ship-smell of decaying water (known as bilge-water), which flopped about at each roll a few feet below me. My hammock was slung in a draught from the main hatchway. People came down the hatchway during the night to fetch coils of rope or tackles. Tired as I was, I slept very badly that first night on board ship. The schooner seemed to be full of queer, unrelated movements. The noise of the water slipping past woke me many times. The striking of the bells woke me. I did not get to sleep till the middle of the middle watch (about two in the morning), after which I slept brokenly until a rough voice bawled in my ear to get up out of that, as it was time to wash down.

I put my clothes on hurriedly, wondering where I should find a basin in which to wash myself. I could see none in the 'tween-decks; but I supposed that there would be some in the cabins, which opened off the 'tween-decks on each side. Now a 'tween-decks (I may as well tell you here) is nothing more than a deck of a ship below the upper deck. If some of my readers have never been in a ship, let them try to imagine themselves descending from the upper deck—where all the masts stand—by a ladder fixed in a square opening known as a hatchway. About six feet down this ladder is 'tween-decks, a long, narrow room, with a ceiling so low that, unless you bend, you bump your head against the beams. If you will imagine a long, narrow room, only six feet high, you will know what a 'tween-decks is like. Only in a real 'tween-decks it is always rather dark, for the windows (if you care to call them so) are thick glass bull's-eyes which let in very little light. A glare of light comes down the hatchways. Away from the hatchways a few battle-lanterns are hung, to keep up some pretence of light in the darkest corners. At one end of this long, narrow room in *La Reina*, a wooden partition, running right across from side to side, made a bigish chamber called 'the cabin,' where the officers took their meals. A little further along the room, one on each side of it, were two tiny partitioned cabins, about seven feet square, in which the officers slept, two in each cabin, one above the other, in shelf-beds or bunks. My hammock had been slung between these cabins, a little forward of them. When I turned out, I saw that the rest of the 'tween-decks was piled with stores of all kinds, lashed down firmly to ringbolts. Right forward, in the darkness of the ship's bows, I saw other hammocks, where the sailors slept.

I was wondering what I was to do about washing, when the rough man who had called me a few minutes before came down to ask me why I was not up on deck. I said that I was wondering where I could wash myself.

'Wash yourself?' he said. 'You haven't made yourself dirty yet. You don't wash at sea till your work's done for the day. Why haven't you lashed your hammock yet?'

'Please, sir,' I said, 'I don't know how.'

'Well, for once,' he said, 'I'll show you how. Tomorrow you'll do it for yourself.'

'There,' he said, when he had lashed up the hammock, by what seemed to me to be art-magic, 'don't you say you don't know how to lash a hammock. I've showed you once. Now shove it in the rack there. Up on deck with you!'

(Continued on page 98.)

THE TIMID ROSE.

I HAVE heard the blue-bells ringing
From their home beyond the lawn;
I have heard the blackbirds singing

Happy welcomes to the dawn;
And the sun has smiled upon me
With a smile that few would doubt,
Yet strange to say,
Though this is May,
I dare not venture out.

Oft the swallows by me sweeping
Ere the April days had come,
Gently whispered, 'Hush, she's sleeping!'

To the bee's complaining hum.
For they could not hear my murmur
'Neath the March wind's noisy shout:

'Excuse me, please!
On days like these

I dare not venture out.'

But the time is coming nearer,
I can hear its footsteps now,
When a warmer day and clearer
Will awake each sleeping bough.

Then my green door I will open,
And away with fear and doubt!

In joy supreme
Of a July dream

I will bravely venture out.

THE STORY OF BOTTLE HILL.

An Irish Legend.

THEY tell an odd story—a sort of fairy tale, in fact—of the way that Bottle Hill, near Mallow, in Ireland, got its name. It is a lofty hill with a wide view over a beautiful country. Not far off, at Mourne, beside an old abbey, a farmer, many years ago, had a few acres of ground, out of which he tried to make a living. Mick Purcell had a wife and family, and one year he had such bad crops that he was reduced to great distress. What was to be done? His wife proposed he should take their cow, and sell her at Cork fair, thirteen miles off, for if they did not pay the rent, they would be turned off their small farm.

Before he started in the morning, his wife cautioned Mick, again and again, to try to get a good price for his cow, and to keep carefully the money obtained.

He went with rather a heavy heart, and was driving his cow up Bottle Hill, when he saw coming behind him a queer-looking man wrapped in a great-coat, though the day was warm. He had an old and wrinkled face, a sharp nose, and red eyes. Mick did

not wish to speak to him, for he appeared strange, but he could not get on fast enough to escape him.

When the little man overtook him, he asked Mick where he was going with the cow. Mick was rather unwilling to answer, but told the queer little man some of his troubles.

'If you will sell me the cow, I will give you this bottle for her,' said the stranger, pulling it from under his great-coat. Of course, Mick laughed and refused to do anything so foolish, but the little man assured him that the bottle was most valuable, and would deliver him from his troubles, if he took it. Mick was unwilling, but the little man at last made him yield, though he was alarmed to think what his wife might say on his return.

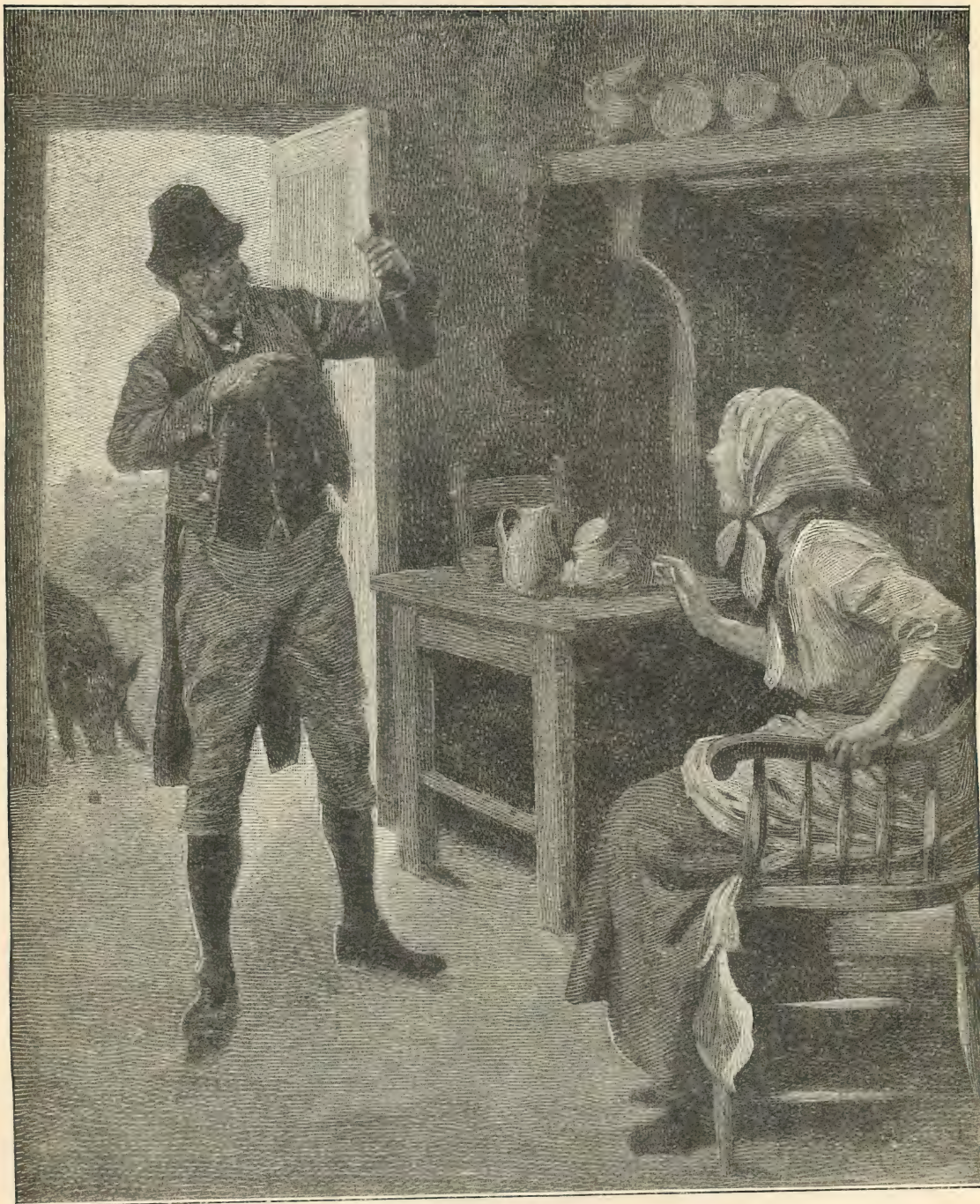
But the stranger gave him a parting word of encouragement. 'When you go home,' said he, 'never mind if your wife is angry, but be quiet yourself; make her sweep the room clean, set the table out with a clean cloth upon it, then put the bottle down, calling out, "Bottle, do your duty," and you will see the end.'

The little man moved off, and when Mick had gone a few steps, he looked back, but could see neither him nor the cow. Both had vanished. He trudged home, arriving there much sooner than he had expected, to his wife's surprise. She was sitting by the turf fire, and began directly to ask what he got for the cow, what news he had heard in Cork, and how it was he came home before she expected him. He was trying to answer some of her questions, when she spied the bottle sticking out of his pocket.

'What bottle have you got there?' she cried, and then Mick told her about his meeting this little old man, who made him sell the cow, on the big hill.

Molly was so angry that she would have thrown the bottle at her husband's head; but he talked to her quietly, and tried to persuade her that the old man must have been one of the fairies, in whom many people at that day believed very strongly. They resolved to do as the old man directed, and he had scarcely said, 'Bottle, do your duty,' when from the bottle jumped two tall fellows, who covered the table with gold and silver dishes and plates, full of delicacies. Calling their children, Mick and Molly sat down to the table in amazement, and made a hearty meal, though they could only eat part of the feast set before them. They wondered whether the articles would fly away, but they did not, so Molly washed them carefully. They could not sleep that night for thinking, and in a few days Mick sold his plate for a large sum, getting fresh stock, and in a short time he became prosperous. But he talked about the bottle which was the cause of his success. His landlord heard about it, and offered Mick the farm as a present, if he would give him the bottle. He did so, but the landlord found it would give him nothing.

By-and-by Mick lost money, and became poor; once more he had to take his last cow for sale, and he was again crossing Bottle Hill when the little old man greeted him. He heard the story of Mick's trouble, and gave him another bottle. This, however, was at first a disappointment. Mick put it down at home, and out of it jumped two big men who thrashed him and his wife with cudgels. But



“‘What bottle have you got there?’ she cried.”

this gave him an idea. He carried the new bottle to his landlord, who was very pleased to have it, till the men jumped out and beat him; then he cried out to Mick, who said he would take it away

if his landlord gave him the other one back. This he did, and Mick went back joyfully; before long he was again a rich man, and his children got on well.

J. R. S. C.



Robbers in a Cornfield. By August von Pettenkofen.

PICTURES AND THEIR PAINTERS.

From the Wallace Collection, London.

III.—AUGUST VON PETTENKOFEN.

THERE is a contrast indeed between our present illustration and those scenes from the homely life

of the stolid Dutch burgher which we have already considered. August von Pettenkofen is a painter almost of our own day. He was born at Vienna in 1821, and died in 1889. His pictures of Hungarian life won him the notice of the Emperor of Austria, who has always taken a keen interest in that

romantic part of his dominions, and he can also claim the distinction of a useful discovery by which alcoholic fumes are used in the cleaning of oil paintings.

The picture before us is a very small one, but full of vivid life and interest, a story of which we should like to know the end.

There, amid the golden corn, the beautiful crop all ready to be reaped and garnered for the use of men, are two of the enemies of society whose 'hand is against every man.' They are used to going with their lives in their hands, and they are pausing here, after some desperate adventure, to count their spoils. Strewn around them on the ground are the treasures from some fine lady's chamber—costly silks and laces, a necklace and a dainty fan, a book, too, snatched up, perhaps, in the hurry with more marketable possessions. And in the midst of the display comes a sudden alarm, and the two are on the alert in a moment, with the weapons, which come so readily to hand, prepared for instant use. They are pursued, perhaps, or is it only some casual passer-by, who must be silenced if he see too much? They will sell their lives dearly, at any rate, and so they wait, with breath held, in strained attention, the one with his fingers clenched hard upon his pistol, while his comrade sits, alert and ready, with his sword across his knees. And the sequel to the picture may be sharp shots and a life-and-death struggle, a horrible contrast with the peaceful beauty of the cultivated fields and the costly finery at the feet of the two desperate men.

BINKEY'S BURGLAR.

IT was New Year's Eve: the eve of Good Resolutions. On the tiger-skin rug, before the fire, sat two children, a boy and a girl. The boy's name was Louis, but he had always been called Binkey since his babyhood—the reason for which, nobody knew. The girl's name was Marion, and she was known by no other.

'Marion,' said ten-year-old Binkey, 'I do wish I was brave.'

Marion lifted her eyes from her book, and gave her brother a questioning glance.

'You see,' he said, 'I have been reading such a jolly story of the brave things some schoolboys did.'

'Well,' replied Marion, who was sixteen months his senior, 'it's New Year's Eve.'

'Well?' asked Binkey.

'You might make it your New Year resolution.'

Binkey considered a few moments, while Marion resumed her reading.

'I think I will,' he announced, as he rose from his position on the rug.

Now, every New Year, Marion and Binkey make a resolution which they endeavoured to carry out, and in order to keep it in their minds, wrote it out in large, bold letters upon a piece of white cardboard, afterwards hanging it over their beds.

So Binkey went to a drawer, and took out his piece of cardboard. He then seated himself upon the rug, and taking a pencil, he began laboriously to print upon it: 'I RESOLVE TO BE BRAVE. Signed: BINKEY.'

'There!' he said, with a deep sigh. 'I have done it,' and he held it out at arm's length, to admire his handiwork.

'But,' she said, thoughtfully, 'how can you be brave in this house?'

'Well, I won't be silly and want you or Nurse to always go with me when it's dark; I'll go alone.'

'Um—er—but that's not really brave, you know,' answered Marion.

A shadow crept over Binkey's face. 'Well,' he asked, 'what else *can* I do?'

Suddenly a brilliant idea seemed to strike the boy, for the shadow left his face and he sprang to his feet.

'What is the matter, Binkey?' asked Marion.

'I can be brave, I know I can!'

'What do you mean?' she asked.

'Well, supposing a burglar broke in, then—'

'Then you could catch him, couldn't you?' and Marion laughed.

'Yes, I could,' returned Binkey, his cheeks growing crimson. 'I could catch him, and I would, see if I wouldn't. I'm braver than you, so there!'

'You might be,' answered Marion, 'and considering that you are a boy—well, you ought to be; but, there, we never have burglars in our house.'

'No,' said Binkey, 'but we might have.'

'Oh, yes,' assented Marion, as she again resumed her reading.

The mocking way in which she said 'Oh, yes,' put Binkey in a huff.

'I'm going to bed,' he announced, and picking up his 'Resolution,' as he called it, he marched out of the room into the dark corridor, slamming the door behind him.

'Oh,' exclaimed the girl, to the empty room, 'I meant to begin the year so well, too; and now Binkey has gone away, and I haven't even written my resolution.'

Marion was really a loving child, although she generally hid her feelings even from her brother, and on this occasion, although she secretly admired him for his resolution, yet she hid her feelings beneath a cloak of ridicule.

'Oh, I wish I hadn't been naughty to poor Binkey,' she sighed. 'Never mind; I will go upstairs to him presently, and write my resolution there,' whereupon she once more went on with her reading until bedtime came.

When Binkey found himself outside in the dark corridor, alone, he felt just a little nervous. Nevertheless, he plucked up all his courage and marched manfully along.

When he reached the foot of the staircase, it became too much for him, so he quickened his pace into a run, and sped up the stairs. Halfway up he stumbled and fell, thereby lengthening his journey by two steps.

Picking himself up, he sped onward to the top of the staircase, and thence straight to his own room. In here there was no artificial light, but just that of the moon—a moon so bright that it illuminated the little room throughout with its pale, silvery beams.

'I will be brave—I will be brave,' murmured the boy, as he clambered upon the little white bed and hung the resolution over it.

'I will be brave,' he said again. 'How lovely it

would be if I could catch a real burglar, and how every one would look at me and say, "How brave he is!"

Without finishing his reflections he tumbled into bed, and began to picture afresh the glorious time he would have when he captured the burglar.

He then fell asleep, but not exactly peacefully, for he had an awful dream. He dreamt that he was sitting alone in the grounds near the poplars, and that it was night-time, and the moon was out; when suddenly the foremost poplar seemed to get smaller and smaller. Then somehow it stopped getting smaller, and instead of the tree he saw a man, and that man, he felt sure, was a burglar.

Then he awoke. His heart was beating violently. When he opened his eyes the room was still flooded in the silver light of the moon, while out of the window he could just catch a glimpse of a poplar-tree.

He shuddered and pulled the bed-clothes closer around him, and tried to go to sleep again. All was silent in the great house. His parents were away in the other wing, and the servants were downstairs in their quarters.

'I suppose every one's in bed,' he thought. 'How quiet it is. I wish I could hear some one walking about, then I shouldn't feel so frightened.'

What was that? Could it be his fancy or had he really heard a footstep? There it was again, some one was walking about; his wish had been granted; yet he felt more frightened than ever.

'I wish I was brave,' he moaned, 'but—but—'

Oh, there it was again! Creak, creak, some one was creeping towards his room. Supposing it was the burglar!—and supposing he was to put him in his awful bag?

Nearer and nearer came the footsteps.

How he wished he had shut the door and had put a chair against it; but it was of no use now. The chair stood against the wall, and the door was ajar.

The footsteps had now reached his door, and he somehow felt constrained to watch. He saw the door pushed slowly open; and then, with a cry, he hid his head beneath the bed-clothes. He felt some one touch the counterpane, and he screamed again.

'Binkey,' said a soft little voice, very much unlike a burglar's, 'Binkey, dear, I have come to write my Resolution with you;' but even then he did not raise his head.

'Binkey,' continued Marion, 'it's I, and look! Nurse has given me a piece of cake for you, because you were so brave,' and then he ventured to raise his head.

Marion lit the tall candles which stood in the silver candlesticks upon the dressing-table, and pulled down the blind. Altogether there were six candles, three in each candlestick, and she lit them all.

The room was now full of light, and when Marion perched herself comfortably upon Binkey's bed, and gave him the cake, all his fears had vanished and he thought how foolish he had been.

'Marion,' he said, as he finished the very last crumb, 'I thought you were a burglar,' and then he related his dream.

'My Resolution is this,' said Marion, when he had finished; and she wrote in bold letters:

'I WILL ALWAYS PLEASE BINKEY.'

Signed: MARION WEST.

'Now, Binkey,' she said, 'let us make up our minds to keep our resolutions.'

Binkey's face looked sorrowful. 'I have broken mine already,' he said.

'No, you haven't; the New Year has not arrived yet. Hark! the bells are just beginning to ring.'

As she spoke a peal of bells broke forth upon the midnight air. The children repeated their resolutions, and silently prayed that they might be able to keep them.

When the bells had ceased, Marion kissed her brother and whispered 'A Happy New Year, Binkey dear; be a brave, good boy,' and then, after extinguishing the candles, she ran off to her own room.

Binkey once again laid his curly head upon the pillow, and this time fell into a sweet, gentle sleep. About an hour later he awoke. What awakened him he could not tell, but he felt very wide awake indeed.

All was silent now. Not a sound save the occasional howling of the wind. What was it that had disturbed him, he wondered, and to his own surprise he sat up in his little white bed and listened.

Then he heard a creak, the same as he had heard a short while before, and he smiled. Again that creak, nearer this time, and Binkey put one small foot out of bed.

'It's Marion,' he thought, 'come to see if I shall be afraid, so I will just let her see how brave I am.'

He put the other foot out of bed, and as he did so he heard a third creak.

Creeping softly towards the fireplace, he picked up a poker, but somehow he stumbled and dropped it, making a dreadful clatter.

Smartly he picked it up again, and calling out in loud tones, 'Who comes there?' dashed to the door and flung it open.

As he did so he heard a shuffling noise, and saw the outlines of a man's form vanish around the corner.

'Marion, Marion!' he cried. 'Quick! there's a burglar!'

It so happened that Marion had also heard the suspicious sound, and when she heard her little brother's voice, she plucked up her courage and opened her door.

'Quick!' she cried, 'let us run to Father.'

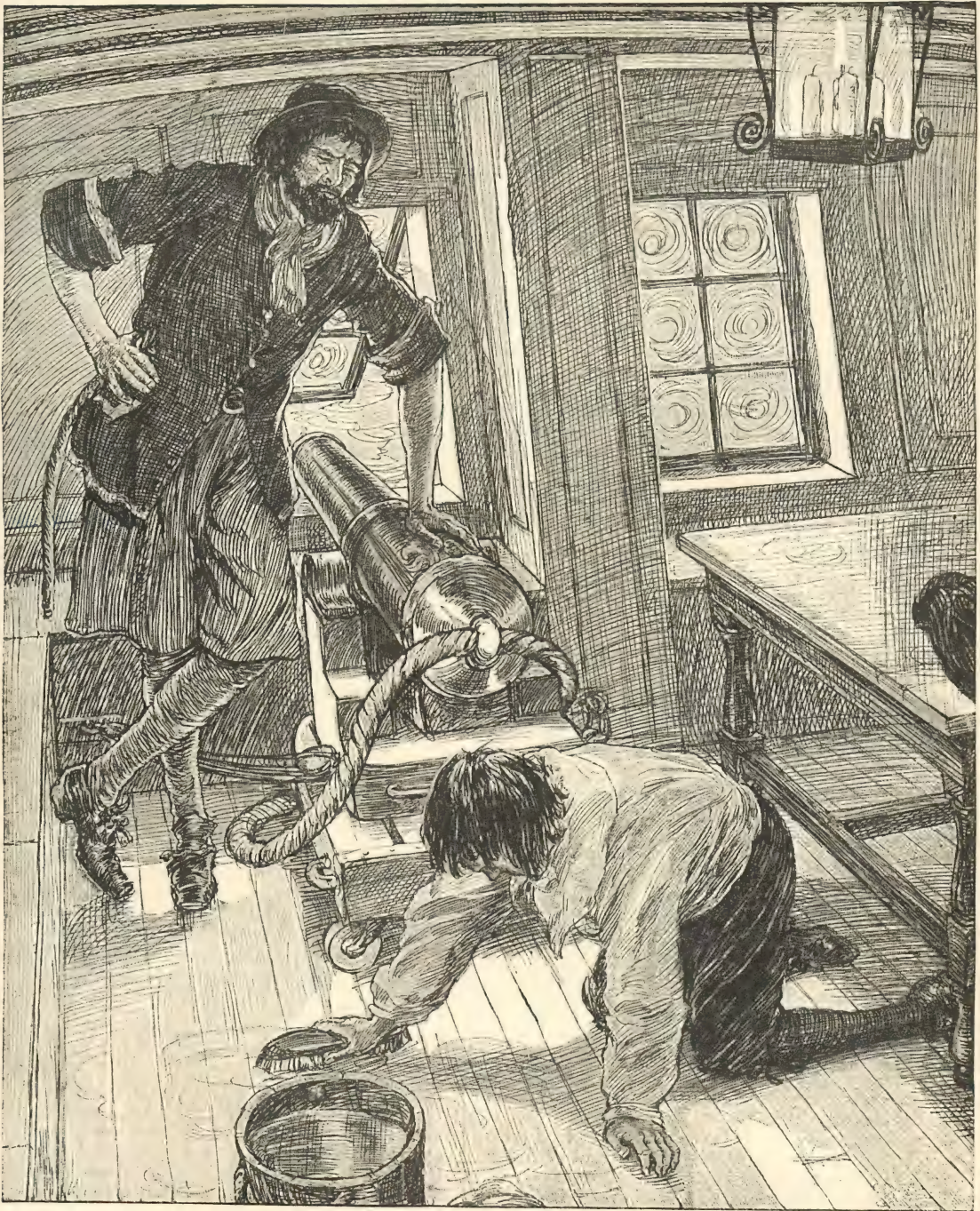
Mr. West had heard the noise, however, and as the two came running along the corridor, they beheld the burglar struggling in the arms of their father and the butler, with the electric light full on and other members of the household running up.

'It was the little chap who scared me,' said the burglar. 'He is a plucky young 'un, he is!'

Needless to say Binkey won the glory and fame for which he longed, presently coming to the conclusion that catching burglars is, after all, a very pleasant occupation when you make up your mind to carry it out properly.



“‘My Resolution is this,’ said Marion.”



“‘I’m going to stand here till it’s done.’”

MARTIN HYDE.

(Continued from page 91.)

I RAN up the ladder to the deck, thinking that menial work was not at all the kind of service which I had expected. When I got to the deck I felt happier, for it was a lovely, bright morning. The schooner was under all sail, tearing along at what seemed to me to be great speed. We were out at sea now. England lay behind us, some miles away. I could see the windows gleaming in a little town on the shore. Ships were in sight, with rollers of foam whitening under them. Gulls dipped after fish. The clouds drove past. A fishing-boat, piled with fish, was labouring up to London, her sails dark with spray. On the deck of the schooner some barefooted sailors were filling the wash-deck tubs at a hand-pump. One man was at work high aloft on the topsail yard, sitting across the yard with his legs dangling down, keeping his seat (as I thought) by balance. I found the scene so delightful that I gazed at it like a boy in a trance. I was still staring, when the surly boor who had called me (he was the schooner's mate, it seemed) came up behind me.

'Well,' he said, in the rough, bullying speech of a sailor, 'do you see it?'

'See what, sir?'

'What you're looking at.'

'Yes, sir,' I answered.

'Then there's no butter in your eyes! Why aren't you at work?'

'What am I to do, sir?'

'Do?' he said. 'Aren't you Mr. Scott's servant?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Then get a bucket of fresh water out of the cask there. Take this scrubber. You'll find some soap in the locker there. Now scrub out the cabin as quick as you know how.'

He showed me down to the cabin. It was a dingy, dirty little room, about twelve feet square over all, but made, in reality, much smaller by the lockers which ran along each side.

It was lighted by two large wooden ports, known as 'chase ports,' through which the chase guns, or 'stern chasers,' pointed. Only one gun (a long three-pounder on a swivel) was mounted, for guns take up a lot of room. With two guns in that little cabin there would not have been room enough to swing a cat. You need six feet for the proper swinging of a cat, so a man-of-war boatswain once told me. The cat meant is the cat-of-nine-tails, with which they used to flog seamen. To flog properly, one needs a good swing, so my friend said.

'There you are,' said the mate of the schooner. 'Now down on your knees. Scrub the floor here. See you get it mucho blanco' (very white).

He left me feeling much ashamed at having to work like a common ship's boy, instead of like a prince's page, which is what I had thought myself. Like many middle-class English boys, I had been brought up to look on manual work as degrading. I was filled with shame at having to scrub this dirty deck, I, who, only yesterday, had lorded it over Ephraim, as though I were a superior being. You boys, who go to good schools, try to learn a little

humbleness. You may think your parents very fine gentlefolk; but in the world, outside a narrow class, the having gentle parents will not help one much. It may be that you, for all your birth, have neither the instincts nor the intellect to preserve the gentility your parents made for you. You are no gentleman till you have proved it. Your right level may be the level of the sneak-thief, or of things even lower than that. It is nothing to be proud of that your parents are rich enough to keep your hands clean of joyless, killing toil, at an age when many better men are old in slavery. Try to be thankful for it; not proud. Leisure is one of the sweetest things life has. A wise man would give his left hand for leisure. You who have it given to you by the mercy of gentle birth, regard it as a trust; make noble use of it. Many great men waste half their energies in the struggle for that which you regard, poor fools, as your right, as something to brag of.

I had never scrubbed a floor in my life; but I had seen it done, without taking much account of the art in it. I set to work, feeling more degraded each moment, as the hardness of the deck began to make my knees sore. When I had done about half of the cabin (in a lazy, neglectful way, leaving patches unscrubbed, only just wetted over, so as to seem clean to a chance observer), I thought that I would do no more; but wait till Mr. Jermyn came to me. I would tell him that I wished to go home, that I was not going to be a common sailor, but a trusted messenger, with a lot more to the same tune, meaning, really, that I hated this job of washing decks like poison. I dare say, if the truth were known, the sudden change in my fortunes had made me a little homesick. But, even so, I was skulking work which had been given to me. What was worse, I was being dishonest. For I was pretending to do the work, even when I took least trouble with it. At last I took it into my head to wet the whole floor with water, meaning to do no more to it. While I was doing this, the mate came into the cabin.

'Look here,' he said, 'I have been watching you. You aren't working. You're skulking. You aren't trying to wash that deck. You're making believe, thinking I won't know. Don't answer me. I know what you're doing. Now then! you go over every bit of that deck which you've just slopped at. Do it over. I'm going to stand here till it's done.'

It was in my mind to be rebellious; but this man did not look like a good man to rebel from. He was a big, grim sailor, with a length of rope in his hand. He called it his 'manrope.' 'You see my manrope,' he said. 'His name's "Mogador Jack!" He likes little skulks like you.' Afterwards I learned that a 'manrope' is the rope rail at a ship's gangway, or (sometimes) a length of rope on the gangway side for boatmen to catch as they come alongside the ship. I did not like the look of 'Mogador Jack,' so I went at my scrubbing with all my strength, keeping my thoughts to myself. My knees felt very sore. My back ached with the continual bending down. I had had no food that morning, either; that was another thing. 'Spell-oh!' said the man at last. 'Straighten your back a bit. Empty your bucket over the side. No; not through the stern-port. Carry it on deck. Empty it there; then fill it again. Lively, too! It'll

be breakfast-time before you've done. You have got to have this cabin ready by eight bells!'

I will not tell you how I finished the deck. I will say only this, that at the end I began to take a sort of pride or pleasure in making the planks white. Afterwards, I always found that there is this pleasure in manual work. There is always pleasure of a sort in doing anything that is not very easy.

'There!' the mate said. 'Now lay the table for breakfast. You'll find the things in the lockers. Lay for three places. Don't break the ship's crockery while you're doing it.'

(Continued on page 111.)

THE FAIRY MERCHANTS.

HUSH and hark to the fairy folk
And the fairy bells a-ringing:
'Little children come and buy,
Our good merchandise to try,'
Is the song they are sweetly singing.

Hush and hark to the fairy folk,
Whose voices are low and caressing.
'Of Good Temper here's a store,
Kindness, Love, and Truth galore,
And Honour well worth possessing.'

Hush and hark to the fairy folk,
Ere they pass beyond recalling:
We will buy their wares to-day,
Ere they vanish quite away,
In the star-lit dusk that is falling.

WONDERS OF THE SEA.

IV.—FISH THAT FORM PARTNERSHIPS.

AMONG the world's little jokes is one at the expense of the Angler, who is supposed to be especially given to telling stories which rest on very little foundation in fact; and hence has arisen the gibe, 'a fishy story'—that is to say, a story such as a fisherman would tell, and therefore not to be believed! But this is really very hard on the fisherman, for, as a matter of fact, if he be given to thinking and observing much, he must of necessity see some very strange sights while sitting in silence, and motionless, by some still and shady pool. But if he goes out into the world's great water-ways, the great wildernesses of Ocean, he must, and commonly does, see many more strange things than can ever fall to the lot of the more stay-at-home members of society; and of this my readers have now evidence enough in the facts contained in the chapters which we have given on 'Deep-sea Fishes,' and 'Fishes that Fly,' for example.

But the facts which we are now about to set down are, in many ways, even more remarkable: they are, however, none the less true. Who among my readers would suppose, I wonder, that there are fish which make houses, so to speak, of other living creatures?

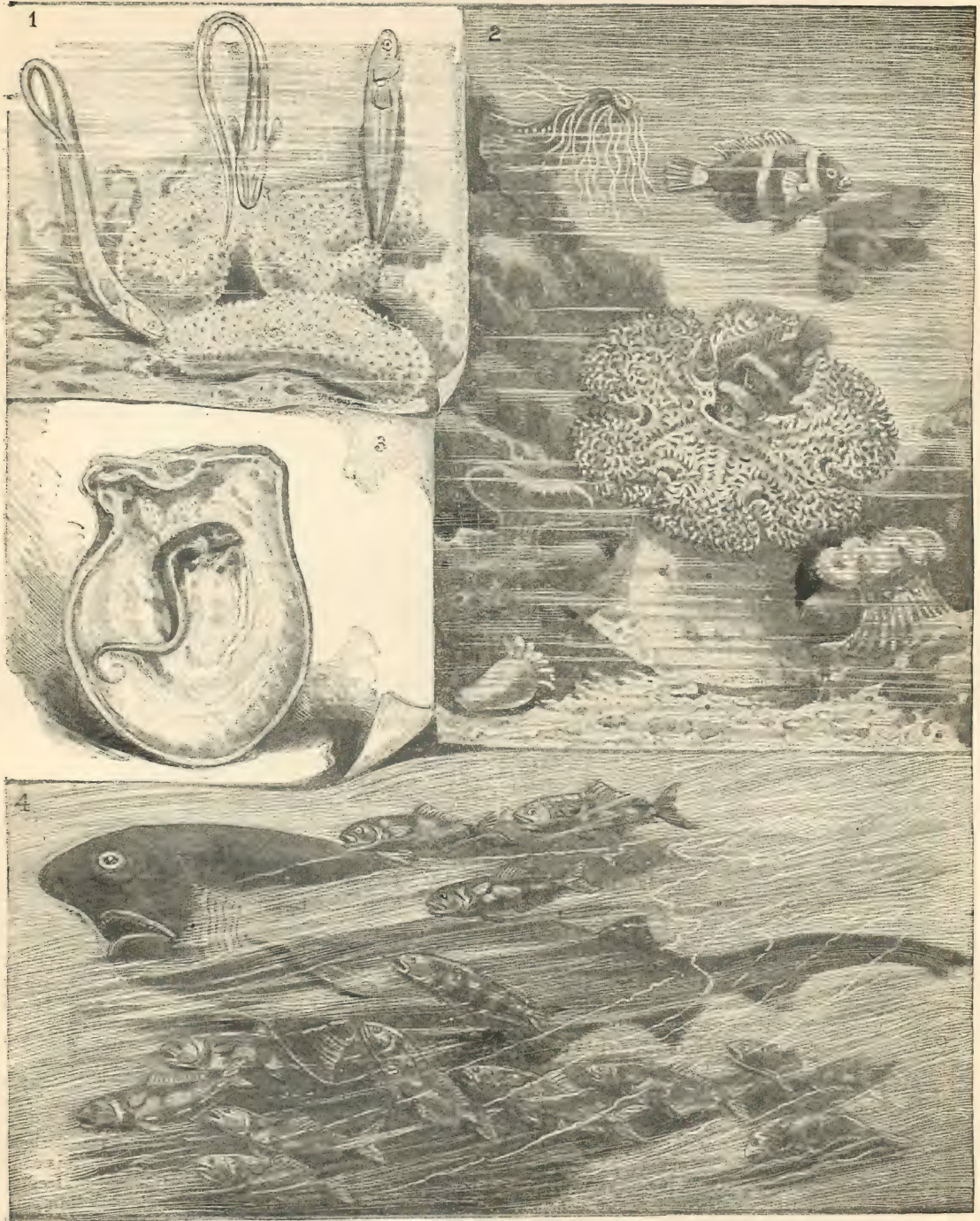
A very remarkable instance of this is furnished by a little Australian fish, known as the Amphiprion (No. 2 in the illustration on page 100), which is provided with free apartments by a sea-anemone! The fish lives, be it noted, *inside* the anemone,

emerging from time to time for exercise and food! This curious association is no one-sided bargain, but is for the benefit of both, and acts after this fashion. The anemone is one of the giants of its tribe, being some two feet across! The fish, however, is small, being only a few inches in length. But it is most brilliantly coloured, being marked by three cross-bars of white on a vermilion ground. Now these colours cause the wearer to form a most conspicuous mark, so that whenever he ventures abroad he is sure to be speedily seen, and chased, by some prowling enemy. This however, is just what this little dandy wants! For as soon as he perceives that he is being chased, he dashes home with all speed, and in a trice plunges head-foremost down the mouth of his capacious friend. Then he awaits the sequel, which is no less weird.

The sea-anemone, in common with all its tribe, is provided with a most formidable armament of barbed stings which are shot out in thousands whenever the body is roughly touched. Now, the fish which chase the little amphiprion, in their headlong pursuit, invariably end by coming full-tilt against the great body of the anemone, and in doing so they release a perfect battery of these stings, and are speedily rendered helpless, if not killed outright. So soon as this has happened the amphiprion creeps out from his hiding-place and begins to devour his would-be captor. Naturally, in the course of his meal, many fragments fall to the share of the anemone, and it is for the sake of this easy method of procuring food that the anemone consents to afford shelter within his body to the fish. Neither, indeed, could very well live without the other. The fish gets his killing done for him, the anemone gets her food broken up for her! This strange partnership, it must be remarked, is to be met with only off Thursday Island, to the north of Queensland.

No less wonderful is the life of another fish—the Fierasfer (No. 1), a native of warm and tropical seas. This is a small eel-shaped fish which lives inside the Holothurians, or 'sea-slugs.' Star-fishes, also, quite as commonly, take up quarters within the shell of the pearl-oyster (No. 3). Here the host appears to derive no benefit whatever from its lodger; though perhaps a closer study of the strange relationship may disclose some mutual advantages. When one of these fish happens to die within the shell of the pearl-oyster, the body is slowly embalmed in layers of mother-of-pearl! One of these embalmed bodies is shown in our illustration.

Finally, mention must be made of the Pilot-fish (No. 4), a near relation of the mackerel. The pilot-fish does not seek lodgings within the bodies of other creatures, but follows, in shoals, in close attendance upon sharks. It has gained the name 'pilot-fish' from its supposed habit of conducting the shark towards its prey. But as a matter of fact this companionship is formed rather for the sake of feeding on the parasites that infest the shark's skin, and perhaps also for the sake of such small pieces of flesh as may be torn from the shark's victims as they are being swallowed! It used to be supposed that the shark forbore to swallow his attendants out of gratitude for the services they render him in guiding him towards prey; more probably, however, the



Fishes in Partnership.

giant spares his companions in travel because he is not quick enough to catch them!

Pilot-fish will follow big ships as readily as sharks, and for the same reason—that is to say, for the sake

of the food which is dropped by these ocean greyhounds. They always part company, however, as soon as land is neared.

W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., A.L.S., &c.



"An hugged first her Dolly, then Stephanos."

THE DOLL.

THERE was a little Greek boy who was the friend of a little girl. His name was Stephanos. The little girl we will call 'An.'

Stephanos and An were near neighbours: they lived, in fact, next door to one another. One night some one woke up Stephanos, and told him that the house of An's father was on fire. Stephanos' mother

said that the maid was to take him to his uncle's, where he would be safer than at home, because it was very likely that the flames would spread.

An's father was throwing things out of the window of his house. Stephanos' father was emptying buckets of water on to his own roof, hoping in that way to keep off the flames.

Stephanos was much frightened when he saw the fire. He was just going away when his mother ran after him. 'Wait for An!' she said.

The little girl soon came running along, and both children were taken to the house of Stephanos' uncle. The instant they arrived there, they went straight to a window to see the fire. Now that it was farther off, Stephanos rather enjoyed watching it, but little An was in great distress.

'Oh!' she sobbed, 'what will become of my poor, dear dolly? If nobody thinks of her, she will be burned to death.'

An had remembered her doll just as she was leaving the house, but she had not been allowed to go back for it.

The two children were alone in the room. An kept on crying and talking about her doll.

'I will go and fetch your doll,' said Stephanos.

Down the stairs he went, and out at the door. No one was about to see or stop him. His uncle had gone out to look at the fire, and his aunt and the maid were preparing beds for their unexpected little guests.

Straight to the little girl's house went the courageous boy. By this time the fire was dying down; but Stephanos was quite ready to enter the burning house, if necessary, to save the doll.

'Please,' said Stephanos to An's father, who was now outside in the road, 'I want An's doll.'

An's father was so astonished to see Stephanos that he did not answer him at once.

'An's doll, please,' said Stephanos again.

'Here, take it, youngster, and be off before your parents see you,' said An's father. He had not forgotten his little girl's favourite doll, which he now pulled out of his pocket. It was a home-made doll, and its head was only a tied-up lump of calico, on which a face had been drawn with pen and ink.

Stephanos ran off joyfully with his prize. How delighted An was! She had been put to bed while Stephanos was away, and his aunt had been feeling very anxious about him. But he had not been out long, and his aunt admired him so much for being so brave and so kind that she did not scold him.

An hugged first her dolly, then Stephanos, and after that she went to sleep.

E. D.

ANGELICA KAUFFMANN.

IT is over a hundred years ago since the death of Angelica Kauffmann, who has the honour of being the first woman entitled to place the letters R.A. (Royal Academician) after her name.

Though this distinction was bestowed on Angelica Kauffmann, she was not an Englishwoman, but was born at Coire, in Switzerland, in 1740.

Her father was a poor man, but had some skill in painting, and he taught his daughter what he could. But she was a precocious child, and soon outstripped

her father, while she was also a finished musician, and spoke several foreign languages.

She soon became famous, and at the early age of twelve she numbered bishops and nobles amongst those who sat to her for their portraits. Then she went to Rome and Venice to study the works of the old masters, and whilst at Venice she so fascinated Lady Wentworth, the wife of the English Ambassador, that she persuaded Angelica to accompany her to England. Here she soon made a name, and became a favourite of the great painter, Sir Joshua Reynolds, who painted her portrait, and sat to her for his. Sir Joshua always called her by the pet name of 'Miss Angel.'

It was in England that the tragedy occurred which for a time wrecked poor Angelica's happiness. She became acquainted at a ball with a designing man, who passed himself off as Count de Horn, the Swedish envoy, but was in reality a worthless fellow, only anxious to win Angelica for her money. He persuaded her to marry him, and bitterly did she regret the step. When he died, some years later, she married an old friend, Antonio Zucchi, also a painter, and with him she lived happily for some years in Venice, painting many pictures and being made much of by every one.

When she died she was accorded a State funeral, and all the great people of the city followed her to the grave. Some of her most famous pictures also appeared in the funeral procession, being borne on the shoulders of the mourners, as had been done some hundreds of years before at the funeral of the painter Raphael.

Angelica's paintings, it should be said, were graceful and pleasing, though not always correct, either in style or in execution.

WHEN JOCK COMES HOME.

'YOU can't play now, Hughie; we want the court.'

'You have been playing for *hours*! It's my turn, Jimmy; it is really.'

'Oh, nonsense, kid; why, you can't play, you only pretend. Run away, or else come and pick up the balls for me and Madge.'

'I sha'n't. It's my turn, and I want to learn to play. You will *have* to let me play when Jock comes home!'

Hughie stamped his foot violently on the path. Jimmy, who was playing tennis, looked at his little brother with a smile.

'When Jock comes home,' he repeated. 'You think you'll have everything your own way then, do you? Well, you won't, I can tell you. You're only a wee kid, Hughie, and Jock's a man, you know. He can't play games with a baby like you.'

'Oh, Jimmy,' said Madge, the thirteen-year-old sister, 'don't tease him so. I say, Hughie, be a good boy, and don't bother us; we want to finish the sett.'

'It's not true,' said Hughie, angrily, taking no notice of Madge. 'Jock wants to see me; Mother says so—and—'

'See you! why, of course,' said Jimmy; 'but not play with you, Baby Hughie; you're too young.'

Father says we are all to go over to the show at Merton when Jock comes home, except you. You will have to stay at home. You can't expect to have everything your own way, you know.'

Hughie looked at his brother with a face of horror, but Jimmy had turned away. He did not mean to be unkind, but Hughie was the youngest of a large family, and a little spoilt, and Jimmy thought that at nine and a half he ought to be kept in his place. Jimmy was twelve, and on the point of going to a big school.

The Camerons were all very excited at the prospect of their eldest brother's return from Africa, where he had spent the last seven years. Jock was twenty-six now, and doing very well as an engineer of railways out there, but various things had prevented his paying a visit to England since he had first gone out into the world. Hughie could not remember him at all, for at the time of Jock's departure he had been abroad with his mother, who was delicate. However, he had heard a great deal about the unknown brother, and he shared the family's affection for him and pride in his achievements. Jock, in fact, was his hero.

But Jimmy's words had hurt, and he took them very seriously. Suppose Jock really took no interest in him—suppose he got left out instead of having a good time? Hughie was cross and excited, and his feelings were too much for him. 'I can't stand it,' he said. 'I just can't. Jimmy is a pig, and I don't want to see Jock. I shall run away.'

He had a vague notion of going off into the world and making his fortune, as some quite little boys did in fairy tales; then, he thought, he would come back, and Jock would *have* to notice him. It was Monday, and his brother was expected back the next day, so Hughie did not pause to reflect. He crept up to the room he shared with Jimmy, and hastily stuffed into his pockets all his worldly wealth—a large new crown-piece, three sixpences, and some coppers. Then he slipped quietly out of the house, and started off, walking as fast as he could.

The village where the Camerons lived was not very far from London; indeed, their father went up there to business nearly every day. So Hughie decided to start by taking a train to town: it seemed the right thing to do. He did not go to the nearest station, because he was afraid of being sent back, but he took a road which would lead him to a very small station on another line, about a mile and a half distant.

The porter told him that there was a slow train in about ten minutes, so he took his half-ticket with the utmost coolness, and when the train came in he climbed into a third-class carriage like an experienced traveller.

As a matter of fact, the railway men had taken him for one of the village boys; in his garden clothes, with no hat, and his dark curls all tumbled, he looked a regular little ragamuffin. He started on his journey with a brave heart, if not a happy one, but as the slow train crawled along from station to station, his courage began to ebb, and he felt rather forlorn when they finally pulled up in Waterloo Station at about his usual teatime.

'Where can I get some buns?' he asked a kindly

official, and the man showed him the way to the refreshment-room.

A tall young man, with dark curly hair, coming in a few minutes later to get some tea, found a rather forlorn little boy sitting alone at a table. He sat down opposite him, and ordered tea and cakes. The boy, munching a Bath bun, looked up shyly. The new-comer had a very nice face.

'Can you tell me where I can get a room to sleep in?' he asked, suddenly and confidentially.

The young man jumped. 'To sleep——' he looked more closely at the untidy little boy. 'What do you want a room to sleep in for?' he asked. 'Are you all alone?'

Hughie nodded. 'Yes, I'm all alone.' Then in a whisper, 'I have left home.'

'Left home? You don't mean run away?'

'Well, I suppose I have.'

'Now, look here, my boy,' said the tall man, 'this won't do. Finish your buns, and come and talk to me.'

They went off to a waiting-room, after Hughie had paid for his tea with one of his sixpences, and there he confided most of his tale to his new friend.

'Let me see,' said the latter. 'You're the youngest, and you don't think they appreciate you, eh?'

Hughie did not quite like this way of putting it. 'Oh, I don't know,' he said.

'Well, you think you get left out, and you have got a big brother coming home, and you're afraid he won't bother about you as much as the older boys. Is that it? So you have run away to try and manage for yourself?'

Hughie nodded. 'Well,' said the young man, putting his arm round the boy's shoulders, 'don't you think you've been rather silly? You know you are very fond of your brothers and sisters, really, and I rather think they spoil you. I'm sure they were only teasing. As for the big brother, why, of course he'll play with you. What are big brothers for?' Hughie hung his head. The other went on, 'I'm going home myself; I've been away for years, and I have got a little brother I have not seen since he was a tiny baby. I'm just dying to see him. Suppose I found he had run away?'

Hughie looked up. 'What's his name?' he asked suddenly.

'Hughie—Hughie Cameron.'

But he was almost choked by a pair of arms round his neck. 'Why, you're Jock—my Jock! I'm Hughie; and oh! I have been awfully bad, haven't I?'

Jock Cameron had half suspected the truth, and he hastened to assure his little brother that he had not been bad, only very silly. He explained that there had been a mistake about his ship, a lucky one for Hughie, and so he had been a day before his time.

They took the next train home, for Jock was sure they must be very anxious about Hughie. So they were, Jimmy especially; but Jock, pausing outside the little boys' room on his way to bed, heard a small voice, 'Oh, never mind, Jimmy, I was a donkey. But I say, Jimmy—I saw him first.'

EWAN DASH.



“‘I’m all alone. I have left home.’”



"The Spaniard appealed for protection."

A SACRED PROMISE.

A SPANISH cavalier, who in a sudden quarrel had slain a Moorish gentleman, fled from his pursuers, and, unperceived, threw himself over a garden wall. The owner, a Moor, was in his garden at the time. To him the Spaniard appealed for protection, telling his story in a few breathless words, though he was clearly uncertain of his welcome.

'Eat this,' said the Moor, giving the fugitive the half of a peach. 'Now you know that you may safely trust yourself to me.'

The Moor then locked the Spaniard up in his summer-house, promising that as soon as night came he would arrange for his escape.

The Moor had scarcely entered his house when a commotion was heard at the gate. He went out and received a terrible shock, for at the gate was the dead body of his son, who, said the bearers, had just been killed by a Spaniard. From the description given, it was clear that the fatal blow had been dealt by the person then in his power. Of that, however, he said nothing.

As soon as it was dark, the Moor went out to the Spaniard. 'Sir,' he said, 'the man whom you killed was my son. But you have eaten with me, and I cannot break the rules of hospitality; also I have given you my word, which I dare not break. Therefore you are free to go.'

Then he led the trembling and shame-stricken Spaniard to his stable, and mounted him upon one of his fleetest horses. 'Fly!' said the generous Moor, 'while it is still dark; by the morning you will be in safety. You are guilty of my son's blood, but I thank God that I am guiltless of yours, and that my promise to you will be fulfilled.' E. D.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

4.—WHAT AM I?

I'm sometimes rare and costly, though I'm often very cheap;
From ancient times they hand me down, and as a heirloom keep;
I'm seen about the cradle-bed; I'm used to deck the grave;
And though I most adorn the fair, I well become the brave.
Transpose me, the diminutive of a great name you'll find;
Behold me, I'm a thing most dear unto the trickster's mind;
Curtail me, I'm a heap of wealth that Hindu merchants tell;
And now you've heard so much of me, I think you'll know me well. C. J. B.

5.—WORD REARRANGEMENT PUZZLE.

In the following sentence, three four-letter words are represented by dashes. Each word is composed of the same four letters arranged in different order. Can you fill in the blanks correctly?

As the river rose, — was forced through the — in the bows, and the little boat soon had a decided — to port.

[Answers on page 147.] R. M. B.

ANSWER TO PUZZLE ON PAGE 75.

3.—Cumberland.

FIELD HOSPITAL DOGS.

SCOTCH collies, specially trained for rescue work in war, are nowadays sent out after a battle to seek the wounded, and they accomplish their task most satisfactorily, in spite of darkness or rain, or the thick mists which are so terribly perplexing to ordinary human searchers.

When these dogs hear the word of command, 'Out! search for wounded,' they start off at once, without any further orders. On their return they are asked, 'Have you found?' If they wag their tails, it means 'yes,' and men of the Hospital service return quickly with them to the spot where the dogs point out the wounded men.

A QUIANT EXPLANATION.

THE anonymous author of a *History of Origins*, published in 1824, makes some strange comments and moralisings upon the word 'news.' 'As news,' he says, 'implies the intelligence received from all parts of the world, the very word itself points out its meaning—even N. the north, E. the East, W. the west, and S. the south. This expressive word also recommends the practice of the following virtues: Nobleness in our thoughts, Equity in our dealings, Wisdom in our counsels, and Sobriety in our enjoyments.' What an excellent little sermon for both the writers and the readers of our newspapers!

THE CLEANEST PEOPLE ON EARTH.

IF the inhabitants of Hawaii, and, indeed, of the islands of the Pacific generally, are not clean, it is certainly not because they do not bathe. They are really almost amphibious. Often they have several baths in one day, and every one bathes at least once in the twenty-four hours, and has a good scrubbing into the bargain, with the best material they have for the purpose.

If possible, villages are built within convenient distance of a river; or a large pond or lake is made by damming up a streamlet or two. In this place mixed bathing is enjoyed by the villagers, who use for soap the large green oranges which grow about the pool. This fruit is too bitter for eating, but when the pulp is rubbed on the skin of the natives, who are always greased with cocoa-nut oil, it makes a real soap, and lathers nicely.

Scrubbing-brushes are also provided by Dame Nature. A piece is torn from the husk of the cocoa-nut, and the fibres thus exposed act like the bristles of a manufactured brush. The bather makes good use of the soap and brushes, and when he has finished washing he sits in the sun and wind to dry.

Bathing is a solemn ceremony, and during the process of drying no one thinks of talking more than is necessary, while running about to hasten matters would be thought a great breach of decorum. When the skin is sufficiently dry a coating of cocoa-nut oil is rubbed in briskly. Then the bather winds a strip of cloth or gaudy print round the waist, in the native style, and the ceremony is at an end.

AN INTERRUPTED STORY.

SAIID Mrs. Moon, 'In chapters two, a fairy tale I'll tell :

Chapter the First—I rose last night, and shone o'er hill and dell.

I woke the pixies in the woods and all the sleeping elves,

And bade them scamper to the fields, and there enjoy themselves.

'Away they sped on tripping feet, with hearts as light as air :

A banquet spread by fairy hands was waiting for them there.

Oh, dear! they had a *lovely* time, the pixies, elves, and fays,

They danced and sung right merrily beneath my silver rays.

'And now 'tis time for Chapter Two. There is so much to say—

The moon sees many things, you know, which no one sees by day.

Alas! alack! here come the clouds to hide my beauteous light,

So I must go to bed at once : good-night, my dears, good-night !'

MARIAN ISABEL HURRELL.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

True Tales of the Year 1809.

I.—THE DEATH OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

IT is just a hundred years ago since the death of Sir John Moore, the hero of Corunna, who fell on January 17th, 1809, whilst commanding our forces against the French in Spain.

His loss was the more to be deplored as, had he been able to direct the troops for one short half-hour longer, Corunna, instead of being only a successful rearguard action, would have been one of the most complete of victories.

However, we must not forestall the story of his life, but begin in the orthodox way by stating that John Moore was born at Glasgow on November 13th, 1761. His father was a medical man of good reputation, who was for some time household surgeon to the British Ambassador at Paris. When John was ten years old, his father, who had meanwhile returned to Scotland, was engaged by the Duchess of Hamilton to travel with her son, the ninth Duke, who was a somewhat delicate lad.

Dr. Moore decided that John—then in his tenth year—should accompany him; and for a year or more the two lads travelled about, seeing all the sights of the Continent, and being everywhere received into the best society.

On arriving at Paris, Dr. Moore took his son to walk in the gardens of the Tuileries, and, while he was looking at some of the statues, John strayed aside to gaze at some French boys whose dress diverted him.

French children in those days were dressed in full formal suits like little gentlemen; their hair was powdered, frizzled, and curled on both sides, and a

bag hung behind; whereas Moore's dress was simple, according to the custom in England: so the contrast to each seemed ridiculous.

The French boys stared, smiled, and chattered to each other, while Moore, not understanding a word of French, could only express his displeasure by gestures. Mutual offence was taken, and the parties proceeded to hostilities; but, as the French boys knew nothing of boxing, they were speedily thrown to the ground, one across the other.

Dr. Moore, hearing the outcry, hastened to the scene; he picked up the French boys, and tried to appease their rage. Then he reprimanded his son for his unmannerly rudeness, and led him back to the hotel.

Shortly after this a boyish prank of the young Duke nearly cost John his life.

It was the custom of the time to wear swords, and the Duke, then just fifteen, was amusing himself by fencing at young Moore, laughing heartily as the little fellow skipped hither and thither to escape the sword-point. Sooner or later, an accident was bound to happen, and before long Moore got in the line of the sword, and received it in his flank.

On feeling himself wounded, he merely said, 'Ha!' and looked full in the face of the Duke, who, struck with horror, dropped his sword and rushed out of the room for Dr. Moore.

The father, on entering the room, was amazed to see blood flowing from his son's side, but happily the wound was not a serious one, and, having bound it up, the doctor's next business was to soothe the terror of the Duke.

After some months of travel, John was left at school at Geneva, to the great grief of the Duke, who missed his merry young companion extremely.

John made good use of his time at this Swiss school, and, visiting him a year later, his father writes home to his wife:—

'Jack is really a pretty youth; he dances, rides, and fences; draws tolerably, speaks and writes French admirably; has a very good notion of geography and arithmetic and practical geometry. He is always operating in the field, and showing me how Geneva can be taken.'

For even at that early age John had quite settled that the Army was to be his profession, and he was doing all he could to fit himself for it.

A few months later, he is in Prussia with the young Duke and his father, and at Brunswick the lad eagerly studied the Prussian drill system, then the best in Europe; and an old sergeant was engaged to teach him and the Duke. John writes eagerly to his mother about this:—

'We are both pretty alert, and can fire and charge five times in a minute. We fired thirty times each the last day of our exercise.'

This old sergeant evidently found John an apt pupil, for on leaving he presented the boy with a pair of Prussian pistols and a small pocket Horace, which were his companions through life, and are still carefully preserved by the Moore family.

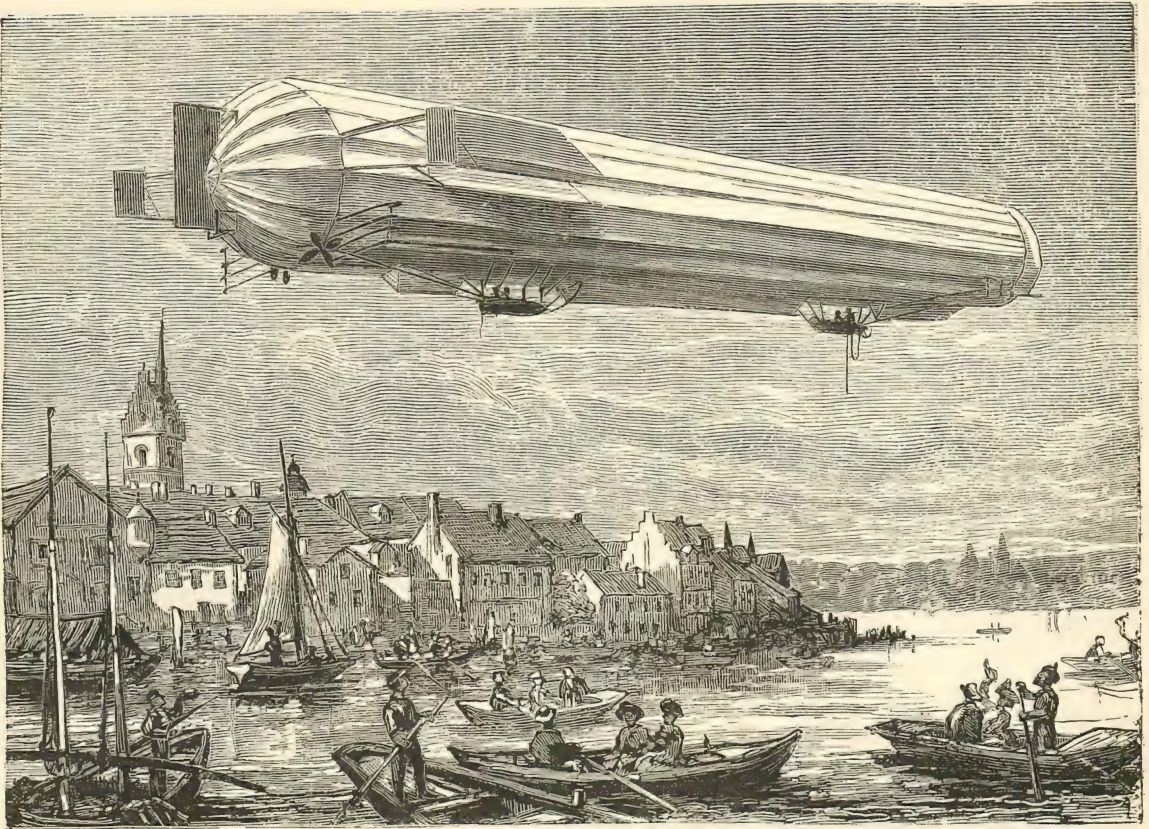
John was always invited to all the grand houses when travelling with the Duke and his father; but on one occasion, when there was to be a specially pleasant party at a fine villa, John refused to go,



“Moore got in the line of the sword.”

and, on being pressed for a reason, said he had promised to spend the day with the parents of a school-fellow, a small farmer just outside the town.

‘Oh! tell your friends you will come to them some other day,’ said his father, lightly. ‘You mustn’t miss this *fête*—it is something special.’



Count Zeppelin's Airship.

'No, Father,' said the boy, firmly; 'I must not break faith with my Swiss friends. They are poor, and were kind to me when others did not think me worth their notice.' And he had his way.

(Concluded on page 118.)

CRUISERS IN THE CLOUDS.

[Second Series.]

III.—THE WELLMAN POLAR EXPEDITION.

THERE are so many advantages in the aerial path, that we cannot wonder explorers seek to make use of it for reaching the points at which they aim. It is the most direct of all—if the wind will only be favourable; it is absolutely unobstructed, for ocean, iceberg, hummock-floe, forest and mountain, lie beneath. The traveller who follows it need not delay his journey while taking necessary rest, and he is spared the fatigue which all earthly paths induce. Yet, with all its advantages, the aerial path that leads to the North Pole is not easily pursued. Up to the present, only two enterprising explorers have made the attempt—Herr Andrée in 1897, and Mr. Walter Wellman in 1907. We all know the sad result of the first*—the second we will speak of now.

* See *Chatterbox* for 1905.

In the month of June, 1906, many people in Paris, the home of the balloon, felt great curiosity concerning a large airship which, for some months past, had been in course of construction. It was the property of Mr. Walter Wellman, who intended to convey it to Spitzbergen, there fill it with gas, and take flight for the Pole. Those who were permitted to see it before leaving Paris were struck by its huge dimensions; declaring that the long steel framework was more suggestive of a vessel for the blue sea than the blue sky. In due course the new wonder vanished from public sight; it was safely carried beyond the Arctic Circle, and on Dane's Island prepared for its still greater journey. But before a launch could be made, Winter came down from the North and closed his frozen gates against the explorer for another year. Part of the expedition, however, remained at the scene of action to get matters as far forward as possible for a fresh attempt, and in May, 1907, Mr. Wellman once more started back to Spitzbergen.

This time he carried with him a much larger ship. The huge envelope to contain the gas was 184 feet long and 52 feet in diameter. To fill this would require 265,000 cubic feet of gas. Suspended beneath it was the steel car, but at such a short distance that a man standing on the upper framework, or deck, could easily touch the under-side of the envelope

with his hand. The car was 115 feet long, its keel consisting of a hollow tube, or tank, holding 1200 gallons of petrol, enough to drive the motors for six days, even though they travelled all the while at more than twelve miles an hour. This meant a power of travelling 2500 miles, and as the distance to the Pole and back would be some 1250 miles there was little danger of the airship getting 'too tired' before the task was completed. If we described in detail *all* the wonders of the *America* (as this marvel of the clouds was called) we should become confused with the figures, so we will only add that at the stern she carried a rudder in the form of a monster bicycle wheel, of 900 square feet, and weighing thirty pounds. The propellers themselves were placed on either side of the framework, about 'amidships.' They could be spun at 380 revolutions a minute. The living apartments were triangular in shape, the sides sloping inwards, and afforded room for ten men and twelve dogs.

One of the most remarkable features of this strange vessel was what we might call its 'combination guide-rope and pantry.' It was Mr. Wellman's intention never to rise more than five hundred feet, and to ensure a regularity in this, he constructed a very novel trailer. This consisted of a strong leather tube, a serpent as he called it, six inches in diameter and 123 feet long. Into this spacious 'pantry' or 'lunch-basket' was packed 1200 pounds weight of reserve food, the main supply being in the steel car. The outside surface of the leather was covered by 29,000 steel scales, each about the size of a florin, which, in addition to protecting the leather, would cause the 'serpent' to slide more easily when dragged along the ice. It was connected to the car by a strong steel rope. As already stated, the object of this trailer was merely to act as ballast, resting its weight on the ice or water when the balloon had a tendency to descend. But it had a companion somewhat similar in construction, though for a very different purpose. This was a 'drag-anchor,' its serpent-like form being covered with 1875 steel 'scratchers,' or hooks, which would so dig into the ice as to retard the balloon against an adverse wind. By such means Mr. Wellman hoped to prevent himself being blown too far from his course. This anchor also contained food, which would otherwise have added to the permanent weight of the car.

For the accommodation of the airship a large building had been erected, and in this the great envelope was inflated with hydrogen gas, the work beginning on July 26th, 1907. On September 2nd all seemed in readiness for the bold attempt on the Pole. The wind, though not quite favourable, had become less strong, and the *America* was led from her abode 'with the Stars-and-Stripes flying at her stern.' A small steanship respectfully towed her out to sea for three miles, Mr. Wellman and two companions having previously taken their places on the steel car. The engineer then set his motors to work. The huge propellers spun rapidly round, and the *America* was so eager to take her flight into the unknown that she soon overtook the little steamer beneath, and began to pull on the cable by which a few minutes before she had herself been drawn along. Seeing this, the captain signalled to the

vessel to drop the rope, and the next moment the real voyage had begun.

Alas! though all went well for a little while, the ill-humoured weather soon began to protest against the proposed invasion in a most disagreeable way. A snow-storm came on; a dense fog rose over the western horizon, as though lying in wait. Then the engineer, looking through the window of his tiny cabin, saw the side of a huge mountain rising only a short distance away, and realised that the wind had begun its mischief. This danger, however, was averted by the action of the powerful screws; but a little later land appeared in an opposite quarter, and it became evident that matters were not as they should be. Investigation proved that the compass was at fault, and had consequently misled them as to the direction in which they were sailing. A heavy mist, enveloping the airship, left her captain and crew without any knowledge of their whereabouts, except that high hills surrounded them on all quarters. At any moment the *America* might be dashed against the side of one of these, and, to meet such a danger, the cutting-knife was hauled up to the envelope, where, at any moment, the commander could cause it to make a slit in the silk, which would allow all the gas to escape at once.

Fortunately, the balloon a little later descended on a glacier, where a landing was possible, and, the incision being made, the gas escaped, letting the car rest on the ice with very slight damage. From this position the travellers were rescued a little later by the crew of the steamship.

Thus ended the second attempt to reach the Pole by airship; but Mr. Wellman is by no means discouraged. He looks upon his effort, as many will do, as a successful failure, and we may yet hear that he has taken triumphant advantage of less unfavourable weather.

Huge as were the dimensions of the *America*, it has been surpassed by the ships of the air built by Count Zeppelin. In the year 1900 this most celebrated of steerable-balloon constructors launched one measuring 420 feet in length and 38 feet in diameter. Its coat was of aluminium, and it hung in the air like a monster cigar, pointed at each end. The interior was divided into seventeen parts, each part representing a separate balloon. It carried two small aluminium cars connected by a narrow gallery some two hundred feet long, while a speaking-tube made conversation possible between the occupants of the cars. But, though this ship proved itself well-behaved in the sky, it was not sufficiently buoyant in proportion to its size. Since then Count Zeppelin has launched others, and in July, 1908, his latest airship left its moorings at Friedrichshaven, on Lake Constance, at half-past eight in the morning, and some four hours later was hovering over Lake Lucerne, forty miles away. Besides the admirable manner in which this airship obeyed her rudder, it was satisfactory to see how quickly the launching was done, scarcely five minutes elapsing between the opening of the dock-house doors and the sailing away.

Yet, such is the force of the wind that, when on a subsequent flight this balloon (with five or six aeronauts on board) was floating over the city of

Berlin, it was caught in a sudden whirlwind, which spun it round and round and tossed it like a plaything to a height of some four thousand five hundred feet. When the 'game' was over, the balloon dropped rapidly, but fortunately alighted, with little damage done, in the tops of some lofty fir-trees, whence the aeronauts descended to the ground by means of ropes.

The Zeppelin airship has also met with complete disaster from fire; but its inventor undauntedly renewed his efforts, and no doubt will have accomplished more wonderful feats yet before these words are in print.

MARTIN HYDE.

(Continued from page 99.)

THE mate left me then, as he had to watch the men on deck. I felt, when he went on deck, that the morning had been a nightmare; but now I was to be flunkey as well as slave—a new humiliation. I did not think how many times I had humiliated others by letting them do such things for me. I had done so all my life without a thought. Now, forsooth, I was at the point of tears at having to do it for others, even though one of the others was my rightful King. Grubbing about among the lockers, I found a canvas table-cloth, which had once been part of a sail. I spread this cloth with the breakfast-gear, imitating the arrangements made at home at Oulton. The mate came down some minutes after I had finished. He caught me sitting down on the top of the lockers, looking out at the ships through the open port.

'Here,' he said, roughly; 'you must learn manners, or I'll have to teach you. Remember this, once for all, my son: no one sits in a cabin except a captain or a passenger. You'll take your cap off to the cabin-door before I've done with you. And you don't sit down till your work's done—that's another thing. Why ain't you at work?'

'Please, sir,' I said, 'I have laid the table. What else am I to do?'

'Do?' he said. 'Give the windows a rub; then clean your hands, ready to wait at table. No; hold on! Have you called Mr. Scott yet?'

'No, sir; I didn't know I had to.'

'My!' he answered. 'Have you any sense at all? Go; call them. No; get their hot water first at the galley.'

I suppose I stared at him, for I did not know that this would be a duty of mine.

'Here, don't look at me like that,' he said. He went to the locker, in which he rummaged till he produced a big copper kettle. 'Here's the hot-water can,' he said; 'nip with it to the galley before the cook puts his fire out. On deck, boy! Don't you know where the galley is?'

I did not know where the galley was in this particular ship. I thought that it would probably be below-decks, round a space of brick floor to prevent fire. But, as the mate said 'On deck,' I ran on deck at once. I ran on deck, up the hatch, so vigorously that I charged into a seaman who was carrying a can of slush or melted salt-fat used in the greasing

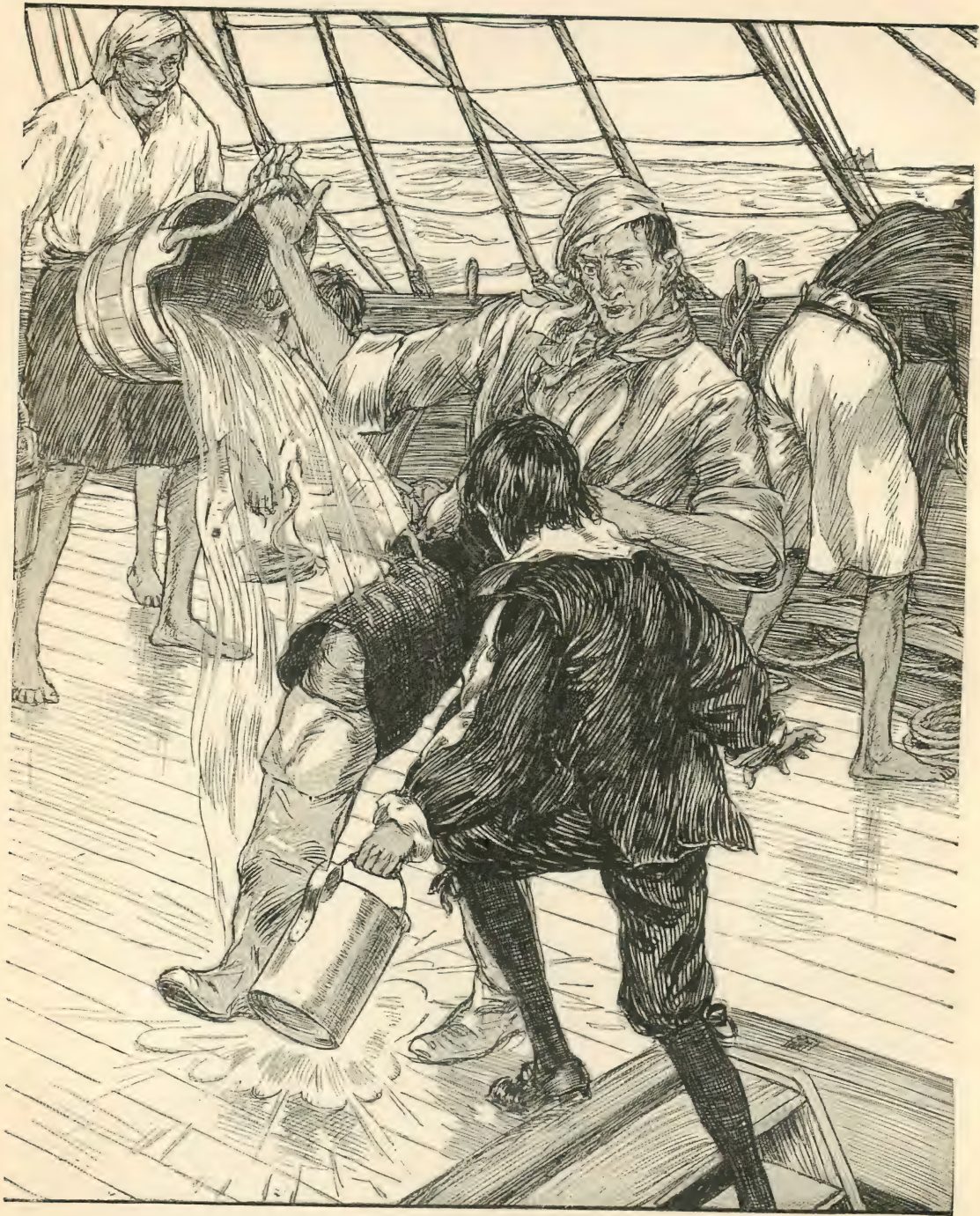
of ropes. I butted into him, spattering the slush all over him, besides making a mess of grease on the deck, then newly cleaned. The seaman, who was the boatswain, or second mate, boxed my ears with a couple of cuffs which made my head sing. 'You young hound,' he said. I went forward to the galley, crying as if my heart would break, not only at the pain of the blows, which stung me horribly, but at the misery of my life in this new service, that had seemed so grand only seven or eight hours before.

At the galley-door was the cook, a morose little Londoner, with earrings in his ears. 'Miaow, miaow!' he said, pretending to mimic my sobs, 'why haven't you come for this hot water before? I have been keeping my fire lit while you have been enjoying yourself down in the cabin.'

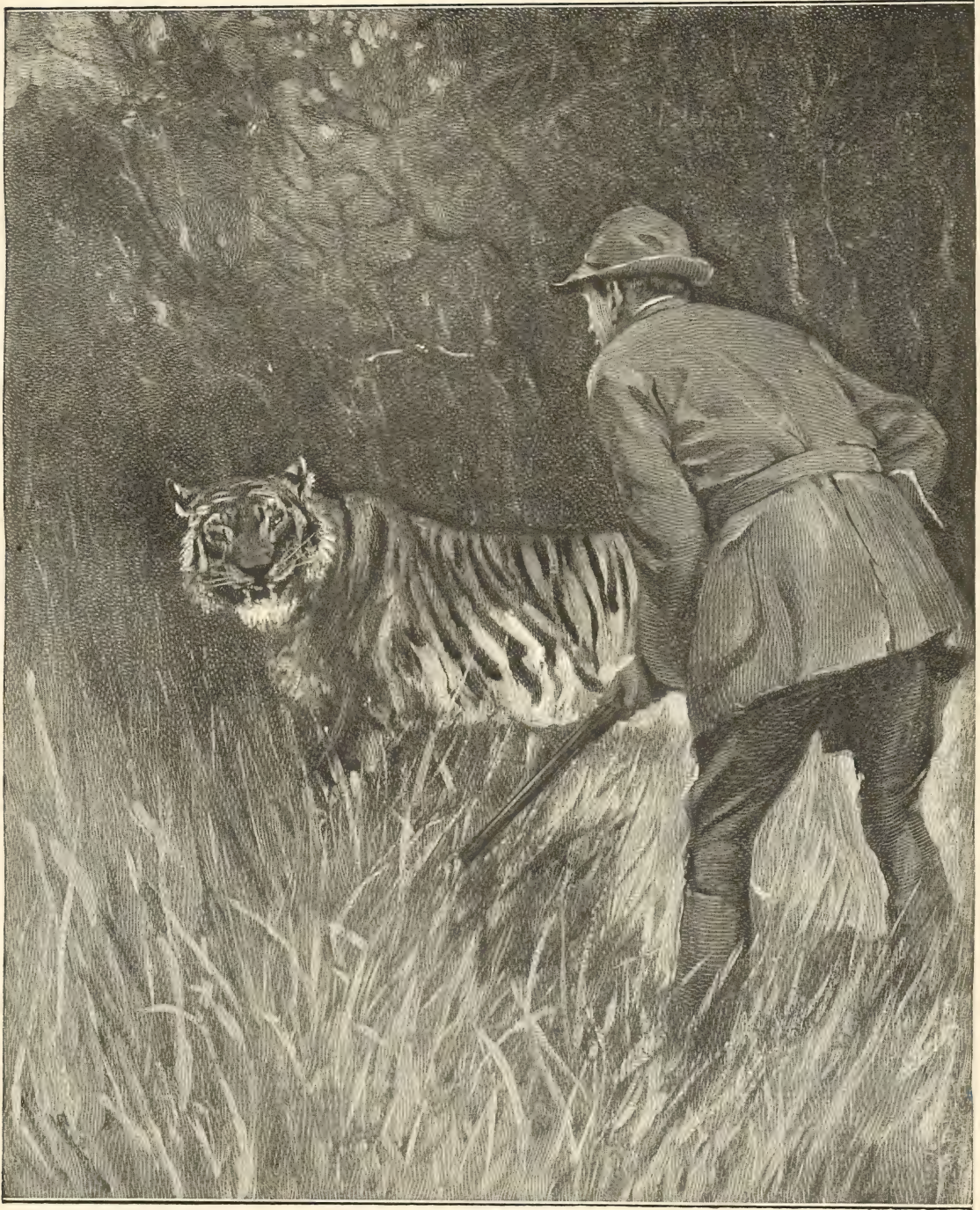
I was too miserable to answer him. I just held out my kettle, thinking that he would fill it for me. 'What are you holding out the kettle for?' he asked. 'Think I'm going to do your dirty work? Fill it at the hob yourself.'

I filled it as he bade me, choking down my tears. When I had filled it I hurried back to the 'tween-decks, hoping to hide my misery down in the semi-darkness there. I did not pass the second mate on my way back, but I passed some of the seamen, to whom a boy in tears was fair game. One asked me what I meant by coming aft all salt, like a head-sea, making the deck wet after he had squeegeed it down. Another told me to wait till the second mate caught me. 'I'd be sorry then,' he said, 'that ever I spilt the slush,' with other sea-jests, all of them pretty brutal. It is said that if a strange rook comes to a rookery, the other rooks peck it to death, or, at any rate, drive it away. I know not if this be true of rooks (I know that sparrows will attack owls or canaries whenever they have a chance), but it is true enough of human beings. We are all suspicious of the new-comer, as of a possible enemy. The seamen did to me what schoolboys do to the new boy. I did not know then that there is no mercy for one sensitive enough to take such 'jests' to heart. At sea, the rough, ready, tom-fool boy is the boy to thrive. Such an one might have spilt all the slush in the ship without getting so much as a cuff. I was a merry boy enough, but I was sad when I made my first appearance. The sailors saw me crying. If I had only had the wit to dodge the bo'sun's blows, the matter of the slush would have been turned off with a laugh, since he only struck me in the irritation of the moment. He would have enjoyed chasing me round the deck. If I had only come up merrily, that is what would have happened. As it was, I came up sad, with the result that I got my ears boxed, which, of course, made me too wretched to put the cook in a good temper—a cause of much woe to me later. The seamen who saw me crying at once put me down as a cry-baby, which I really was not; so that, for the rest of my time in the ship, I was cruelly misjudged. I hope that my readers will remember how little a thing may make a great difference in a person's life. I hope that they will also remember how easy it is to misjudge a person. It will be well for them if, as I trust, they may never experience how terrible it feels to be misjudged.

(Continued on page 118.)



"I butted into him, spattering the slush all over him."



“The hunter ventured a few paces nearer.”

THE OLD TIGER.

Founded on Fact.

THE tiger had grown very old. He was still a magnificent animal, measuring ten feet from his nose to the end of his tail, but his orange stripes had faded to pale yellow, and his handsome coat had grown ragged and dull. In his old age he had also grown very weak, and with his weakness there had come a loss of nerve.

He wandered about the jungle by himself now, for his old friends were stronger than he; they were aware of his weakness, and were wont to pick a quarrel with him in consequence. In his declining days he thus found himself an outcast, and whenever he heard the roar of one of his own species he hid among the rocks till the sound had died away.

In days gone by he had chased a buffalo, when he was hungry, without hesitation or fear; but now he knew the distant herd was beyond his power to overtake. He had recently made one or two feeble dashes on the track of a solitary buffalo, but had lost heart as he ran, and had woefully failed to gain on his prey. He was driven now to hunt smaller and weaker game, such game as he would have despised a few years ago. Occasionally, however, he waded out into the river, and stood motionless in the stream till some fish came swimming up; then, with a clever twist of his paw, he would catch the fish and toss it out on to the bank. This provided him with a dainty morsel, but it was not enough to stay his hunger; moreover, his skill as a fisherman was rapidly waning, and the habit of standing for hours in the water helped to make him weaker.

Every other animal he met seemed to be aware of his sad plight. The monkeys teased him by dropping from the trees just in front of his nose, kicking up the dry dust till it filled his eyes and drove him back, then skipping up to the trees again. Animals which he once had hunted now seemed to have no fear of him; the wild hog came quite close up to him and grunted as he inspected him, then moved away in a leisurely manner. And there were birds overhead that usually uttered shrill cries of warning whenever they saw a tiger; but now they allowed him to pass beneath without a cry, as if they were aware of his helplessness.

One day a hunting party entered the jungle—an Englishman with his native servants. Soon they spied the old tiger's track on the dusty way, and presently they traced him to the spot where he lay. They came upon him with a suddenness that alarmed the natives; his huge size, too, helped to increase their fear. They turned in flight, and none but their master stood his ground. The Englishman gazed for a moment on the gigantic animal, then quickly raised his rifle and pulled the trigger. But to his dismay the gun proved to be unloaded, and the servant who was carrying his cartridges for him had fled!

Knowing that if he retreated before a tiger, the animal would be likely to follow him and spring upon him, he bravely held his ground, at the same time calling loudly for his servant to bring the cartridges. Many minutes went by, during which the man and the tiger faced each other without moving. At last, to the hunter's great relief, his

servant came up trembling, handed the bag of cartridges to his master, and quickly made off again.

The Englishman, wondering all the while why the tiger did not either retreat or charge upon him, hastily rammed a cartridge into his gun, and stood steadily taking aim. 'Click' went the trigger, but—there was no explosion. The cartridge was a bad one.

With an exclamation of impatience, he proceeded to load and fire a second time. He pointed the weapon for another shot, when suddenly he lowered the gun and stood gazing at the tiger. The animal's eyes, he saw, were dull, his tongue was hanging out of his jaws, his coat was faded and shabby, his head bore on the crown the marks of extreme old age. The hunter ventured a few paces nearer, bending to inspect the tiger at close quarters. Then he drew back with a laugh of relief and of pity.

'Poor old fellow!' he said. 'After all, I'm rather glad that cartridge missed fire.'

Still, a tiger is a tiger, even to the end of his days, and the hunter prudently retreated step by step, keeping his face towards the creature till he got out of sight. In a water-course a little distance away he found his servants, and rated them soundly for their misbehaviour. He then explained to them the tiger's condition, and was amused to observe how every man among them suddenly became quite brave. With many loud cries, and with much beating of tom-toms, the men returned to the tiger's lair, and quickly drove him out from among the rocks.

The animal's natural ferocity, however, was not entirely gone, and he growled and snarled viciously. He even started on a chase of the foremost intruders, but his pace was slow, and they were easily able to skip out of his way. Bit by bit they drove him through the jungle, frightening him by cries and shouts, and hastening his movements by throwing stones after him, till they reached a compound where the Englishman kept his horses. The horses were led out, and the tiger driven in. Then the strong gate of the enclosure was firmly fastened, and the tiger was a prisoner.

He lay panting on the ground, his spirit apparently completely broken, but when the hunter brought him food he ate it readily. Here he lived for some weeks, being fed every day on pieces of meat, and drinking out of a tub which had been pushed in through the gate. During this time he was an object of interest to all the neighbourhood, but it was evident all the time that he had not long to live, and one morning he was found dead in the enclosure. The hunter felt glad that he had not killed the animal in the jungle, but had allowed him to end his life in a peaceful manner. J. W. H. H.

TREASURE SEEKING.

WHEN we follow the footprints of past events, there are few that awaken more interest than those that tell again the story of the Spanish Armada. The stern rocks of the Scotch and Irish coasts, though beaten by wind and wave for more

than two hundred years since, still bear traces of those few wild September days when

'That great fleet invincible against us bore in vain
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts in Spain.'

Searches in many places reveal where the ships were dashed upon the rocks, and perhaps the story is nowhere told more clearly than in the bay of Tobermory, on the coast of Argyle. Here diving operations have often been carried on, and many treasures have been taken from the depths, in spite of the waves that seemed to roar out a protest against being robbed of what had so long been theirs. In a space of ten weeks in 1906, there were found two silver plates nearly a foot wide and weighing two pounds each, a number of sword-scabbards, cannon-balls, and other weapons, harmless enough in this last harbour on the very coast they had been brought to conquer. More than eight acres of the ocean-bed in Tobermory Bay have been thoroughly searched.

WHAT THE FOOTBALL SAYS.

O, dear, I'm glad the winter's past,
And spring is near again!
For ever since September last
I've known a lot of pain,
Up, up and down the muddy ground
How often would I roll,
And seem to hear at every bound,
'Hurrah! a goal! a goal!'

I cannot understand at all
What meant that noisy shout,
Nor why a handsome leather ball
Should be so kicked about.
I went wherever I was told
Across the grassy plain,
And when to one far end I'd rolled,
They kicked me back again.

It really is a certain fact,
Whatever you may say,
That boys, I know, will sometimes act
In quite a funny way;
And so I'm glad the winter's past,
And spring is near again,
For ever since September last
I've known a lot of pain.

THE HORSE AS A HELPER.

III.—DRAUGHT-HORSES.

ONE of the most interesting sketches which the artist and traveller, Catlin, made of the customs of the North American Indians, about seventy years ago, depicts a tribe moving its camp. The tall poles of each tent, having been taken down, were fastened in twos and threes to each side of a horse, in such a way that the thicker ends of the poles dragged on the ground behind. A few shorter rods were laid across the dragging part of the poles, and these formed a sort of stage, upon which the rolled-up covering of the skin-tent was laid, along with the domestic utensils. Upon the top of all some of the women and children were placed, while others rode upon

the back of the horse. The women led the horse in turns, and the master of the tent rode fully armed on his swiftest horse, ready to aid in the defence of the moving tribe. In this way a village or camp of several thousand people would journey many miles across the prairies to take up a new site.

This method of making a horse draw a load is one of the simplest, the poles of the tent forming a rough kind of cart without wheels. If the poles were united into a strongly-connected frame, and if a pair of small wheels were placed under the dragging end of the frame, we should have a simple kind of two-wheeled cart. Such a cart was in use in the agricultural districts of Wales not many years ago, and a peculiar kind of cart, which was formerly employed in the narrow streets of Yarmouth, was of very similar construction. The Welsh carts were not much larger than barrows, and frequently a dozen of them were required to carry as much corn as could have been placed upon one large English waggon. The harvesters usually rode upon the horses' backs, instead of sitting in the cart.

On our English roads I have sometimes seen a vehicle nearly as simple as the Indian's cart of poles. When a farmer has to take a harrow or some other sharp-pointed implement along the roads to a distant field, he will sometimes place it on a low wooden sledge, to which he attaches the horse by chains or ropes. In cold countries, where snow and ice lie on the ground for many months, and form a smooth, slippery surface, sledges are the vehicles most frequently used. In Greenland and Lapland the sledges are drawn by dogs or reindeer; but in Siberia, Russia, and Canada, horses are employed. So convenient is this method of travelling in these countries that winter is the best time for getting from place to place, and frequently the melting of the snow creates a serious obstacle to travelling and to transport. A mild winter in Russia has sometimes been the cause of famine and distress, because the provisions grown in the country could not be carried by sledges to the towns.

From sledges, perhaps, every kind of four-wheeled vehicle has been developed. The Egyptians and Assyrians, several thousand years ago, moved their great stone figures by placing them on sledges, which were drawn by hundreds of men hauling at long ropes. In some of the Assyrian sculptures, which picture these great undertakings, we see men placing rollers under the front of the sledges, to help them to run more easily. It was from rollers, used in this way, that wheels were in all probability invented, by cutting down the middle part of the roller to form an axle, and leaving the ends large to form the wheels. The axle and the wheels turned round together, and they were held in their places by two wooden forks under the body of the cart, the prongs grasping the axle, as it were. Carts of this kind are still used in many European countries, as, for instance, in Sardinia, and the body of the cart can be lifted off the wheels quite simply. In course of time it was found to be better to fasten the axle to the cart, and place the wheels loosely on the ends of it, so that they might turn independently. This is now the construction of the wheels of nearly all vehicles except those on railways.

In most foreign countries the draught-work is performed by oxen. But wherever speed is essential, horses are employed, and they have always been in special favour in England. Great as is the number of those which are still employed in drawing carts and carriages, it is small compared to what it was before railways were constructed, when the quickest travelling was performed in stage-coaches. In 1835 it was said that one coach proprietor in London had thirteen hundred horses at work in coaches upon various roads, while two other proprietors had about seven hundred horses each. Moreover, there were many towns in which from one to two thousand coach-horses and carriage-horses were kept. In addition to the coaching business, there was also the general carriers' work, most of which was still done by horses drawing enormous waggons, which, when they were

sometimes said that the Acts which he obtained forbade him to employ horses, in order that there might be additional work for men in towing the boats, and also that he made use of mules to break the con-



Two-wheeled Cart.

loaded, towered far higher than any ordinary carts or vans which now pass along the roads. The wheels of these carts were very wide, in order to prevent them sinking in the soft and miry roads, and they looked more like a thick slice cut from a huge barrel than wheels. The teams were usually made up of six or eight horses arranged in pairs, and there was frequently a spare horse, which the teamster might ride.

There is one other important use to which draught-horses are put, that of towing canal-boats. Before canals were made, goods were sometimes conveyed by rivers, and in the inland districts, where sails could not be used, the boats and their loads were towed by men walking along the river-bank. When the Duke of Bridgewater obtained the sanction of Parliament for the construction of canals between Manchester, Worsley, and Runcorn, he first employed mules for the drawing of the canal-boats, but subsequently replaced them by horses. It has been



A Stage Waggon.

ditions imposed upon him. But there is no truth in this. He was at liberty to tow the boats by whatever means he might choose, and, after trying mules, he seems to have preferred horses. They are still



Canal Boat drawn by Horse.

used upon almost all our canals, and their total number must be large, though we may occasionally see an empty boat towed by men.

W. A. ATKINSON.



The Lion and the Unicorn. Find the Unicorn.



Find the Old Woman who lived in a Shoe.



The King in his Counting-house. Find the Queen, the Maid, and the Blackbird.

A PAGE OF NURSERY RHYME PICTURE PUZZLES.

(Key on page 125.)

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

True Tales of the Year 1809.

I.—THE DEATH OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

(Concluded from page 109.)

JOHN MOORE'S school days ended when he was fifteen years old, when he was appointed an ensign in the Fifty-first Regiment of Foot.

We have not space here to enumerate Moore's various successes in different parts of the world, till at last he was universally declared to be 'the best General in the British Army,' and, after his return from Egypt, he received the honour of knighthood.

In 1808, when the British troops were sent to Spain, to help Spain and Portugal to repel the advance of Napoleon, Sir John Moore was judged the best man to command them.

It was, however, a campaign full of disappointments, for the Spanish army failed to come to the support of the British, as their General had promised. Moore, who had advanced as far as Salamanca, on finding that Napoleon was already in Madrid, realised that there was nothing to be done but to make an orderly retreat to the coast.

So the return march was begun, and a bitter march it was in every sense of the word.

British troops will bear any privations to attack an enemy, but sometimes they are apt to become demoralised in a retreat, and on this occasion there was much excuse for the men.

They had come out to fight for an ally who had failed to support them. The cold was intense, food was scarce, and their uniform was in rags, and the French General, Soult, pursued them all the two hundred and fifty miles to the coast.

Still, in spite of grumblings and some desertions, so beloved was Moore by his men that, when assembled at the outposts, his division had fewer men missing from the ranks than any other in the army.

The transports were late in arriving outside Corunna, and before the fighting men could be embarked, Soult's army was upon them, and Sir John decided to give battle.

Soult's army had also suffered the many privations of a long march through a territory devoid of food or shelter, and both armies were eager to fight.

At first Moore's only idea was to force the French to retreat, and allow our troops to embark unmolested. But during the battle it came to the General's knowledge that Soult's ammunition was all but exhausted, whereas the British had an ample supply, and that in a short time Soult would be compelled to surrender. Sir John Moore rode exultantly at the head of his troops, and was watching the fight when he was struck on the left breast by a cannon-shot, which threw him from his horse. He suffered no exclamation of pain to escape him, and rose into a sitting posture till he was satisfied his troops were gaining ground, when he allowed himself to be taken to the rear.

As the soldiers placed him in a blanket his sword got entangled, and the hilt entered the wound. A staff-officer who was near attempted to take it off, but the dying man stopped him, saying, 'It is as

well as it is. I had rather it should go out of the field with me.'

The surgeons saw there was no hope; but Sir John thought of the army and not of himself, and asked repeatedly if the French were beaten. On hearing they were, he said, 'It is a great satisfaction to me to know that we have beaten the French.' Later on he said to his old friend, Colonel Anderson, 'You know that I always wished to die this way.' Then, when his life was almost gone, he roused himself, and said, eagerly, 'I hope the people of England will be satisfied. I hope my country will do me justice.' Then, after vainly trying to explain what he wished 'Hope' to do, he sank back and died.

When Moore died, error followed. General Hope, the next in command, did not understand Moore's strategy, and was satisfied to have beaten the French off the field, not realising that pursuit might have resulted in the capture of the entire French army. But it was not to be.

Sir John Moore was buried the same evening, merely wrapped in his military cloak, for there was no time to make a coffin, and interred by the officers of his staff in the citadel of Corunna.

'No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or shroud we bound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.'

MARTIN HYDE.

(Continued from page 111.)

AFTER I had called the two gentlemen, I gave the glass bull's-eyes in the swing-ports a rub with a cloth. I was at work in this way when the two gentlemen entered. Mr. Jermyn smiled to see me with my coat off, rubbing at the glass. He also wished me 'Good morning,' which Mr. Scott failed to do. Mr. Scott took no notice of me one way or the other, but sat down at the locker, asking when breakfast would be ready.

'Get breakfast, boy,' Mr. Jermyn said.

At that I put my glass-rag into the locker. I hurried off to the galley to bring the breakfast, not knowing rightly whether it would be there or in another place. The cook—surly brute—made a lot of offensive remarks to me, to which I made no answer. He was glad to have some one to bully, for he had the common man's love of power, with all his hatred of anything more polished than himself. I took the breakfast aft to the cabin, where, by this time, the ship's captain was seated. I placed the dish before Mr. Jermyn.

'Why haven't you washed your hands, boy?' he asked, looking at my hands.

'Please, sir, I haven't had time.'

'Wash them now, then. Don't come to wait at table with hands like that again. I didn't think you were a dirty boy.'

I was not a dirty boy; but, having been at work since before six that morning, I had had no chance of washing myself. I could not answer, but the injustice of Mr. Jermyn's words gave me some of the most bitter misery which I have known. For brutal, thoughtless injustice, it is difficult to beat the merchant

ship. I stole away to wash myself, very glad of the chance to get away from the cabin. When I was ready, it was time to clear the breakfast-things to the galley to wash them. Luckily, I had overheard Mr. Jermyn say, 'How well this cook does kidneys.' I repeated this to the cook, who was pleased to hear it. It made him rather more kind in his manner to me. He did not know who Mr. Scott really was. He asked me a lot of questions about what I knew about Mr. Scott. I replied that I had heard that he was a Spanish merchant, a friend of Mr. Jermyn's. As for Mr. Jermyn, he knew an uncle of mine. I had helped him to recover his pocket-book. That was all that I knew of him; that was why he had given me my present post as servant. More I dared not say, for I remembered the Duke's sharp sword on my chest. We talked thus as we washed the dishes, the cook in a sweeter mood, I myself trying hard to win him to a good opinion of me. I asked him if I might clean his copper for him; it was in a sad state of dirt.

'You'll have work enough here, boy,' he said, tartly, 'without you running round for more. You mind your own business.'

After this little snap at my head (no thought of thanks occurred to him), he prepared breakfast for us out of the remains of the cabin breakfast. I was much cheered by the prospect of food, for nearly three hours of hard work had given me an appetite. At a word from the cook, I brought out two little stools from under the bunk. Then I placed the 'bread-berge,' or wooden bowl of ship's biscuits, ready for our meal, beside our two plates. Breakfast was just about to begin when my enemy, the boatswain, appeared at the galley door.

'Here, cook,' he said, 'where's that boy? Oh! you're there, are you—feeding? Get a three-cornered scraper right now. You scrape up that slush you spilled before you eat so much as a reefer's nut.'

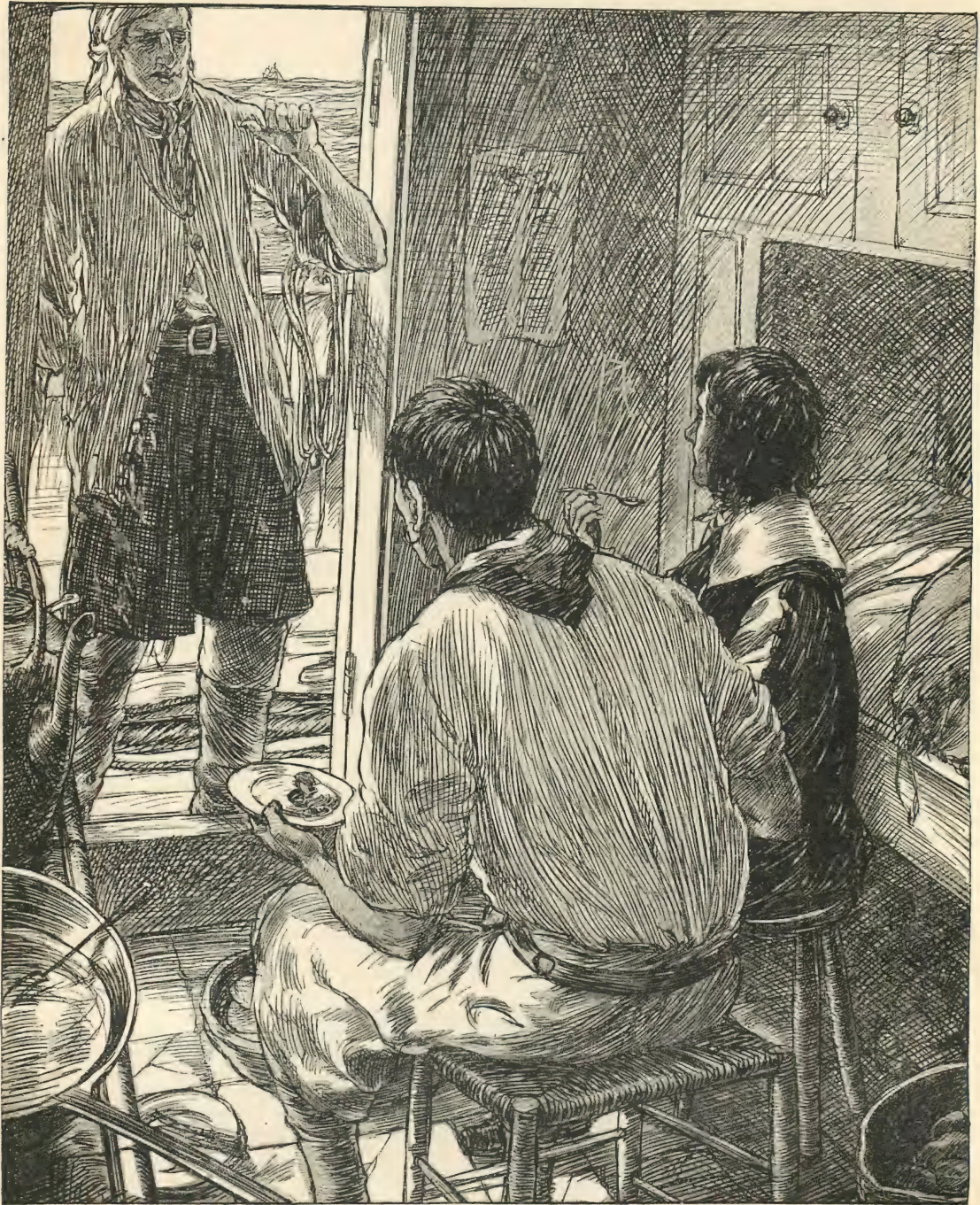
I had to go on deck again for another hour while I scraped up the slush, which was surely spilled as much by himself as by me, since he was not looking where he was going any more than I was. I got no breakfast; for, after the grease was cleaned, I was sent to black the gentlemen's boots, then to make up their beds, then to scrub their cabin clean. After all this, being faint with hunger, I took a ship's biscuit from the locker in the cabin to eat as I worked. I did not know it, but this biscuit was what is known as 'captain's bread,' a whiter, but less pleasant, kind of ship's biscuit, baked for officers. As I was eating it (I was polishing the cabin door-knobs at the time) the captain came down for a dram of brandy. He saw what I was eating. At once he read me a lecture, calling me a greedy young thief. Let me not eat another cabin biscuit, he said, or he would do to me what they always did to thieves—drag them under the ship from one side to another, so that the barnacles would cut them (as he said) into Spanish sennet-work. When I answered him, he lost his temper in sailor fashion, saying that if I said another word he would make me sorry that ever I learned to speak.

I will not go into the details of the rest of that first day's misery. I was kept hard at work for the whole time of daylight, often at work beyond my

strength, always at work quite strange to me. Nobody in the ship, except perhaps the mate, troubled to show me how to do these strange tasks; but all abused me for not doing them rightly. What I felt most keenly was the injustice of their verdicts upon me. I was being condemned by them as a dirty, snivelling, lying, thieving young rascal. They took a savage pleasure in telling me how I should come to dance on air, or, in other words, to the gallows, if I went on as I had begun. Whereas (but for my dishonest moment in the morning) I had worked like a slave since dawn, under every possible disadvantage which hasty men could place in my way. After serving the cabin supper that night, I was free to go to my hammock. I went with a glad heart, for I was tired out. There was not much to be glad for, except the rest after so much work.

The wind had drawn to the east, freshening as it came ahead, so that there was no chance of our reaching our destination for some days. I had the prospect of similar daily slavery in the schooner, at least till our arrival. My nights would be my only pleasant hours till then. The noise of the waves breaking on board the schooner kept me awake during the night, tired as I was. It is a dreadful noise, when heard for the first time. I was ignorant then what a mass of water can come aboard a ship without doing much harm: So, when the head of a wave, rushing across the deck, came with a swish down the hatch to wash the 'tween-decks I sat up in my hammock, pretty well startled. I soon learned that all was well, for I heard the sailors laughing in their rough fashion as they piled a tarpaulin over the open hatch-mouth. A moment later, eight bells struck. Some of the sailors, having finished their watch, came down into the 'tween-decks to rest. Two of them stepped very quietly to the chest below my hammock, where they sat down to play at cards, by the light of the nearest battle-lantern. If they had made a noise, I should probably have fallen asleep again in a few minutes: for what would one rough noise have been among all the noises on deck? But they kept very quiet, talking in low voices as they called the cards, rapping gently on the chest-lid, opening the lantern gently to get lights for their pipes. Their quietness was like the stealthy approach of an enemy: it kept a restless man awake, just as the snapping of twigs in a forest will keep an Indian awake, while he will sleep soundly when trees are falling. I kept awake too, in spite of myself (or half awake), wishing that the men would go, but fearing to speak to them. At last, fearing that I should never get to sleep at all, I looked over the edge of the hammock, intending to ask them to go. I saw then that one of them was my enemy, the boatswain, while the other was the ship's carpenter, who had eaten supper in the galley with me, at the cook's invitation. As these were, in a sense, officers, I dared not open my mouth to them, so I lay down again, hoping that either they would go soon, or that they would let me get to sleep before the morning. As I lay there, I overheard their talk. I could not help it. I could hear every word spoken by them. I did not want their talk, goodness knows, but as I could not help it, I listened.

(Continued on page 122.)



"My enemy appeared at the door."



"I told Mr. Jermy all I had heard."

MARTIN HYDE.

(Continued from page 119.)

'HEIGHO,' said the boatswain, yawning. 'I shan't have much to spend when I get to port. The rubbers at bowls in London have pretty near cleaned my purse out.'

'Ah, come off,' said the carpenter. 'You can always get rid of a coil of rope to some one on the sly, you boatswains can. A coil of rope comes to a few guilders. Eh, mynheer?'

'I sold too many coils off this hooker,' said the boatswain. 'I ran the ship short.'

'Who sleeps in the hammock, there?' the carpenter asked.

'The loblolly boy for the cabin,' the boatswain answered. 'Young clumsy hound. I clumped his head for him this morning.'

'Mr. Jermyn's boy?' said the carpenter sinking his voice. 'There's something queer about that Mr. Jermyn. He wears a false beard. That Mr. Scott isn't what he pretends, either.'

'I don't see how that can be,' the boatswain said. 'I wish I had a drink of something; I'm thirsty.'

'There'd be more than a drink for us if Mr. Scott was what I think,' said the carpenter. 'I'm going to keep my eye on the gang.'

'Keep your eye on the moon,' said the boatswain. 'I tell you what would raise money pretty quick.'

'What would?'

'That loblolly boy would.'

'Eh?' said the carpenter. 'Go easy, Joe. He may be awake.'

'Not he,' said the boatswain, carelessly glancing into my hammock, where I lay like all the Seven Sleepers condensed into one. 'Not he. Snoring young dog.'

'Eh,' said the carpenter, a quieter, more cautious scoundrel than the other (therefore much more dangerous). 'How would a boy like that—' He left his sentence unfinished.

'Sell him to one of those Dutch East India merchants,' said the boatswain. 'There's always one or two of them in the Canal, bound for Java. A likely young lad like that would fetch twenty pounds from a Dutch skipper. A white boy would sell for forty in the East. Even if we only got ten, there'd be enough while it lasted.'

This evidently made an impression on the carpenter, for he did not answer at once. 'Yes,' he said presently: 'but a lad like that's got good friends. He don't talk like you or me, Joe.'

'Friends in your eye,' said the other. 'What's a lad with good friends doing as loblolly boy?'

'Run away,' the carpenter said. 'Besides, Mr. Jermyn isn't likely to let the lad loose in Haarlem.'

'He might. We could keep a watch,' the boatswain answered. 'If he goes ashore, we could tip off Longshore Jack to keep an eye on him. Jack gets good chances, working the town.'

'Yes,' said the other. 'I mean to put Longshore Jack on to this Mr. Jermyn. If I'm not foul of the buoy, there's money in Mr. Jermyn. More than in East Indian slaves.'

'Oh,' the boatswain answered, carelessly; 'I don't bother about my betters, myself. What d'ye think to get from Mr. Jermyn?'

The carpenter made no answer, but lighted his pipe at the lantern, evidently turning over some scheme in his mind. After that, the talk ran on other topics, some of which I could not understand. It was mostly about the Gold Coast, about a place called Whydah, where there was good trading for negroes, so the boatswain said. He had been there in a Bristol brig, under Captain Travers, collecting trade—i.e., negro slaves. At Whydah they had carried off 'King Jelly-bags' to sea with his whole court. 'The blacks was mad after that,' he said. 'The next ship's crew that put in there was all eaten on the beach—they're cannibals in those parts; but old King Jelly-bags fetched thirty pound in Port Royal.' He seemed to think that this story was something to laugh at.

I strained my ears to hear more of what they said. I could catch nothing more relating to myself. Nothing more was said about me. They told each other stories about the African shore, when the schooners anchored in the creeks among the swamp-smells, in search of slaves or gold-dust. They told tales of Tortuga, where the pirates lived together in a town whenever they were at home after a cruise. Presently the two men crept aft to the empty cabin for some purpose of their own. Soon afterwards they passed forward to their hammocks.

When they had gone, I lay awake, wondering how I was to avoid this terrible danger of being sold to the Dutch East India merchants. I wondered who Longshore Jack might be. I feared that the carpenter suspected our party. I kept repeating his words, 'There's money in Mr. Jermyn,' till at last, through sheer weariness, I fell asleep. In the morning, as I cleared away breakfast from the cabin table, I told Mr. Jermyn all that I had heard.

The Duke seemed agitated. He kept referring to an astronomical book which told him how his 'ruling planets' stood. 'Yes,' he kept saying, 'I have no favourable stars till July. I don't like this, Jermyn.'

Mr. Jermyn smoked a pipe of tobacco (a practice rare among gentlemen at that time) while he thought of what could be done. At last he spoke. 'I know what we will do, sir. We will sell this man as carpenter to the Dutch East Indiaman. We will give the two of them a sleeping draught in their drink. We will get rid of them both together.'

'It sounds very cruel,' said the Duke.

'Yes,' said Mr. Jermyn, 'it is cruel. But who knows what the sly, cautious man may not pick up? We're playing for high stakes, we two. We have many enemies. One word of what this man suspects may bring a whole pack of spies upon us. Besides, if the spies get hold of this boy, we shall have some trouble.'

'The boy has done very well,' said the Duke.

'He has a talent for overhearing,' Mr. Jermyn answered. 'Well, Martin Hyde, how do you like your work?'

'Sir,' I answered, 'I don't like it at all.'

'Well,' he said, 'we shall be in the Canal to-night, now the wind has changed. Hold out till then.'

'I think, sir,' he said turning to the Duke, 'the boy

has done really very creditably. The work is not at all the work for one of his condition.'

The Duke rewarded me with his languid, beautiful smile. 'Who lives will see,' he said. 'A King never forgets a faithful servant.' The phrase seemed queer on the lips of that man's father's son; but I bowed very low, for I felt that I was already a captain of a man-of-war, with a big, blazing decoration on my heart. Well, who lives, sees. I lived to see a lot of strange things in that King's service.

(Continued on page 130.)

LORD MAYOR'S DAY IN THE OLDEN TIME.



ONE of the old historians seem to know when it was that the Lord Mayor of London first went in state from the City to Westminster, but probably the custom began in the reign of King John. We know that originally the Mayor had to present himself before the King to be approved of, and afterwards it was arranged he had to wait upon the judges. Evidently the citizens used to get excited over choosing their Mayor. They met in

a large open space, and the meeting was noisy; fights were not uncommon, so that it was necessary to make a change, and the Lord Mayor was then chosen in a quieter way by a small number of citizens. The election is now held on Michaelmas Day at the Guildhall.

King Edward III., in the year 1354, granted to the City the privilege of having gold and silver maces carried before the Lord Mayor and Aldermen. The procession, or 'Lord Mayor's Show,' then went by land. According to old custom, the Lord Mayor rode on horseback, and many others in the procession, too, though some persons sat in grand cars or chariots. Describing the costume of a Mayor, an author says that he had a robe of crimson velvet, a large furred hat, a belt of gold, a chain round his neck, adorned with jewels, from which hung the figure of a sheep. (We must remember the City merchants did a large trade in woollen goods.) He was followed by his three huntsmen, richly apparelled, for it was usual for the Lord Mayor to go hunting in Middlesex.

The Mayors began to go by water in 1453, when Sir John Norman built a grand barge for the purpose, and the twelve chief companies had new barges as well. A long time before the show they were busy preparing what were called 'pageants,' which were carried on cars, and these really had a likeness to the emblematic figures we see on Lord Mayor's Day now. In 1585, Sir Woolston Dixie had a woman in silk and velvet, sitting under a canopy of gold, attended by others, and figures to represent Peace, Loyalty, Science, and Progress.

A HOLIDAY.

WHEN I awake, it is no longer night;
The stars have gone, the silver moon is
dim;

The wind blows dewy-cool across the fields,
While pearl-grey dawn peeps o'er the mountain's
rim.

When I awake, I from my window see
The roses stirring on the tangled sprays;
The lark is in the sky; at morning's gate
He to the sun out-pours a song of praise.

When I awake, like an unopened book
Before me lie long hours for happy play:
To-day is mine—the pages open wide—
How glad am I it is the glorious day!

PICTURES AND THEIR PAINTERS.

From the Wallace Collection, London.

IV.—PIETER DE HOOGH.

PIETER DE HOOGH was the contemporary of Niklaas Maas, possibly born in the same year, 1632, at Rotterdam. We know hardly anything of the man or of his life, except that he lived at Delft and Haarlem, and that he studied under Berghem and possibly under Rembrandt. He painted the same homely scenes in which Maas delighted, though without the other artist's quiet fun. But De Hoogh has one special talent which is all his own, and that is the power of painting sunshine. His pictures, it has been said, almost make one wink, so bright they are, flooded with yellow light which is reflected in the smooth pavements of the open courtyards, and touches into brilliance the scarlet cloak or skirt which he loved to introduce.

It has been suggested that the Dutch painters of this period were somewhat influenced by the art of Venice, and certainly the rich dresses and appointments and the warm, glowing hues remind us of the great Venetian colourists, Titian, Giorgione, and Paolo Veronese. But in Pieter de Hoogh's pictures the surroundings are thoroughly Dutch. We recall the statement that the houses in Holland are 'spring-cleaned' ever week; as we look at those spotless floors and shining tiles, we almost smell the soap and water and furniture polish. Quite Dutch, too, are the sturdy matrons, capable housewives, dressed warmly and handsomely in garments that have a look of substantial comfort, deep red skirts and fur-trimmed jackets, and the big apron for protection against the soils of kitchen work. And, to make the picture of home life complete, De Hoogh generally gives us a child, learning, in practical Dutch fashion, to take a part in the household work. Sometimes it is a little lad dispatched on an errand up the sunny street; sometimes, as in our illustration, a plump little maid—a small copy, in her long petticoats, of the mother by whose side she is studying the ways of good housewifery. One hopes these solid little people occasionally played and got into mischief, though the long skirts must have somewhat interfered with romps. But, in the days when the sea-



Woman Peeling Apples. By Pieter de Hoogh.

fog lay heavy over the low country, a picture by De Hoogh must have been a pleasant and comforting possession, bringing a glow of warmth and colour into the chilly atmosphere, a hopeful reminder

that the sun would surely shine again, and turn the wide canals into shimmering sheets of silver, and hang the summer greenery once more over the courtyard wall.

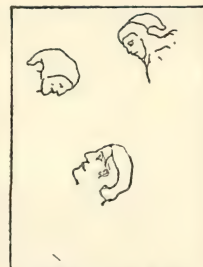
MARY H. DEBENHAM.



Jack Sprat's Wife.



Robinson Crusoe's Animals.



King Cole's Three Fiddlers.

KEY TO PICTURE PUZZLES ON PAGE 84.



The Unicorn.



The Queen, the Maid, and the Blackbird.



The Old Woman.

KEY TO PICTURE PUZZLES ON PAGE 117.

WELL-SINKING IN THE DESERT.



IN the great desert of Sahara there are thousands of square miles in which scarcely a drop of water is to be found upon the surface of the ground. Yet in many places in these great desert tracts there is abundance of water at a considerable depth from the surface, and owing to inequalities in the beds of rock or soil, upon which this water rests, it often lies under great pressure. If by any means a passage may be opened to the surface, the water is forced up, and there is then an abundant spring or well in the midst of the desert. Palm-trees quickly grow around it, and soon there is a fertile spot, or oasis, where travellers may rest, or a tribe take up its abode.

The Arabs have for a long time known something about this underground water, and they have not only tried to keep open the springs and wells which have been naturally formed, but they have often dug new ones. For about fifty years the French Government, which rules in Algeria, on the northern borders of the Sahara, has kept a number of engineers at work making wells, and by this means much of the country which was formerly barren has been made fertile. These French engineers work with boring

instruments, and every kind of modern appliance for making artesian wells, and they have in some cases bored to a depth of nearly two thousand feet, which is eight or ten times as deep as the Arabs have been able to reach. It is not, however, the work of the French engineers which I wish to describe now, but rather that of the Arabs, which shows how much greater the difficulties are when the well-sinker has few or no implements and mechanical appliances to aid him.

The Arabs dig their wells with a rude kind of mattock, and gather up the loose sand and soil into baskets, which are drawn up to the surface of the ground by means of cords. At first the work is simple, but it becomes more difficult as the well grows deeper. If the soil is sandy and loose, the sides of the well must be supported by timbers cut from the palm-tree, and held in their places by props, in order to prevent the sides of the pit from falling in, and thus undoing the labour of the diggers, or burying them in the ground.

When a considerable depth has been reached, water nearly always flows into the pit. It is difficult to tell where this water comes from, but it is not springing water, and it is usually muddy. This is not the water which the well-sinkers are seeking, and if they wish to obtain an abundant flow of fresh water, they must continue the well deeper and deeper, until they reach the great store which is locked up in the depths of the ground. The men have no satisfactory means of drawing up the muddy water as fast as it accumulates, and they are compelled, therefore, either to give up the task of sinking

the well, or work on under the accumulated water. As they cannot live without fresh water, they try the latter course.

A rope with a heavy weight at the end of it is suspended in the well, and the baskets are also weighted. Five or six men take it in turns to drop down the shaft by means of the weighted rope, and work for a minute or two under the water, while they hold their breath. Let us suppose one of them is ready to go. His ears are stopped with greasy cotton-wool to keep out the water. He grasps the rope and slides down, perhaps a hundred and thirty feet or more, until he reaches the surface of the water. There, steadying himself with his feet against the side, he pauses for a few minutes, while he clears out his throat, and takes a few deep breaths. Then down he goes into the water, and we can see no more of him. But we can imagine what he is doing. He has drawn himself down by pulling at the weighted rope, for he is lighter than the water while he holds his breath, and would float upwards if he had not a grasp of the rope. While he holds on with one hand, he scoops up the sand and mud into the weighted basket, which has already been lowered down before him. A minute passes, a minute and a half, two minutes. It is dangerous work, and this is a long time for a man to hold his breath. Can he have drowned in this deep hole? No; there is an Arab by our side, watching the rope, and ready to go down in a moment to the help of his comrade, should an accident occur. The rope is steady, and the watcher is quite calm, as though nothing unusual had happened. And see, here comes the diver, quite breathless and exhausted. He stays a moment to catch his breath, then climbs up the rope, and sits himself down by a fire near the mouth of the well to warm and dry himself, while the next workman goes down. He was just two minutes and a half under the water.

Each diver goes down only three or four times each day. The whole of them will, therefore, make about twenty scoopings, and at this rate the well-digging goes on very slowly. A very deep well, that is to say one which is from two hundred to two hundred and fifty feet deep, will probably take four or five years for its completion. The work is very exhausting and also dangerous. The divers are sometimes suffocated before their comrades can rescue them. Often, too, the work proves too difficult, and has to be abandoned when it is nearly completed. If the soil grows hard or rocky, if the water accumulates to too great a depth, or if the upper part of the well falls in, the object of the well-sinkers is defeated, and their labour is lost. But if success crowns their efforts, then they and their wives and children can live in this part of the desert. W. A. ATKINSON.

THE TREACHEROUS SOLWAY.

HILDA and Joan were very hot as they jumped off their bicycles outside the little inn in Dumfriesshire, close to the Solway.

'Oh, how I want my tea!' they both cried, and gave orders at once to the smiling landlady.

'We are just in good time,' said Hilda, looking at

her watch. 'The tide does not turn for another half-hour, and we shall be able to cross the river by the ferry. If we don't want to go any further, we can spend the night at the "White Doe."'

The two sisters had spent a week cycling in the neighbourhood. The weather had been glorious, and they were very sorry that this was to be the last night of their holiday.

They enjoyed their meal as heartily as any two healthy mortals could do.

Suddenly the landlord's voice was heard at the doorway. 'If you two young ladies are going to cross by the ferry to-night, you had better be starting. There's plenty of time, but you don't know these parts, and you will have to push your bicycles.'

'Thank you,' said Hilda as she rose to start. 'But I have been here once before. That is the way, isn't it?' and she pointed across the level grey-green plain.

'Yes; aim straight for that old hawthorn-stump which overhangs the river, and you can't go wrong. You will find it a bit heavy with your bicycles, and maybe you will get your feet wet.'

'We are used to that,' the girls answered. Then they paid their little bill, and started off as quickly as they could down the grassy track the landlord had pointed out.

It had been a cloudless day, but a change was now threatening. The acres of coarse, level grass, crossed and recrossed by creeks and dykes, were looking grim and colourless, and melted away in the grey of the advancing tide in the distance. Little gusts of wind cut sharply through the stunted bushes, and heavy clouds were massing themselves along the horizon.

'Are we going right?' asked Joan suddenly. 'Which side of this creek ought we to be?'

'On the right, I should think,' answered Hilda, glancing from hawthorn-stump to inn, and from inn to hawthorn-stump.

So they went on in silence for a while, only to find that the creek gave a tiresome bend, taking them quite out of their proper path, so that they must either wade through it or else make a considerable *détour*. They glanced anxiously at that grey advancing line in the distance, and then hurried as fast as they could to get round the creek.

'Sorry, Joan,' said Hilda, shortly.

'I wasn't a bit sure which was right,' answered Joan.

They were startled as they turned to regain the right track, if track it could be called, to see that behind them a great stretch of water lay between them and the inn.

'We can't go back, anyhow!' said Hilda, and they turned resolutely to face the other way. There was a horrid little sentence in the guide-book which Joan was now sorry she had read aloud that afternoon; it rang in her head, and would not be quieted: 'The Solway tide is very treacherous. It comes in at a tremendous rate; faster, indeed, than a man can ride.' The word 'ride' suggested bicycles.

'It's a pity our bicycles are no help,' she said, and tried to push hers more quickly over the uneven surface.

'We're getting on, though,' said Hilda. 'That hawthorn-stump is not far off now, and then we shall have to shout for the ferryman.'

'Would he be sure to hear?' was the thought in both their hearts which they dared not express.

All Joan could say was, 'We will ring our bells as well—*hard!*'

At last they were there, close to the hawthorn-tree, and they shouted and rang their best. But, somehow, their voices sounded strange. They could not make it an ordinary, cheerful shout; they felt as if they were shouting for help, and then they knew for the first time that they were thoroughly frightened. How they peered across the grey, sweeping water to the tiny cottage on the other side where the ferryman lived! Not a sign of life or movement! No boat, no man! Nothing but the tide racing, racing in front of them—'faster than a man can ride!'

Again they shouted, again, and yet again! And still there was no sign or sound, but the hungry, gurgling water flowing beside them and in front of them, filling creek after creek, and eating up the island on which they stood by feet and by yards!

'There are two men waving,' said Joan suddenly. And, sure enough, there they stood on the opposite shore, shouting and waving to them.

'Whatever do they mean?' asked Joan. 'There's no boat.'

'I think they mean us to go further inland,' suggested Hilda. 'We must be quick, whatever they mean.'

So the girls turned towards the creek on their left, full of racing water. In plunged Hilda. She was almost up to her waist in a moment; her bicycle quite disappeared. Fortunately, the creek was narrow; but just as she was getting out of the water her foot slipped in the sticky mud, and she only just recovered her balance. It was not nice to think what would have happened if she had slipped where the water was deepest and the current strongest. Now Joan had to follow; but she was fortunate enough to hit on a rather shallower part, so that, though considerably shorter than her sister, she did not suffer so badly.

'Those men are still waving—if only we knew exactly what they mean!' exclaimed Joan.

'Well, we can't do wrong in getting further from the sea, can we? It's better than standing still, at any rate,' suggested Hilda.

They were on another green island, a smaller one this time, and again they plunged into a creek. The rate of the current was tremendous, and it was no easy matter to wheel bicycles through it; but the depth was distinctly less. They were on their third island, but were now water-bound. The next creek in front was a broad, roaring torrent, impossible to attempt.

'Those men might do something,' said Joan. But Hilda felt that, as there was no boat, it was not apparent what they could do.

So the minutes slipped by. There was nothing now but sea between them and the inn where they had had tea. The wind was rising, and drove sharp little spatters of rain against their cheeks. They shivered in their draggled, dripping garments.

'My poor bicycle!' said Joan, feeling that silence was worse than anything.

'Yes,' replied Hilda. 'What a pity you have just had it done up!'

The grass under their feet was getting soppy, and horrid little pioneer waves were creeping nearer and nearer, when suddenly a fresh sound struck their ears—a wooden creaking and jerk in regular beats.

'What's that?' said Joan. 'It's like oars—it is, I'm sure. But I can't see any boat.' And as she spoke she felt as if she wanted to cry.

The sound grew louder and nearer.

'Yes; it's a boat!' almost shrieked Hilda, as suddenly the ferryman's head appeared above the edge of the bank close to them.

'One minute, young ladies, one minute,' said the old ferryman, as he pulled the boat round and then steadied it for them to get in. 'You have had a bit of a fright, I fancy,' he added, as he saw their white faces and wet clothes; 'and you're not the first. Solway's played many a trick before this.'

'Where were you?' asked Hilda. 'We couldn't see the boat at all.'

'I was on this side all the time, and some men signalled to me to come and fetch you. I couldn't see you either until I was quite close.'

'Oh! that was what those men were doing, then,' said Joan. 'We thought they wanted us to go further up-stream.'

'And so you went through those creeks! Well, I never! It's a wonder you're alive to tell the tale. It's always the safest place by the hawthorn-stump; you could have stood there another quarter of an hour. Look!'

The girls did look. They had scarcely been in the boat ten minutes, and their last two islands had entirely disappeared; but there was just a little grass left round the hawthorn-stump, and that was rapidly diminishing.

There was no more talk, for it was as much as the old man could do to get the boat across the stream. The girls watched, fascinated, the sweeping current and a line of posts, which gave the impression that they were racing out to sea.

At last they scrambled on to the shore with their bicycles, helped by the two men who had seen their adventure. They were very sympathetic, and assured the poor travellers that they would be kindly treated at the 'White Doe.' This, indeed, proved to be the case, for the kind landlady soon had them in bed, attired in her own night-clothes, and drinking hot coffee.

It was, however, a strange night; for as soon as the girls fell asleep the whole story began to repeat itself—only the creeks were much deeper, the islands smaller, the waiting-time longer than they had been in reality. The bicycles weighed tons and tons, the ground was incredibly rough, the oozy mud incredibly slippery, and, worst of all, the boatman saw them, but would not come to their rescue!

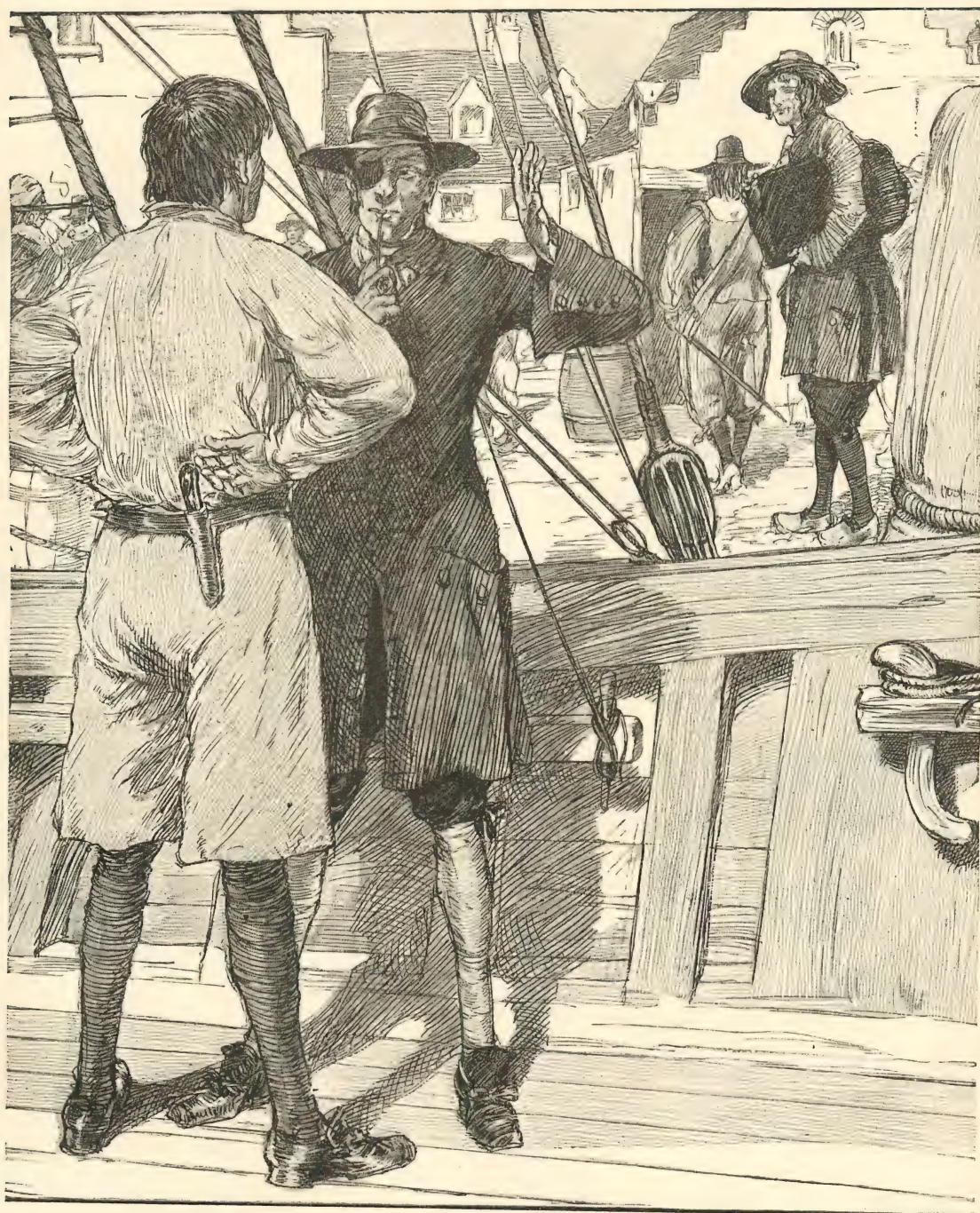
It was not until daylight came that they really fell into a restful sleep, and at last awoke, refreshed and ready to struggle home in their poor, stiff clothes, all hardened with mud and sea-water, to tell the story of their adventure to their excited family.



“They were water-bound.”



THE HARVEST OF THE SEA.



“The stranger raised his hand to a man on the wharf.”

MARTIN HYDE.

(Continued from page 123.)

I WILL say no more about our passage, except that we were three days at sea. Then, when I woke one morning, I found that we were fast moored to a gay little wharf, paved with clean white cobbles, on the north side of the canal. Strange, outlandish figures, in immense blue, baggy trousers, clattered past in wooden shoes. A few Dutch galliots lay moored ahead of us, with long scarlet pennons on their mastheads. On the other side of the canal was a huge East Indiaman, with her lower yards cock-billed, loading all three hatches at once.

It was a beautiful morning. The sun was so bright that all the scene had thrice its natural beauty. The clean, neat trimness of the town, the water slapping past in the canal, the ships with their flags, the Sunday trim of the schooner, all filled me with delight, lit up, as they were, by the April sun. I looked about me at my ease, for the deck was deserted. Even the never-sleeping mate was resting, now that we were in port.

While I looked, a man sidled along the wharf from a warehouse towards me. He looked at the schooner in a way which convinced me that he was not a sailor. Then, sheltering behind a bollard, he lighted his pipe. He was a short, active, wiry man, with a sharp, thin face, disfigured by a green patch over his right eye. He seemed to me to have a horsey look, as though he were a groom or coachman. After lighting his pipe, he advanced to a point abreast of the schooner's gangway, from which he could look down upon her as she lay with her deck a foot or two below the level of the wharf. 'Chips aboard?' he asked, meaning 'Is the carpenter on board?'

'Yes,' I said. 'Will you come aboard?'

He did not answer, but looked about the ship, as though making notes of everything. Presently he turned to me.

'You're new,' he said. 'Are you Mr. Jermyn's boy?' I told him that I was.

'How is Mr. Jermyn keeping?' he asked. 'Is that cough of his better?'

This made me feel that probably the man knew Mr. Jermyn. 'Yes,' I said. 'He's got no cough, now.'

'He'd a bad one last time he was here,' the man answered. For a while he kept silent. He seemed to me to be puzzling out the relative heights of our masts. Suddenly he turned to me, with a very natural air. 'How's Mr. Scott's business going?' he asked. 'You know, eh? You know what I mean?'

I was taken off my guard. I'm afraid I hesitated, though I knew that the man's sharp eyes noted every little change on my face. Then, in the most natural way, he reassured me. 'You know,' he said. 'What demand for oranges in London?'

I was thankful that he had not meant the other business. I said with a good deal too much eagerness that there was, I believed, a big demand for oranges.

'Yes,' he said, 'I suppose so many young boys makes a brisk demand.'

I was uneasy at the man's manner. He seemed to be pumping me, but he had such a natural, easy

way, under the pale mask of his face, that I could not be sure if he were in the secret or not. I was on my guard now, ready for any question, as I thought, but eager for an excuse to get away from this man before I betrayed my trust.

'Nice ship,' he said easily. 'Did you join her in Spain?'

'No,' I answered; 'in London.'

'In London?' he said. 'I thought you had something of a Spanish look.'

'No,' I said, 'I'm English. Did you want the carpenter, sir?'

'Yes,' he answered. 'I do. But no hurry. No hurry, lad.' Here he pulled out a watch, which he wound up, staring vacantly about the decks as he did so. 'Tell me, boy,' he said gently, 'is Lane come over with you?' To tell the truth, it flashed across my mind, when he pulled out his watch, that he was making me unready for a difficult question. I was not a very bright boy; but I had this sudden prompting or instinct, which set me on my guard. No one is more difficult to pump than a boy who is ready for his questioner, so I stared at him. 'Lane?'

I said, 'Lane? Do you mean the bo'sun?'

'No,' he said. 'The Colonel. You know? Eh?'

'No,' I said. 'I don't know.'

'Oh, well,' he answered, 'it's all one. I suppose he's not come over.'

At this moment the mate came on deck with the carpenter, carrying a model ship which they had been making together in their spare time. They nodded to the stranger, who gave them a curt 'How do?' as though they had parted from him only the night before. The mate growled at me for wasting time on deck when I should be at work. He sent me down to my usual job of getting the cabin ready for the breakfast of the gentlemen.

As I passed down the hatchway, I heard the carpenter say to the stranger, 'Well, so what's the news with Jack?' It flashed into my mind that this man might be his friend, the 'Longshore Jack' who was to keep an eye upon me as well as upon Mr. Jermyn. It gave me a most horrid qualm to think this. The man was so sly, so calm, so guarded, that the thought of his being on the look-out for me, to sell me to the Dutch captains, almost scared me out of my wits. The mate brought him to the cabin as I was laying the table. 'This is the cabin,' he was saying, 'where the gentlemen mess. That's our stern-chaser, the gun there.'

'Oh,' said the stranger, looking about him like one who has never seen a ship before. 'But where do they sleep? Do they sleep on the sofa' (he meant the lockers) 'there?'

'Why, no,' said the mate. 'They sleep in the little cabins yonder. But we mustn't stay down here now. I'm not supposed to use this cabin. I mustn't let the captain see me.'

So they went on deck again, leaving me alone. When the gentlemen came in to breakfast, I had to go on deck for the dishes. As I passed through to the galley, I noticed the stranger talking to the carpenter by the main-rigging. They gave me a meaning look, which I did not at all relish. Then, as I stood in the galley, while the cook dished up, I noticed that the stranger raised his hand to a tall,

lanky, ill-favoured man who was loafing about on the wharf, carrying a large black package. This man came right up to the edge of the wharf, directly he saw the stranger's signal.

It made me uneasy somehow. I was in a thoroughly anxious mood, longing to confide in some one, even in the crusty cook, yet fearing to open my mouth to any one, even to Mr. Jermyn, to whom I dared not speak with the captain present in the room.

Well, I had my work to do, so I kept my thoughts to myself. I took the dishes down below to the cabin, where, after removing the covers, I waited on the gentlemen.

(Continued on page 138.)

ANTIGONUS OF ANTWERP.

ACCORDING to a Belgian legend, Antigonus was a giant who took up his abode on the river Scheldt, where the ruins of the old castle of Antwerp may still be seen. He extorted heavy tolls from all travellers, and when any unfortunate person could not, or would not, pay, Antigonus cut his hands off, and flung them into the river. This, it is said, is the origin of the word Antwerp (*Hantwerpen*, or 'Hand-tossing'). Hence a castle with three towers argent, surmounted by two hands, is Antwerp's coat-of-arms.

This terrible giant was slain, at the instigation of Prince Brabo, by seven young men from Antwerp. In the processions through the city which take place on grand occasions, the figures of Antigonus and Brabo have a part. That of the giant is nearly forty feet in height, and when it is not being paraded it resides in the City Hall of Antwerp. A door in the pedestal on which the figure sits gives access by a staircase to the inside of the giant's body as far as the shoulders, beneath which is a platform. Here, during the procession, sits a man, who by means of a winch waggles the enormous head to and fro. Before this extraordinary object march two men, in citizen's livery, carrying several hands (not real ones!) as a trophy.

E. DYKE.

WONDERS OF THE SEA.

V.—QUEER SWIMMERS.

IT seems to be a rooted conviction that fishes swim by the movement of their fins; as a matter of fact, however, with the exceptions we are about to mention, the fins play quite another part. Really to understand the motion of fishes a careful survey should be taken of the body as a whole. Note, for example, its shape. In the typical fish, say a mackerel, the body is much longer than deep, almost cylindrical (that is to say, a slice taken through the middle of the body would be almost round), bluntly pointed in front and tapering behind. Along the back runs a row of small, upright fins, and a similar row will be found running down the middle of the hinder end of the body. On each side, near the head, will be found a pair of fins answering to our arms, while further down the body is another pair, answering to our legs. Finally

comes the tail fin, which is also vertical in position. The surface of the body is marvellously smooth, being covered with fine scales, which in turn are covered with slime or mucus, so that no resistance is offered by the body to its passage through the water. Such a fish swims by undulatory movement, that is to say, by rapid side-to-side movements of the body. The fins serve as balancing organs, as is shown by the fact that when the front pair of fins are disabled the fish is no longer able to float in the usual way, but turns back downwards. This front pair of fins is also used for checking speed, and for steering purposes.

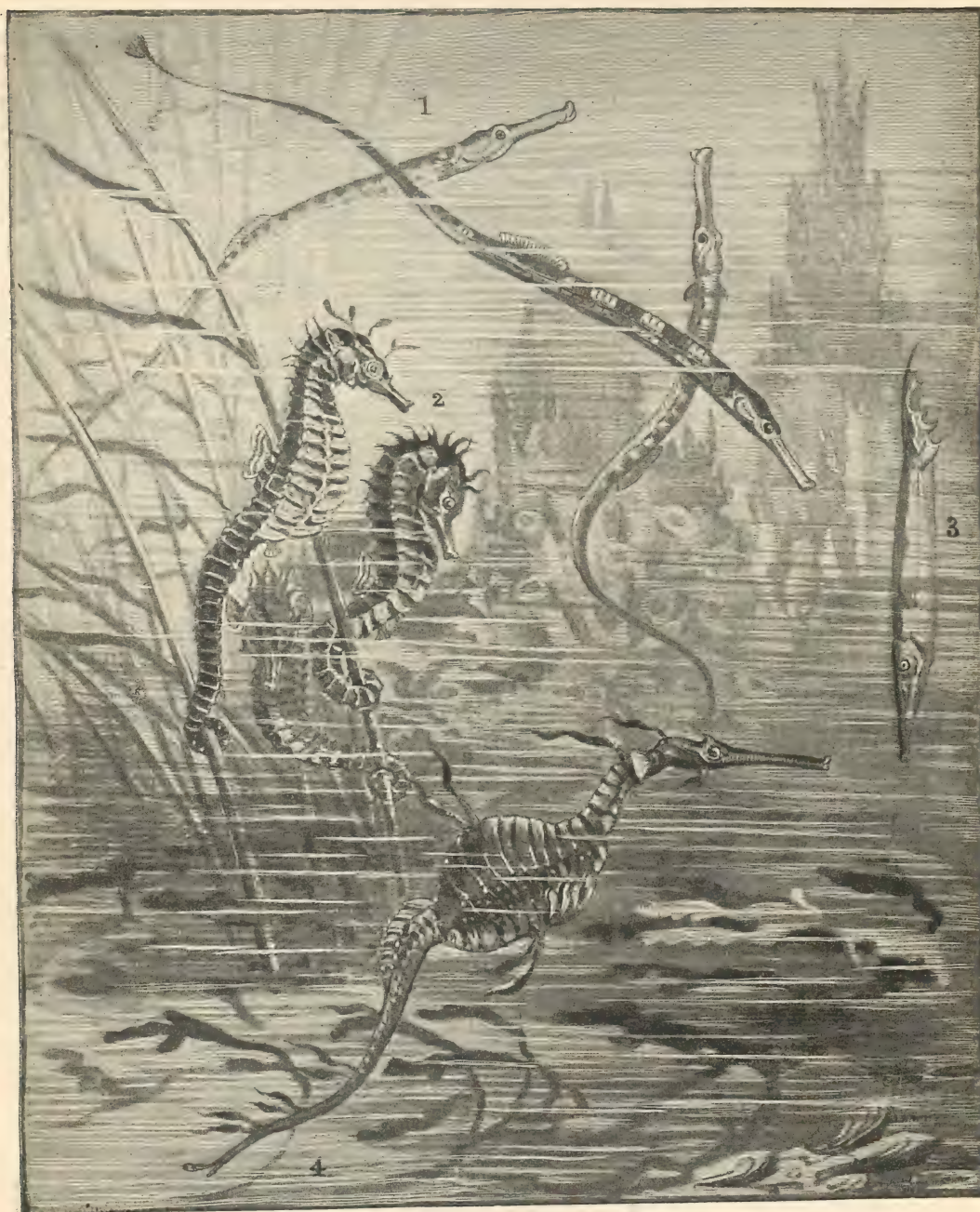
Some fish use their fins more than others, however, and in this fact we have the clue to the way in which the exceptional cases we are to consider had their beginning. The pike, for instance, by setting his breast fins in rapid vibration, propels himself backwards, and similar extremely rapid movements of the back fin control the movement of the body when only a very slight change of position is required.

But there are some fish which apparently depend entirely on the movements of the back fin to propel the body from place to place. And in all such cases we find the form of the body has been profoundly changed. That is to say, the shape of the body has lost much of the ordinary, or, as we say, typical shape, and with this change in shape new methods of locomotion have had to be adopted.

One of the most striking instances of this is furnished by that queer little animal, the 'sea-horse' (No. 2 in the illustration on page 132). In this creature the body is carried vertically, and the head, which bears a rough resemblance to that of a horse, is bent upon the body so as to make the likeness to a horse-head and arched neck still more striking. The tail, it is to be noticed, is no less remarkable than the head. In the first place it bears no 'fin,' and in the second it is used as an anchor! But it is something more than this, for it possesses a sense of touch, and can be curled and uncurled round pieces of seaweed, or other objects, when the fish desires to rest. When, on the other hand, he desires to roam, he looses his hold by his tail, and sets his back fin vibrating at a tremendous rate; and off he goes, driven along as a ship is driven by a propeller!

The 'sea-horse,' it will be noticed, has the body more or less markedly studded with spines, or tubercles. But in a near relative of this creature, the dragon-fish (No. 4), these spines have long, trailing flaps of skin which bear a striking likeness to bits of seaweed. Now, this fish lives among seaweed, and since it is by no means an active animal, these seaweed-like tags of skin afford it as much protection against prowling enemies as would the speed of an arrow, for so long as it remains still it may defy discovery even by the sharpest eyes.

We can hardly conclude this account of these remarkable fishes without a reference to their probable origin. These fishes have gained their present peculiarities by a process of slow development. Their ancestors must have borne a close resemblance to the common pipe-fish of our shores; and this is shown in the picture illustrating this chapter (No. 1). We must suppose that the more usual and more familiar type of sea-horse was the first to appear, and



Sea-horses and their Relatives.

the sea-dragon is a still further improvement, so to speak, on this.

In this chapter only one more of these exceptional creatures can be described. This shall be the remarkable tortoise-fish or amphisile (No. 3). It is also called the needle-fish and the shrimp-fish. Small and semi-transparent, it is remarkable for the fact

that it swims in a vertical position and upside-down, or rather, head downwards! And as if this was not enough to make it unique, its body is ensheathed in a continuous cuirass of bone, which is inseparable from the internal skeleton; in which respect it recalls the tortoise; hence one of its names—tortoise-fish.

W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., A.L.S., &c.



"The puppy was barking furiously at a huge elephant."

BRITISH PLUCK.

A True Anecdote.

A BRITISH officer, who was enjoying some sport in India, had with him a tiny fox-terrier puppy which had been given to him. The little animal, though only just big enough to walk, was full of spirits, and always getting into mischief.

The officer was one day in the jungle, hunting, when he heard an angry trumpeting at a little distance, followed by a squeaky sort of noise which he could not at first understand. He made his way cautiously to the spot from which the sound proceeded, and there saw a strange sight. The puppy, which had strayed from the Englishman's

camp, was standing in a little open space barking furiously at a huge wild elephant a few feet away; the elephant was enraged, but did not seem to understand the little creature. After more loud trumpetings, the great animal stood uncertainly for a few moments, and then turned, and made off hurriedly—beaten by British pluck.

REVEALED BEAUTIES.

I SAW the moon rise clear and bright
O'er hill and vale and field;
It came, a fair and lovely sight
The day had ne'er revealed.

I saw the bright stars one by one
Within the heavens shine;
They told of many a burning sun,
And other worlds than mine.

So may we in the darkness trace—
In hours of ill and pain—
Full many an unsuspected grace,
Unknown, unfelt, till then.

THE SEA-KINGS OF ENGLAND.

III.—THE FIRST COLONY.

JOHN CABOT and Sebastian his son, mariners of Bristol, were the first to discover and explore the coast of what is now the United States, stretching from the Florida Keys to Newfoundland. After the Cabots came many Spanish and French adventurers; but none of them made a lasting settlement there. Nevertheless, they gained riches by trading, and glory because of their daring voyages in these unknown seas. It seemed good, therefore, to many Englishmen that England also should bear a part in whatever fame or wealth was to be obtained thus: and Sir Humphrey Gilbert, in particular, had great hopes and splendid visions of what might come from such an enterprise. It was said that four hundred years before the reign of Elizabeth, a Welshman of royal blood, Madoc ap Owen Gwynedd, had voyaged across the ocean, and settled as a King in North America; and therefore, men affirmed, England ought to take up again this kingdom which he had founded. Moreover, the natives were perpetually at war with one another, and in a miserable state of want and strife, so that the rule of English settlers would greatly benefit them. The produce of the country—cotton, skins, furs, minerals, wild game suitable for food, silkworms, rich fruits, precious stones, and the like—would be serviceable to England. And lastly, the chief advantage of all, the settlers would be able to teach the savage natives not only many peaceful arts, but the true Christian faith.

So Sir Humphrey Gilbert dreamed of a new world across the great ocean, where the strife and jealousies of Europe would be far distant, and riches and happiness be won by any man stout-hearted enough to settle so many leagues from his home. And, since others in the days of Queen Elizabeth had the same high hopes (though many doubtless thought only of the gain to successful voyagers), Gilbert

persuaded his friends to fit out an expedition to the West. But before he sought their aid, he tried to carry out his ambitions by his own strength alone. He procured a commission from the Queen, authorising him to 'inhabit and possess at his choice all remote and heathen lands in the West not in the actual possession of any Christian prince,' and giving him many other privileges and powers; and to further this commission he spent all his substance. But this first expedition came to nought. There were dissensions among the members of it; even before it set out many deserted and did not keep their promise of sailing; and finally adverse winds and weather were encountered, which drove the ships back to England again with loss.

But Gilbert, though he had lost his wealth, had not lost his courage. He was set upon founding a great colony, though he could not for a long time discover fresh means to carry out this hope. At last he resolved to share out his commission, and admit others to a part of the powers given him by the Queen; and no sooner had he made this intention known than he found many men ready to join him. In a little while he found himself equipped with a fleet of five small ships, with crews made up of all manner of men—gentle-folk, seasoned mariners, adventurers, and some who left England only in the hope of gain or to save their skins from punishment for crime. The ships were the *Delight*; her burden was but one hundred and twenty tons, and in her sailed Gilbert, with William Winter for his ship's captain and Richard Clearke for ship's master: the bark *Raleigh*, sent forth by Sir Walter Raleigh himself (Gilbert's half-brother), a ship of two hundred tons burden: the *Golden Hind* (forty tons burden), with Edward Hayes as captain and owner, and William Cox of Limehouse as ship's master: the *Swallow* (of forty tons), under Captain Maurice Browne; and the *Squirrel*, a little boat of ten tons only, with Captain William Andrewes. In all the crews amounted to about two hundred and sixty people, among whom were men of all needful trades and crafts—shipwrights, masons, carpenters, smiths, miners, and such-like. There were also skilful performers on musical instruments, and morris-dancers, and players of that kind, both to amuse the colonists themselves and to win the favour of the savage natives, for whom many beads and pins and other toys were carried on board.

On Tuesday, the eleventh day of June, 1583, the little fleet set sail from Cawsand Bay in fair weather, with a favourable wind. But during the night a great storm of thunder and wind arose, and beat the ships sorely. On the Thursday, when the storm had abated, the *Delight* (the flag or 'admiral' ship) hailed her consorts, and learnt that in the *Raleigh* the captain and very many of the men were fallen sick. That night, notwithstanding that the wind was easterly, fair and good for the voyage, this ship forsook the expedition, and put back to Plymouth, greatly distressed. It was said that there was a contagious sickness on board; but it was also reported that Sir Walter Raleigh had designed that his ship should not abide by the expedition.

For thirteen days the fleet sailed with a fair wind, without fog or rain. They purposed to sail by the

northerly route across the Atlantic; that is to say, to make first for Newland, or Newfoundland, and afterwards to voyage down the coast towards Florida, rather than from south to north, because they feared the bad weather of the north in the autumn and winter. But even sailing as they did, they were much encumbered by fog and mists, and altogether lost touch of the *Swallow* and the *Squirrel*. On July 27th they came upon icebergs, and soon afterwards made the Great Banks, where even then many ships were gathered for the wonderful fishing. On Tuesday, July 30th, seven weeks after they had set sail, they made their landfall, and caught sight of Newfoundland. They followed the coast towards the south of the island, the weather being now fair and clear; and at last they came to Conception Bay, where they met with the *Swallow* again.

The crew of the *Swallow* made great rejoicing at the meeting; but the men of the *Delight* noticed that they wore other clothes than their wont, and presently the story of their doings became known. The *Swallow's* crew was mostly composed of the men from a pirate ship captured upon the narrow seas of England, and their natural bent was to rob and to spoil. As they drew near to Newfoundland, they came upon a barque returning home from fishing with a good freight. Being very scantily furnished with victuals and apparel, the *Swallow's* men besought their captain that they might go aboard the Newfoundland boat to borrow that which was needed; the Newfoundlander, they said, was home-bound, and could soon replenish her store. Leave was granted, with orders to deal fairly; but no sooner had they come aboard than they rifled the ship of tackle, sails, cables, and victuals, and the crew of their apparel, not shrinking from torturing them till they revealed all they possessed. This foul work they did quickly, and then got themselves into their cockboat with their spoils, to return to the *Swallow*. But, by some mischance, the boat was overwhelmed in the sea, and some of the men were drowned; the rest were saved by those very Newfoundlanders whom they had despoiled, and were put safely aboard the *Swallow*. What became afterwards of the poor Newfoundlanders, robbed and destitute as they were, was not known; but disaster, as if it were in punishment for their wickedness, soon after fell upon the *Swallow's* men, as shall be seen.

But the purpose of the expedition was not yet accomplished, and the wrongdoers, whatever their guilt, were needed for it, so that as yet no steps were taken against them. The *Delight*, the *Golden Hind*, and the *Swallow* set sail together from Conception Bay, and held southward till they came to the harbour of St. John; here they found the little frigate, the *Squirrel*, arrived safely, so that all the fleet was once more united.

There were at St. John's at this time some thirty-six sail of all nations, though there was no settled government of the place. The land seemed very rich and fertile. Roses were blooming sweetly and in abundance, raspberries and whortleberries were plentiful, and the crops flourished and were of good quality. Game of all sorts—deer, buffalo, bears, leopards, otters, beavers—ran wild inland, and iron,

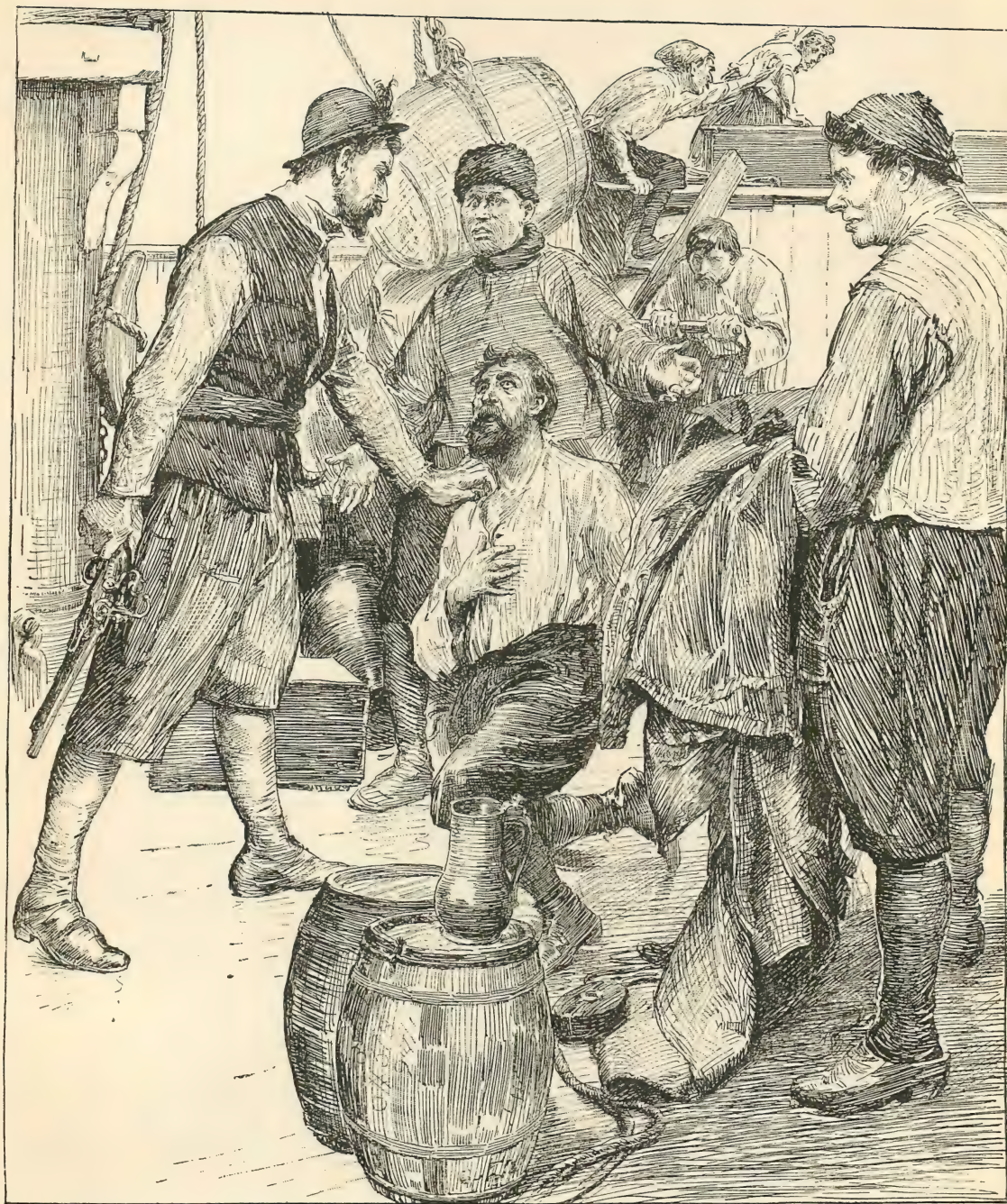
lead, and copper lay hid in the soil, ready to be mined. It seemed to the weary voyagers that they could not observe the hundredth part of all the blessings of this uninhabited land, which they had found, as it were, as a reproach to those who were content to live in hardship in over-populous England.

The reports which came to Sir Humphrey Gilbert showed him the wealth of the new country, and he resolved that here he would found his colony. His fleet dropped anchor in the harbour, and presently he summoned aboard the *Delight* the captains of the merchant and fishing ships in the harbour. He showed them his commission from Queen Elizabeth, and requested them to furnish him with victuals and other necessities, which they did willingly, the Portuguese especially showing themselves forward in giving aid. The next day, Sunday, August 4th, 1583, Gilbert went ashore, and viewed the land near the harbour. On the Monday he ordered a tent to be set up, and summoned the captains, and took possession of the country in the name of the Queen of England, causing a rod and a turf of the soil to be delivered to him by one of his men as a sign of his authority. He published some general laws to be observed by all settlers there, and granted, according to his powers by the Queen's commission, plots of land to settlers at a certain rent, and appointed officers for all necessary purposes. The arms of England were engraved on lead, and set up on a pillar of wood in public.

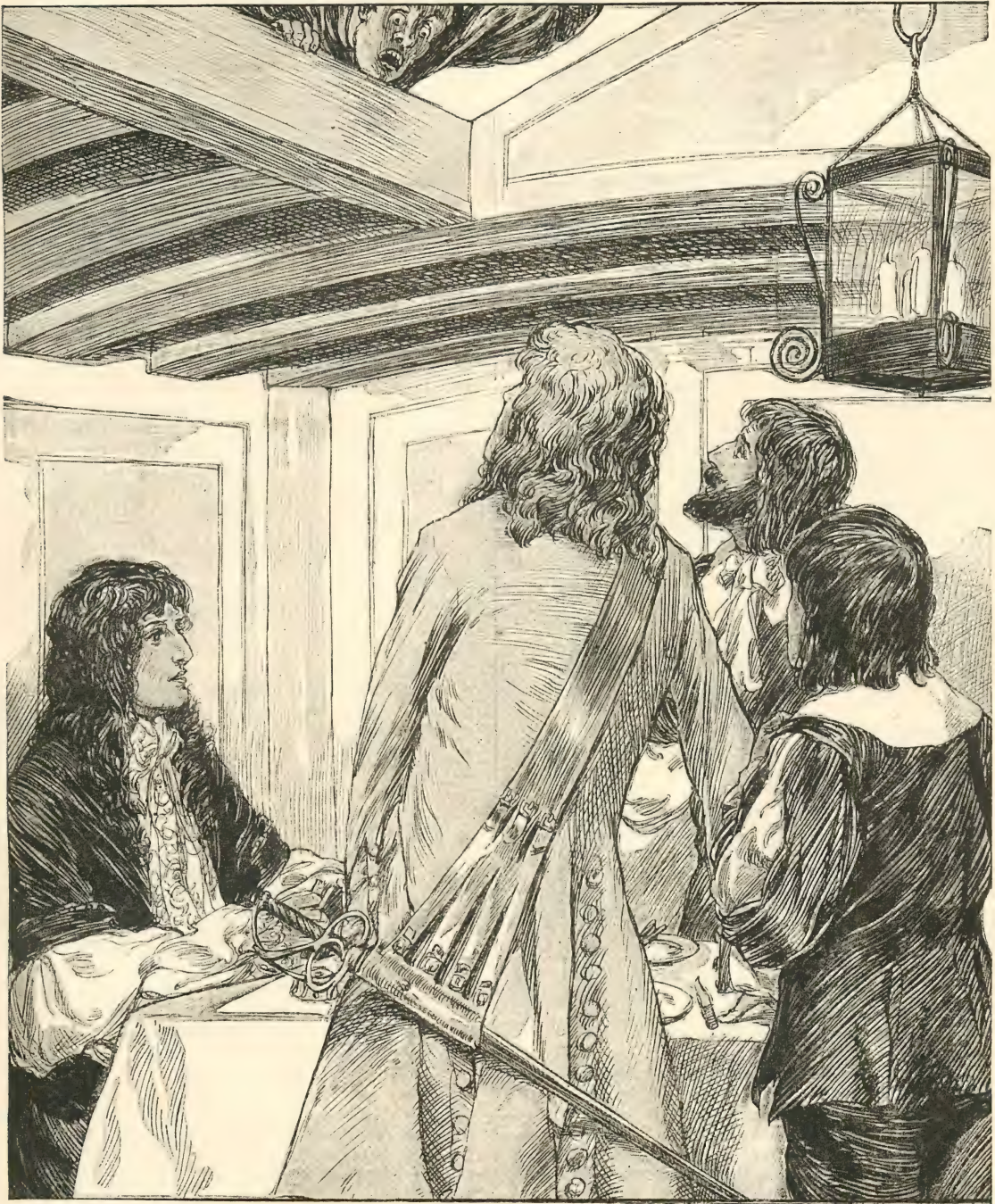
The expedition had fulfilled its chief object, to found a colony—the first English colony: Newfoundland has the honour of being the oldest portion of 'Britain beyond the seas.' But many things yet remained to be done, and though the settlement seemed fair and prosperous, all was not well with it. Gilbert had it in mind to voyage further south, exploring and perhaps founding new settlements. The better part of his men were busy in refitting and repairing the weather-beaten ships. Others, less well conducted, made plots to steal ships, and sail elsewhere in search of fortune, being ill-content with the honourable laws and life of the new colony. Their plots were discovered, and themselves punished. Some made raids upon peaceful fishing ships that lay in adjoining bays and creeks, and possessed themselves of the vessels, setting the crews ashore to fare as best they could. Others, again, wholly unfitted to be colonists, fell sick, and clamoured to be sent home in some returning ship.

Gilbert therefore decided to sail south without delay. He left the *Swallow* at St. John's to carry the sick and discontented home again. Those of its crew who were not sick he put aboard the *Delight*; these were they who had despoiled fishermen on their way to Newfoundland. Their captain was Maurice Browne. Gilbert himself went on board the frigate, the *Squirrel*, because it was of light draught, and could sail close inland along the bays and creeks, to explore more narrowly. So, with the *Golden Hind*, the ships set forth, as well provisioned and well armed as if they had been in a plentiful and populous country. The day was Tuesday, August 20th, 1583.

(Concluded on page 164.)



"They rifled the ship."



“We saw the carpenter’s head. ‘On deck!’ he cried.”

MARTIN HYDE.

(Continued from page 131.)

'MARTIN,' said Mr. Jermyn, 'this skylight over our heads makes rather a draught. We can't have it open in the mornings for breakfast.'

'Did you open it?' the captain asked. 'What made you open it?'

'Please, sir, I didn't open it.'

'Then shut it,' said the captain. 'Go on deck. The catch is fast outside.'

I ran nimbly on deck to shut the skylight, but the catch was very stiff; it took me some few moments to undo it. I noticed, as I worked at it, that the deck was empty, except for the lanky man with the package, who was now forward, apparently undoing his package on the fore hatch. I thought that he was a sort of pedlar or bum-boatman, come to sell onions, soft bread, or cheap jewellery to the sailors. The carpenter's head showed for an instant at the galley-door. He was looking forward at the pedlar. The hands were all down below in the fore-castle, eating their breakfast. The other stranger seemed to have gone. I could not see him about the deck.

At last the skylight came down with a clatter, leaving me free to go below again. As I went down the hatchway, into the 'tween-deck gloom, I saw a figure apparently at work among the ship's stores lashed to the deck there. I could not see who it was—it was too dark for that; but the thing seemed strange to me. I guessed that it might be my enemy, the boatswain, so I passed aft to the cabin on the other side. Soon after that, it might be ten minutes after, while the gentlemen were talking lazily about going ashore, we heard loud shouts on deck.

'What's that?' said the captain, starting up from his chair.

'Sounds like fire,' said Mr. Jermyn.

'Fire forward?' said the captain, turning very white. 'There are five tons of powder forward.'

'What?' cried the Duke.

At that instant we heard the boatswain roaring to the men to come on deck. 'Aft for the hose there, Bill!' we heard. Feet rushed aft along the deck, helter-skelter. Some one shoved the skylight open with a violent heave. Looking up, we saw the carpenter's head. He looked as scared as a man can be.

'On deck!' he cried. 'We're all in a blaze forward! The lamp in the bo'sun's locker. Quick!'

'Just over the powder,' the captain said, rushing out.

'Quick, sir!' said Jermyn to the Duke. 'We may blow up at any moment.'

'No,' said the Duke, rising leisurely. 'Not with these stars. Impossible.'

All the same, the two men followed the captain in pretty quick time. Mr. Jermyn rushed the Duke out by the arm. I was rushing out, too, when I saw the Duke's hat lying on the lockers. I darted at it, for I knew he would want it, with the result that my heel slipped on a copper nail-head, which had been worn down even with the deck till it was as smooth as glass. Down I came, bang, with a jolt which shook me almost sick. I rose up, stupid with the shock, so wretched with the present pain that the fire seemed a little matter to me. Indeed, I did not understand the risk. I did not know how a

fire so far forward could affect the cabin. A couple of minutes must have passed before I picked up the hat from where it lay. As I hurried through the 'tween-decks some slight noise or movement made me turn my head. Looking to my right I saw the horsey man, the stranger, rummaging quickly in the lockers of the Duke's cabin. As I looked I saw him snatch up something like a pocket-book or pocket-case, with a hasty 'Ah!' of approval. At the same moment he saw me watching him.

'Where's Mr. Scott?' he cried, darting out on me. 'We may all blow up in another moment.'

'He's on deck!' I said. 'Hasn't he gone on deck?'

'On deck?' said the man. 'Then on deck with you, too.' He pushed me up the hatch before him. 'Quick!' he cried. 'Quick! There's Mr. Scott, forward. Get him on to the wharf.'

He gave me a hasty shove forward, to where the whole company was working in a cloud of smoke, passing buckets from hand to hand. A crowd of Dutchmen had gathered on the wharf. Everybody was shouting. The scene was confused like a bad dream. I caught sight of the pedlar-man at the gangway as the stranger thrust me forward. In the twinkling of an eye the stranger passed something to him with the quick thrust known as the thieves' pass. I saw it, for all my confusion. I knew in an instant that he had stolen something. The pedlar person was an accomplice. As likely as not the fire was a diversion. I rushed at the gangway. The pedlar was moving quickly away, with his hands in his pockets. It all happened in a moment. As I rushed at the gangway, with some wild notion of stopping the pedlar, the horsey man caught me by the collar.

'What,' he said, in a loud voice, 'trying to desert, are you? You come forward where the danger is.' He ran me forward. He was as strong as a bull.

'Mr. Jermyn!' I cried. 'Mr. Jermyn, this man's a thief!'

The man twisted my collar on to my throat till I choked. 'Quiet, you!' he hissed. Then Mr. Jermyn dropped his bucket to attend to me.

'A thief!' I gasped; 'a thief!'

Mr. Jermyn sprang aft, with his eyes on the man's eyes. The stranger flung me into Mr. Jermyn's way, with all the sweep of his arm. As I went staggering into the fore-bitts (for Mr. Jermyn dodged me) the man took a quick side-step up the rail to the wharf. I steadied myself. Mr. Jermyn, failing to catch the man before he was off the ship, rushed below to see what was lost. The crowd of workers seemed to dissolve suddenly. The men surged all about me. The fire was out.

Remember, all this happened in thirty seconds, from the passing of the stolen goods to the stranger's letting go my throat. The very instant that I found my feet against the bitts, I jumped off the ship on to the wharf. There was the stranger running down the wharf to the right, full tilt. There was the lanky pedlar slouching quickly away, as though he were going on an errand, with his black box full of groceries.

'That's the man, Mr. Scott!' I cried. 'He has it!'

The captain (who, I believe, was a naval officer in the Duke's secret) was up on the wharf in an instant.

I followed him, though the carpenter clutched at me as I scrambled up. I kicked out behind like a donkey. I didn't kick him, but some one thrust the carpenter aside in the hurry, so that I was free. In another five seconds I was past the captain, running after the pedlar, who started to run at a good speed, dropping his box with a clatter. Half-a-dozen joined in the pursuit. The captain had his sword out. They raised such a noise behind me that I thought the whole crew was at my heels. The pedlar kept glancing behind; he knew very little about running. He doubled from street to street, like a man at his wits' end. I could see that he was blown. When he entered into that conspiracy, he had counted on the horsey man diverting suspicion from him. Suddenly, after twisting round a corner, he darted through a swing-door into a stone-paved court, surrounded by brick walls. I was at his heels at the moment, or I should have lost him there. I darted through the swing-door after him. I went full sprawl over his body on the other side. He had collapsed there, quite used up.

(Continued on page 150.)

A FRENCH RIDDLE.

Chatterbox readers who are learning French may like to have this riddle:—

Si je n'ai pas le bonheur de vous plaire,
Lecteur, je n'en suis pas surpris.
Vous aurez beau dire et beau faire,
Je ne serai jamais de votre avis.
Même en me renversant, je vous en avertis,
Vous ne me ferez jamais changer de caractère.

(Answer on page 179.)

THE MISADVENTURES OF JACKSON.

III.—JACKSON TO THE RESCUE.

'NOW understand, boys,' said Dr. Peterson one morning at the end of July, 'any one who fails to present himself at the starting-point, at the correct time this afternoon, will be disqualified. Last year the swimming sports lasted at least an hour longer than they should have done, owing to the competitors not turning up at the exact minute.'

'Poor old Jacko, was it going to have to hurry?' said one of the prefects with a laugh as he passed Jackson on the way out of the hall. It was well known that Jackson was not famous for punctuality.

He was a splendid swimmer and diver, and having won the junior championship twice, intended, in spite of his age, to make a hard fight for the senior one. He had already, in the preliminary races, tied for the quarter-mile and come in second for the two hundred yards; and he hoped to do more than merely make up the lost point in the shorter races and the diving.

Perkins was as anxious that Jackson should win the championship as Jackson himself, and he was very annoyed when he found that his friend was not ready to accompany him to the bathing-pool at two o'clock. The 'beginners' race' for which he had entered himself was to take place first, so that he could not wait for his dilatory friend.

'Do buck up, old chap!' he pleaded. 'Peter always means what he says, and it will be sickening

if you lose the championship because you're five minutes late for the hundred yards.'

'I'm going to start as soon as I have put a new lace into my shoe,' answered Jackson. 'Why do the things always break at the wrong moment?'

He was as good as his word, and Perkins had hardly left the school before Jackson started in pursuit.

The town was situated at the mouth of a tidal river, and a breakwater at the sea end of it made a sheltered harbour for small vessels. The steamers and schooners came in at high tide, and having been securely fastened by enormous cables to the sea-wall, stood upright in the muddy sand when the sea departed. A steam-ferry ran from the end of the breakwater to the farther shore, and two miles up the river there was a bridge; but any one who wished to cross between those points had to be ferried over in a small boat.

It was just after high water as Jackson went along by the sea-wall towards the bathing-pool. His attention was suddenly attracted by a noisy argument which was being carried on at one of the landing-places. He leaned over the parapet to look, and saw a tall and forbidding-looking old woman in a black beaded mantle standing upright in a boat, an umbrella in one hand and a purse in the other, haranguing a small boy who had just ferried her over from the other side.

'I don't care!' he said doggedly. 'My father says I'm not to row any one over for less than fourpence. That's the money he has had for the job this twenty years.'

'I dare say he has!' answered the woman angrily; 'but a man's time is one thing, and a boy's is another. If I pay you twopence that will be ample. I am not going to give you one penny more.'

'Very well, then,' said the boy. 'I shall just row you straight back, and you can speak to Father about it yourself. It's always fourpence, and a jolly licking I shall get if I go back with less.'

What would have been the result of the argument is uncertain, for, at that moment, a fussy little tug steamed past, and the wash that followed made the small boat rock violently.

There was a shrill scream of 'Mercy on us!' and the argumentative old lady fell backwards into the water, and disappeared completely from view, purse, umbrella, and all. At that state of the tide the river was fifteen feet deep, and as she reappeared Jackson saw with alarm that she could not swim. He looked round to see if there was any one to help, but there was no one near who was even as old as himself, except the boy in the boat, and his efforts to catch hold of the struggling figure with a boat-hook were quite ineffectual. So Jackson, realising the danger, tore off his coat, and plunged into the water.

It was an easy matter to reach the woman, but it was a difficult matter to catch hold of her. Her clothes still retained a certain amount of buoyancy, and by frantic but unscientific paddling she was managing to keep her head temporarily above water. When, however, she saw Jackson coming to her assistance, she made a wild effort to catch hold of him, and promptly sank.



"As soon as she came up again he caught her by the collar."

As soon as she came up again he caught her by the collar from behind, which he knew was the only safe thing to do; but she continued to struggle with might and main, and it needed all Jackson's

strength to keep either her head or his own above water for more than a second at a time.

But he struck out bravely, though he wished that he could put into practice the swimming master's

advice: 'Stun the person you're trying to rescue, if you can't get them ashore any other way.'

The tide was against them, but Jackson pushed on resolutely toward the steps, though his head began to turn round and round, and the buzzing in his ears resolved itself into, 'Stun her, stun her! Why don't you stun her?'

(Concluded on page 149.)

MAGIC SQUARES.—II.

THE SQUARE OF SIX.

THIS is the first of the even numbers, not divisible by four, which we have compared to Humpty Dumpty's verbs; it is difficult to do much with it.

Two forms of the square of six are here presented. The first of them has some pretensions to a symmetrical arrangement, inasmuch as 12 numbers—the

1	35	34	3	32	6
30	8	27	28	11	7
24	23	15	16	14	19
13	17	21	22	20	18
12	26	10	9	29	25
31	2	4	33	5	36

A Square of Six.

two diagonals—are in the same position as in the 'natural' square, 12 numbers are in the reverse position, as if counting backwards, and 12 are shifted along the same row or column.

The second is an example of a *bordered square*—that is to say, a magic square which remains

13	5	19	35	33	6
25	8	28	27	11	12
34	23	15	16	20	3
1	17	21	22	14	36
7	26	10	9	29	30
31	32	18	2	4	24

A Bordered Square of Six.

'magic' when the border is removed. The 16 numbers in the inner part count 74 in every direction as a square of four, while the entire square counts 111 in each direction. It may be noted that those numbers which are outside in the natural square of six are still the outside ones, although rearranged, and that 13 numbers—including one of the diagonals—are in their natural places.

The Square of Seven.—This square can show very great variety. The first of the two examples here given is constructed by one of the methods explained

under the square of five (see page 85). Not only will every row, every column, and each diagonal, sum up to the same total—175—but if a hole is cut

17	37	8	35	6	26	46
22	49	20	40	11	31	2
34	5	25	45	16	36	14
39	10	30	1	28	48	19
44	15	42	13	33	4	24
7	27	47	18	38	9	29
12	32	3	23	43	21	41

A Square of Seven.

in a piece of card so as to show seven adjacent cells in the shape of a capital H, and placed anywhere on the square, the seven numbers seen through the opening will give the same total. There are no

25		16
30	1	28
42		33

Seven Magic Numbers in a Square of Seven.

fewer than 50,803,200 possible arrangements of this magic square with the same properties.

The second square here given is a *bordered square*; the whole square counts up 175 in every direction, as in the preceding arrangement. When the outer

24	36	32	1	28	20	34
2	40	39	15	23	8	48
4	31	21	41	13	19	46
47	5	17	25	33	45	3
44	7	37	9	29	43	6
38	42	11	35	27	10	12
16	14	18	49	22	30	26

A Bordered Square of Seven.

border is removed, the remaining numbers make 125 in every direction; and when the second border is removed, reducing the size of the square to three numbers in each direction, the sum is always 75.

It should be noticed that all the odd numbers are placed together in the form of a diamond in the inside, and the even numbers are arranged in four similar groups at each corner, as if to protect them.

W. S. J.

BREAKFAST IN BED.

ONE day to its mother a small birdie said,
 'If you please, Mother dear, may I breakfast
 in bed?

I've a pain in my head, and a throb in my wing,
 I am sure I can't fly, and I've no heart to sing.

But if I could breakfast in bed for a treat,
 And have something sent up quite dainty to eat,
 I think, Mother dear, I should soon be quite well,
 And fly to the woodland, and sing in the dell.'

'Oh, yes!' said the mother, with sweet, tender word,
 'Lie snug in the nest, my poor, little, sick bird.'
 And she covered it over with wool soft and sweet:
 'You shall breakfast in bed for a nice little treat.

We will go seek some worms from the mound in the
 wood,
 And mix with them crumbs that are tender and
 good,
 We will carry them up on a newly blown leaf,
 And I'm sure my small birdie will soon find relief.'

And so the sick birdie lay snug in the nest,
 While its sisters and brothers were soon up and
 dressed.

One flew to the heart of the forest's retreat,
 And brought back a worm that was juicy and sweet.

Another hopped down to the lodge by the gate,
 And for crumbs from the children did patiently wait;
 And when they were thrown, he just snapped up the
 best,

And swift in his beak bore it back to the nest.

And on a green leaf breakfast soon was served up,
 With a draught from the spring in an acorn's small
 cup,

And the little sick birdie sat up to its meal,
 And you won't be surprised that it soon was quite
 well.

It plumed up its feathers, prepared for a flight,
 And in a few moments was quite lost to sight.
 It flew off to the tree where the birds learnt to sing,
 Its headache all gone, and quite strong on the wing.

FRANK ELLIS.

A FIGHT WITH AN OCTOPUS.

A True Anecdote.

A DANGEROUS occupation is that of the diver, particularly when he is concerned in the salvage of sunken vessels, for then there is always the risk of twisting or severing his lifeline while he hacks his way through the obstructions which he encounters in the hold of the ship. It is with the lifeline that he signals to those above to draw him out of the water, for with his heavy helmet and breast-plate and the weights attached to his feet, he is powerless to come up to the surface without assistance. By means of the great weights at his feet he is kept in a perpendicular position, and can walk upright; if they were removed he would instantly turn upside down, and when brought to the surface would arrive feet foremost. But, besides the ordinary perils which the divers round our coasts have to encounter,

those who pursue their profession in tropical seas have to face the additional danger of encounters with marine monsters that infest those waters. The octopus, as we know it, is not a very formidable animal, for it never grows to any considerable size in our northern climate; but on the other side of the Atlantic, it develops into an animal of monstrous growth which the divers have good reason to fear.

Recently, an account came to hand of a desperate fight between a Californian diver and one of these monsters of the deep. The diver was engaged in salvage operations, and had descended into the hold of a sunken vessel, when he disturbed a huge octopus or cuttle-fish, which seized his leg below the knee with a tentacle five inches in diameter, while another tentacle of equal size encircled his thigh. He chopped frantically at the loathsome animal with the knife with which every diver is armed who ventures to descend in these parts, and signalled with his lifeline to the men above that he wished to be raised to the surface. But out of the darkness slid two more tentacles, one of which gripped him round the neck with such force that he was compelled to signal to the men above to cease hauling, for he was in danger of losing his helmet between the men who were pulling him from above and the creature who was dragging him from below. The octopus has eight arms or tentacles, armed with suckers, and a mouth like the beak of a parrot. Fighting with all the fury of desperation, the diver hacked away with the knife which he held in his left hand, until his enemy was partially disabled. Making a final effort the beast drew the diver to its mouth, but, by repeatedly stabbing it in the head, the man succeeded in slaying the monster and freeing himself from its clutches. One is not surprised to learn that after his terrific encounter, the intrepid diver was in a fainting condition when dragged to the surface.

THE CUCUMBER CITY.

ZNAIM, a town on the Thaya, in Moravia, is generally known, much to the disgust of its inhabitants, as the Cucumber City. It is the centre of a very fertile region, and every inch of the ground is under cultivation. Large vineyards stretch up the hill-side; the yellow and crimson leaves give a flush of brilliant colour to the whole region in late summer and autumn. But on the large table-land and over the long stretches of plain beyond the river, no vines are to be seen; the fields are all divided into rectangles, and each plot is marked off by a tiny ditch and is planted with cucumber plants.

All the country people round about for miles are occupied in growing this vegetable, and many of the inhabitants of Znaim find employment in the great works that are kept going continually, preserving and pickling the fruit; this is, in fact, the staple industry of the place. At the time of the great annual fair, not only is the vast market-place full of carts and waggons laden with cucumbers of all sorts and sizes, but the very streets are blocked with all kinds of vehicles on their way towards the centre of the town. At four o'clock in the morning it is not easy to make one's way through the streets near the market. Some of the peasants empty their carts out on the

road, piling up their wares in a great heap, and there await a customer. Dealers come from far and near, some to buy for a large central vegetable market, others purchase fruit for pickling. They walk through the streets and the market, carefully inspecting the different heaps, occasionally picking up a small gherkin and cutting it into two pieces, or tasting a sample from a pile of larger ones, for sometimes the finest-looking cucumbers are bitter and unfit for consumption.

In the Moravian markets things are not sold by the score or the dozen, but by the *schock*, an old Moravian word that means sixty. Sometimes people do not want a whole *schock* of eggs or cucumbers; they then buy half a *schock*, or a quarter, as the case may be. The price of cucumbers varies every year: when the season has been good, they are very cheap; at other times, owing to drought or late frost, the crop fails and the cost is increased. In a plentiful year the average price of a *schock* is two kreuzer, or a little over a halfpenny. It seems hardly credible that the peasants can take all the trouble of sowing the seed and tending the plants for so small a reward: but the soil in Moravia is so fertile that one plant bears a very large number of cucumbers. In bad years, the growers whose crops have not been destroyed are able to get as much as eight or ten kreuzer per *schock*.

The land is generally owned by peasant proprietors who cultivate their patch with great care, and are content with small profits. It is extremely difficult for them to decide just when to sow the cucumber seed, as the earliest fruit commands the best prices, but a late frost may kill all the plants. The Moravian peasants have a curious way of making the seed germinate before it is put into the ground. It is first soaked in water or in a kind of spirit, and then taken to bed! That is to say, it is laid between mattresses, where the animal warmth of the sleeper causes it to sprout very quickly. It is then laid in the earth, where it absorbs moisture and nourishment, and very soon large green leaves are seen spreading themselves like umbrellas and sheltering the star-like flowers from the hot rays of the sun. Very soon the tiny gherkins are to be seen, and the peasant must decide whether he will pick the fruit at once and sell it to the dealers, who are always ready to take the young fruit for pickling, or let them grow larger and run the risk of a spell of dry weather, when they will flourish but poorly, and remain small and yellow. The largest and best-grown cucumbers are left for seed, and when quite ripe the plant is cut open, and the pips taken out, dried in the sun, and saved up for the following year. Although all the cucumbers gathered for eating are not really ripe, the doctors in Austria, far from forbidding people to eat them, actually order cucumber salad as part of a special diet.

The gherkins are generally preserved in vinegar or in salt and water, and entirely take the place of our mixed pickles. Just inside the grocer's shop, or on the pavement outside, there usually stands an immense barrel full of cucumbers steeping in salt water. A dish of cold meat, for supper or second breakfast, would not be considered complete without several 'brine' cucumbers. The Viennese cooks

make a speciality of arranging cold meat in a very picturesque and artistic fashion. The dark green of the gherkin shows up well against the lighter colours. An immense platter is arranged with slices of sausage of all colours from pink to pale brown. Pieces of veal garnished with baby gherkins are placed in circular form round the edge of the dish. A little smoked salmon of a delicate coral, sections of pickled eel, hard-boiled eggs cut in half and filled with caviare, occupy the space in between. Cornets made of raw ham rolled together and filled with red and white jelly, fingers of Dutch cheese, red radishes and long sections of pale green cucumber fill the empty corners. The Austrians consider this an appetising dish, and young and old indulge in cold supper without fear of nightmare.

People living in Znaim sometimes send their friends a very curious kind of present at Christmas-time. They buy a jar containing pickled cucumbers, and fasten the head of a china doll to the top of the bottle; over it is a dress made of crinkled green paper and fastened with an elegant sash. The skirt must be very long so as to hide the jar completely; arms are made of wood or china purchased at the same time as the head. People are very surprised to get such a stout-looking doll, but on disrobing the figure their astonishment generally changes to pleasure, for every one is glad to get a glass of pickles.

In the confectioners' shops in Znaim heaps of cucumbers are to be seen: it is only the high price that makes the stranger wonder whether they can be real ones. Fifty kreuzer for a cucumber seems absurd, but the reason of this is soon seen, for on looking closer the cucumber is seen to be merely a receptacle for holding sweets! The lid is so carefully fitted that no one can discover it for some time, and even grown-up people are often deceived when they see one of the famous Znaim cucumbers for the first time, and only find out on touching it that it is made of papier-maché. The only fault that can be found with it is that it contains a very small quantity of sweets, although from the outside it appears to be quite a capacious box.

It is impossible to walk about the quaint old city of Znaim without being reminded at every step that it is the centre of the cucumber country.

THE BEST MOTHER.

A True Anecdote.

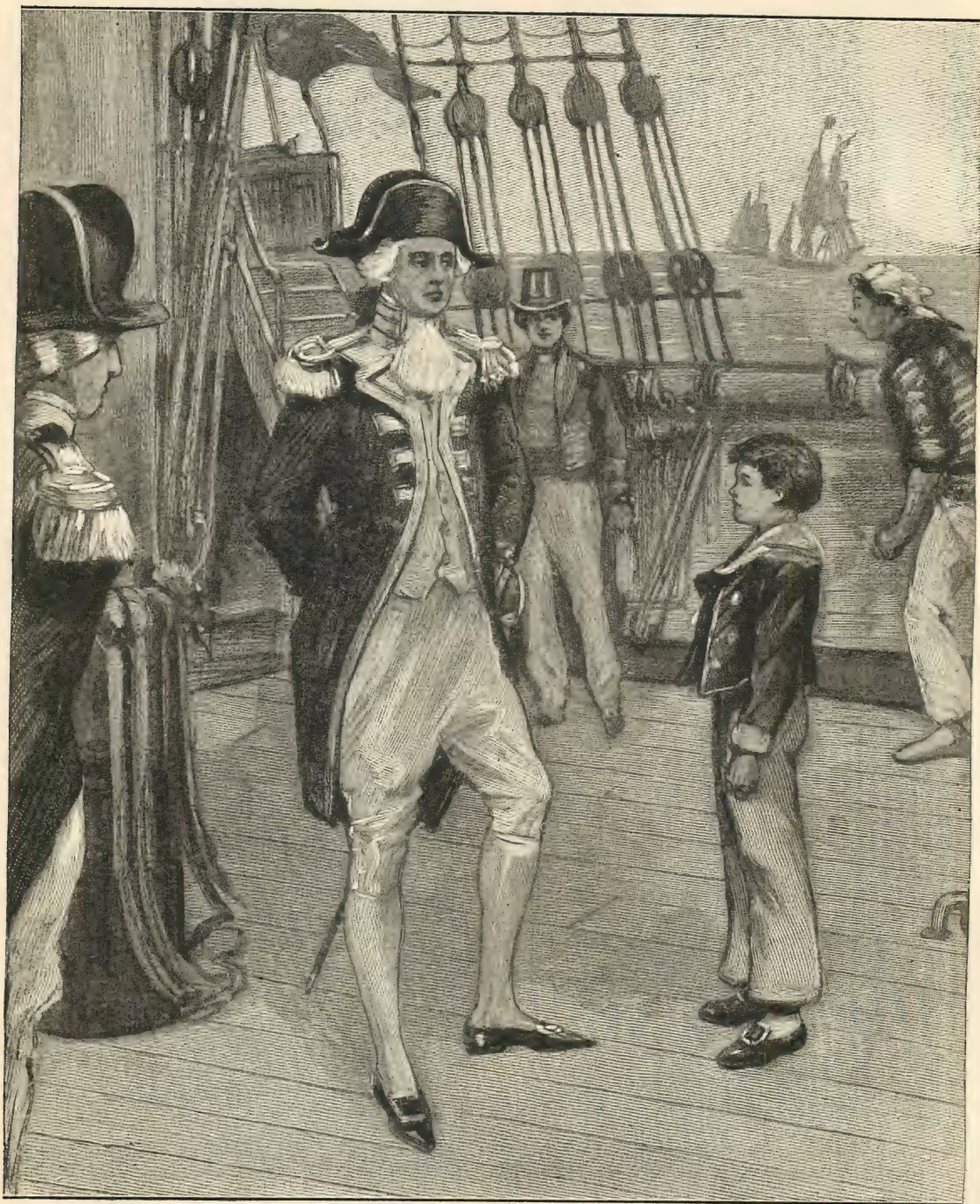
IN Nelson's days people were apt to pay much more respect to high birth than to good character, and in the Navy and Army foolish persons often tried to look down upon and sneer at men whose origin was humble, however well and truly they did their duty.

A pleasant story is told of one of Nelson's captains who did not show this ungenerous and contemptible trait. He was much struck by the frank, manly look of a newly joined 'ship's boy,' and, calling him up, asked him several questions about himself and his work.

'And what was your mother, my lad?' he asked, finally.

'A laundress, sir,' answered the boy.

'A laundress?' replied the captain. 'Why, so was mine--and the best mother in the world!'



“‘What was your mother, my lad?’ he asked.”



"Every word had been overheard."

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

True Tales of the Year 1809.

II.—MOUNT BEACON AND BEECHEN CLIFFS.

'HAVE you heard the news?' said a ruddy-faced countryman to a friend whom he met in a lonely road on the outskirts of Bath, in the month of February in the year 1809.

'No,' answered the other, 'there's no news here—about that I have heard of. Bath is terribly quiet.'

'It won't be quiet long,' said the first speaker, significantly.

'Why, what's going to happen?' asked his friend.

The other looked cautiously round. No one was in sight, but for all that he lowered his voice, and said in an awe-struck tone, 'Mount Beacon will meet Beechen Cliffs on Friday month.'

'You don't say so! on Friday month?' said the other, almost shouting in his excitement.

'Hush! hush! Don't let any one hear you.'

'No, no! you're right. I will be very careful, and tell no one, for if this got about there'd not be a soul left in Bath that day.'

Then the men walked on, little dreaming that every word they had said had been overheard by a lad who was groping in the ditch after a lost ball.

He now crept out, and stood looking after the two men, and scratching his head in a perplexed way. 'I wonder what they meant?' he asked himself. 'I couldn't make head or tail of it.' Then he sauntered slowly home, and at supper-time he announced importantly: 'There's going to be no end of a rumpus here on Friday month, only it's a secret. I heard it by chance, but it's true enough.'

'A secret!' said the boy's elder sister, looking up. 'Tell me, James.'

'You mustn't tell any one, then,' said James, delighted to have a secret to impart. 'I don't rightly understand it, but I heard what the men said, and they said if everybody knew it there would not be a soul left in Bath that day.'

'Well, tell it us,' said the girl, impatiently. 'I won't tell any one.'

'The men said Mount Beacon would meet Beechen Cliffs on Friday month,' said James, slowly, distinctly. 'Now, what do you make of that?'

'Boy's nonsense!' said his father, shortly.

'No, it was men who were talking,' said James, and they whispered about it, and seemed to think it mattered a lot. They said if people knew it there would not be a soul left in Bath.'

'To think of that!' said James's mother in an awe-struck tone. 'There must be something in it. "*Mount Beacon to meet Beechen Cliffs!*"' and she shook her head hopelessly.

(It must be explained here that Mount Beacon is a hill on the north of Bath, whilst Beechen Cliffs is a well-wooded hill on the south, and the city of Bath lies in the deep valley between them.)

'I tell you what it will be,' said the girl excitedly; 'it means an earthquake! Such things do happen. I have read about them. There was an earthquake at Lisbon not so long ago. The earth opened, and houses and churches and everything were swallowed up. That will be it!' and her eyes shone, and she looked deadly pale.

'I wonder if that could be what the men meant,' said the mother, also greatly agitated. 'They said if folk knew, there wouldn't be a soul left in Bath,' she repeated. 'Wasn't that what you heard, James?'

'Yes,' said the boy; 'and they said it as if they meant it.'

'We mustn't stop in Bath on Friday month,' said the girl in a terrified voice. 'We could go to Uncle Tom at Malmesbury. He has a farm, and we could sleep in one of his barns, if the worst came to the worst.'

'We might do that,' said her mother, eagerly. 'I should feel happier if we were out of the place. I must own I don't like the idea of an earthquake, and if Mount Beacon is to meet Beechen Cliffs, we lie just between them, and should come off badly.'

'Well, well! if you women will have it so,' now broke in the man, 'I suppose you must have your way. I will borrow Jones's cart and horse—he owes me some money, and will be ready to oblige—and I will drive you to the farm. Tom's a good fellow, and will make us welcome. We will start on the Wednesday. It's all a parcel of nonsense about earthquakes, but the missus will be nervous, so she's best away.' The man was also extremely alarmed himself, but he put it on the woman.

So preparations were secretly made for leaving the place, and James confided the fact, under deep secrecy, to his particular chum; and his sister told—also under a vow of secrecy—the young man she was engaged to; and the mother just whispered it to her next-door neighbour; and the father told Jones about 'this nonsense of the women's'; and of course all these in their turn spread the news right and left, with such additions and improvements as all tales get in passing from one to another.

Day by day fresh people heard of this mystery, and, it being a credulous age, there finally were few people left in Bath who were not certain that something dreadful was to happen to the city. Some said the earthquake was prophesied by Joanna Southcote, others that it was preached by a man who had been with Noah in the Ark!

It seems impossible now to understand how people could credit such wild tales; but they did, and hundreds and thousands of people streamed out of Bath that week to avoid being overwhelmed.

Some were half ashamed of their fears, and gave all sorts of reasons for their flight: 'they had been ordered change by their doctor,' or, 'they had to bury a friend,' or, 'a relation was sick,' and so on, and the roads leading from the city were simply crowded with carts and carriages and foot-travellers, all eager to escape the impending disaster!

The explanation of the mystery is as follows:—The cruel sport of cock-fighting being then, as now, against the law, two men, who were determined, in spite of the law, to get up a match between their cocks, took the names of the two Bath hills, Mount Beacon and Beechen Cliffs, to avoid their own names coming to the ears of the police.

And in this manner Mount Beacon *did* meet Beechen Cliffs, and the Bath fugitives felt very small when they found out how easily they had been alarmed.

LIVELY TUNES AND NIMBLE NEEDLES.

A NUMBER of tailors, working for a master in a country village, went one night to see a company of strolling players. The play was of a tragical character, and interested them exceedingly; and the music which had been introduced haunted them so much that they could not refrain from humming and whistling the airs as they worked. But, unfortunately for their employer, the tunes were of a slow and doleful kind, and as the tailors' needles kept time with the measure of the music, the stitching went on rather leisurely, and the garments remained on hand much longer than they ought to have done.

When this dilatoriness had lasted several days, the master cast about for a remedy. He was a shrewd observer, and he thought that the same means which had made the workmen slow might very well be used to make them quick. He saw the manager of the play-booth, and arranged with him that a bright play, with lively music, should be presented. Then he sent his men to see it.

The result was what he expected. The lively music displaced the doleful tunes, the tailors plied their needles with increased alacrity, and soon made up for the time which they had previously lost.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

6.—WHAT AM I?

My name recalls the picturesque, poetical and grand : To think of me you needs must think of water and of land. Of painters with their palettes, too, their brushes and their paint ;

Of writers who had something of the seer and the saint. Transpose me, I am good to eat, as Scottish people know ; And by my name they call the place in which I often grow. Behead, and then transpose, I am a very cruel bird.

Of whose misdeeds on helpless sheep you may perchance have heard. [Answer on page 179.] C. J. B.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES ON PAGE 106.

4.—Lace. Alec. Ace. Lac.

5.—As the river rose, *silt* was forced through the *slit* in the bows, and the little boat soon had a decided *list* to port.

THE HORSE AS HELPER.

IV.—THE HORSE IN AGRICULTURE.

WHILE we are all well aware that horses are exceedingly useful in many agricultural operations, we rarely give any special thought to the subject, and therefore we do not see as we ought, how many are the duties which horses perform in the cultivated fields, and how completely we depend upon them for successful agriculture. There is scarcely a single operation in which they do not take part. When waste land of a stubborn kind is first brought into cultivation, it has often to be broken up by a kind of harrow, known as a 'cultivator,' which is drawn by horses. Year by year, before the seed is sown, the soil is turned over by the plough, broken up and weeded by the harrow, crushed and smoothed by rollers, all of which are still drawn by horses in

most parts of England, in spite of the introduction of machines for the purpose. Rarely, at the present time, do we see the sower going forth to scatter the seed by hand. A machine, known as a drill, and drawn along the fields like a cart, does the work much better, more quickly and more cheaply; and when at last the corn is grown and ripe, it is cut, and even bound into sheaves, by the reaping machine, which is drawn by horses.

In the meadows, horses are nearly as useful. The young grass is cleansed with the chain harrow, and when it is ripe it is cut with the aid of a horse-mower. Other machines spread and turn the drying hay, and rake it into wind-rows. And, lastly, the piles or cocks are drawn to the stack by the same obedient helpers, which have aided in every one of these operations.

Of all these agricultural machines, in the use of which the farmer is aided by a draught animal, the oldest is the plough. It was anciently used by the Egyptians, the Hebrews, the Greeks, and the Romans. But all these nations ploughed with oxen, as the people of all Eastern countries do at the present time. Oxen were for a long time used for ploughing and other agricultural work in England, but not exclusively; and almost from the earliest times of which we have any contemporary pictures, we find horses working in the fields. It is said that in England the horse was first used in agricultural operations in the reign of William the Conqueror; and that it was put to this kind of work at this period is proved by the figure of a horse drawing a harrow which is to be seen in the margin of the Bayeux tapestry, which was made about that time. Close behind the figure of this horse, there is another of an animal, which appears to be a mule, ploughing.

Though horses have been used for many centuries for the simpler operations of harrowing, ploughing, and carting, it is only within the last century or so that they have aided in the tasks of mowing and reaping, because these are labours which require a far more complicated kind of machine. It was about the year 1800 that inventors first began to think of making a reaping machine. One of the earliest who met with some success was a man named Smith, who made use of a horizontal, revolving cutter, put in motion by the revolving of the wheels of a sort of skeleton cart to which horses were attached. This machine was gradually improved between the years 1811 and 1835. Meanwhile, another inventor, a clergyman named Bell, designed a reaper having a different kind of cutter. He arranged a number of shears, the blades of which were sharpened on both edges, and by means of suitable mechanism he caused one blade of each pair to slide to and fro across the other blade, and thus to cut the wheat-stalks which came between them. This, more or less modified in different machines, is the cutting mechanism which is employed in all the reaping and mowing machines of the present time. Bell's reaper was pushed along by two horses walking behind the carriage, and attached to a pole, but modern reapers are, of course, drawn like carts. Reaping machines have been greatly improved in recent years, and some of them not only cut the corn, but also gather it up and bind it into sheaves, which

are thrown out at the side of the machine as fast as they are made. American inventors have had a large share in these improvements, and if we would fully realise how useful, and even indispensable, the reaping machine is, we must go out to the great farms of Canada and the Western States. I have before me a picture of one of these farms at harvest-time. Far as the eye can reach there is a wide, flat country, covered only with growing corn, or dotted with the sheaves which have been cut. Ten or a dozen reaping machines, each drawn by four horses abreast, are at work cutting the golden harvest, much of which will eventually find its way to our tables. Looking at this wide expanse, and counting over the human labourers, we may well ask ourselves what would become of this harvest without the help of the inventor and the horse.

One kind of work, which is frequently performed by horses in foreign lands, is never seen in England.



Threshing by means of Horses.

In nearly all the Eastern countries, in Northern Africa, on the pampas of La Plata, and in some of the less advanced countries of Europe, the threshing of the corn is done by oxen and horses. The corn, as it comes from the fields, is strewn upon a hard-trodden floor of earth or clay, and the animals are made to trample over it, until the grain is separated from the ears. In South America the threshing-floor is enclosed, and the half-wild horses are driven round and round the enclosure, as if they were in a circus. A method adopted in some other countries is to attach a few horses by a cord to a post in the centre of the open threshing-ground, and drive them round and round, the cord being shortened from time to time, in order to make them run in smaller and smaller circles.

One other employment of horses is worthy of mention. They sometimes aided in cutting hedges. A steel cutter, resembling a circular saw, but having only four large teeth, was mounted on a waggon in such a way as to project some distance from the side of the vehicle. By means of belts or cog-wheels the

cutter was driven round, as the waggon was drawn along the hedge-side by the horses. The projecting saw reached to the hedge, and its teeth, striking upwards with great force and rapidity, slashed off



The Horse-drawn Reaping Machine.

the branches, and threw them high in the air. The saw was set with a slight tilt of its upper part towards the centre of the hedge and when it had cut both sides, the hedge was found to be trimmed to a narrow ridge at the top, as hedges are often trimmed by hand.

W. A. ATKINSON.

THE BRIDES OF VENICE.

IN the early days of Venice it was customary for all the weddings of the little republic to be solemnised on one day, the 31st of January, in the Cathedral. Thither the brides repaired at dawn of day, each carrying the little casket which contained her dowry, and attended by her family and friends. On one such wedding-day in the middle of the tenth century, a gang of Istrian pirates, for many years a thorn in the side of Venice, sailed, under cover of the night, up to the island on which the cathedral was built, and concealed themselves close to the church. No sooner had the brides arrived than the corsairs rushed out of their ambush, overpowered the unarmed wedding guests, and bore off the maidens and their caskets before the appearance of the bridegrooms.

But the youths of Venice were not to be so easily robbed. Headed by the Doge, all in his state array for the wedding ceremony, which he always attended, they gave chase without a moment's delay, and came up with the pirates before they were clear of the lagoons. There was a desperate fight, fierce, but short, and before noon the anxious watchers from the shore saw the return of the triumphant bridegrooms, bearing the rescued maidens, safe and unhurt, to be wedded on the same day, with universal joy and thanksgiving. The box-makers of the republic, who had been especially gallant and prompt in the pursuit, commemorated the event by a yearly festival, when the Doge attended service at their own church, and accepted gifts from the people of the quarter.



“That boy has stolen my purse.”

THE MISADVENTURES OF JACKSON.

III.—JACKSON TO THE RESCUE.

(Concluded from page 141.)

MEANWHILE, Perkins having come ashore after his race, was horrified to find that Jackson was not in the dressing-room preparing for the open hundred yards, nor had any one seen him arrive at the

pool. He flung on his coat and trousers over his dripping bathing-suit, and rushed out of the bathing-place in search of his friend just as General Woodhouse motored up.

Perkins ran up to him. ‘Have you passed Jackson on the way, sir?’ he asked eagerly. ‘If he’s not here in ten minutes he will lose his chance of the championship.’

'I will motor up the road and look for him,' said the General. 'There was a crowd of boys watching something at one of the landing-stages, and he may be there.'

'What's the matter, what's the matter?' asked the General, as the small boys divided at the approach of the motor.

'It's a young gentleman has jumped in to save an old lady, and can't get her out,' answered a man.

'Then why aren't you trying to help him?' said the General angrily, as he pushed his way to the top of the steps.

'Why, it's the boy himself!' cried the General, and it seemed to Jackson that somehow through the singing in his ears he heard a voice he knew calling out, 'Stick to it, my boy, stick to it; one stroke more, and you're safe.' He made the stroke obediently—a wave lifted him—and the General seized his collar, but not in time to prevent him from banging his head against the steps. Other hands caught the old woman, and in a few minutes' time, two unconscious figures were lying on the landing-stage.

Fortunately General Woodhouse's chauffeur had had the sense to stop a doctor who was passing, and it was not many minutes before, under his skilful treatment, his two patients opened their eyes.

The old woman was the quickest to recover. She sat up suddenly, and after gazing round vacantly for a minute or two discovered that she was no longer holding her purse. 'I've lost my purse,' she shrieked.

'It's very lucky that you haven't lost your life, too,' said the policeman who was beside her.

'That boy has stolen it,' she said, pointing at Jackson, who was still only half-conscious. 'He took it from me in the water.'

'Nonsense, my good woman,' said the General; 'the boy is a friend of mine.'

'He may be a friend of the Prince of Wales if he likes, but he's got my purse,' said the old woman obstinately.

'Do you know you're speaking to General Woodhouse, of St. Martin's Priory?' spluttered the General indignantly.

'The more shame you to have anything to do with a young pick-pocket,' she answered tartly.

'Come, come, ma'am,' said the policeman as he helped her on to her feet, 'we can't have that sort of talk here. You're speaking to a magistrate, and if you don't take care you'll get yourself into trouble.'

The old woman snorted. 'And my best mantle and alpaca skirt ruined as well. Who's going to buy me all the new clothes I shall require?'

'You ought to be jolly thankful, old woman, that you don't require a funeral as well,' shouted a voice from the crowd.

'Yes, so you ought, madam,' said the General; 'and if it had not been for the bravery of my young friend here, you *would* have required one,' and paying no more attention to her, he helped Dr. Andrews to carry Jackson up to the motor-car.

'Oh, I say, you're going the wrong way,' said Jackson feebly, as they started. 'I *must* get down to the pool in time for the hundred yards.'

The doctor laughed. 'The only race for you, my boy, is the race to bed. It's no easy work to bring

a heavy, struggling woman to land, and then finish up by bumping your head against the steps.'

And to Jackson's surprise, he found that bed was a very comfortable place. He did not even resent the fact that Perkins was not allowed to visit him till the next day, though, after a good night's rest, he was quite ready to be interested in the result of the sports, and to laugh at the story of how the woman he had saved had borrowed some dry clothes and had sat stolidly on the steps till the tide went down. Then, amid the jeering cheers of an amused crowd, she had recovered her purse and umbrella from the mud.

Two days later, when Jackson was allowed downstairs again, he found himself the hero of the school, and if it had not been that Dr. Andrews had strictly forbidden any swimming or diving for at least a month, the school would have insisted on the championship races being contested again.

However, when the yearly prizes were distributed at Christmas, the Humane Society's medal awarded to Jackson more than compensated him for the loss, for the time being, of the school championship.

A. KATHARINE PARKES.

APRIL.

DID you see the primrose blowing,
As you wandered through the dell?
And beside the streamlet flowing
Did you see the pimpernel?

'No, not I,' said peevish Willie,
'But I saw a patch of snow,
And I felt how very chilly
All the breezes are, you know.'

Did you see the lark up-flying,
With a carol gay and sweet?
Did you hear the west wind sighing
O'er a field of early wheat?

'No,' said Willie with a shiver,
'But I saw the dreary rain
Falling o'er the distant river
As I turned for home again.'

Then he closed the door behind him,
And the bluebells all that day
Seemed to toll, 'If you would find him,
Seek him out of April's way.'

MARTIN HYDE.

(Continued from page 139.)

GIVE it me,' I said. 'Give it me, Longshore Jack. Before they catch us.'

To my horror, I saw that the creature was a woman in a man's clothes. She took me for one of her gang. She was much too frightened to think things out.

'I thought you were one of the other lot,' she gasped, as she handed me a pocket-book.

'Didn't he get the letters, too?' I asked, at a venture.

'No,' she said, sitting up now, panting, to take a good look at me.

I stared at her for a moment. I myself was out of breath. 'They're going,' I said, hearing the noise of the pursuit passing away in the check. 'I'll just spy out the land.' I opened the door until it was an inch or two ajar, so that I could see what was going on outside. 'They're gone,' I said, again, still keeping up the pretence of being on her side. As I said it, I glanced back to fix her features on my memory. She had a pale, resolute face, with fierce eyes, which seemed fierce from pain, not from any cruelty of nature. It was a pleasant face, as far as one could judge of features made up to resemble a dirty pedlar's.

Seeing my look, she seemed to watch me curiously, raising herself up, till she stood unsteadily by the wall. 'When did you come in?' she said, meaning, I suppose, when did I join the gang.

'Last week,' I answered, truthfully, swinging the door a little further open. Footsteps were coming rapidly along the road. I heard excited voices; I made sure that it was the search-party going back to the schooner.

'Digame, muchacho,' she said, in Spanish. It must have been some sort of password among them, and, seeing by my face that I did not understand, she repeated the words softly. Then at that very instant she was on me like a tigress, with a knife. I slipped on one side instinctively. I suppose I half saw her as the knife went home. She grabbed at the pocket-book, which I swung away from her hand. The knife went deep into the door, with a drive which must have jarred her to the shoulder. 'Give it me!' she gasped, snatching at me like a fury. I dodged to one side, up the court, horribly scared. She followed madly, quite ghastly white under her paint, wholly forgetful that she was acting a man's part. When once we were dodging I grew calmer; I led her to the end of the court, then ducked. She charged in, blindly, against the wall, while I raced to the door, very pleased with my success. I did not hear her follow me, so, when I got to the door, I looked back. Just at that instant there came a smart report. The creature had fired at me with a pistol; the bullet sent a dozen chips of brick into my face. I went through the door just as the shot from the second barrel thudded into the lintel. Going through hurriedly I ran into Mr. Jermyn, as he came round the corner with the captain.

'I've got it,' I said. 'Look out! She's in there!'

'Who?' they said. 'The thief? A woman?' They did not stay, but burst through the door.

Mr. Jermyn dragged me through with them. 'You say you've got it, Martin?'

'Yes,' I answered, handing him the book. 'Here it is.'

'That's a mercy,' he said. 'Now, then, where's the thief?'

I had been out of the court, I suppose, thirty seconds; it cannot have been more. Yet, when I went back with those two men the woman had gone, as though she had never been there. 'She's over the wall!' cried the captain, running up the court. But when we looked over the wall there was no trace of her, except some slight scratches upon the brick, where her toes had rested. On the other side of the wall was a tulip-bed, full of rows of late-flowering tulips, not yet out. There was no foot-

mark on the earth. Plainly she had not jumped down on the other side.

'Check!' said the captain. 'Is she in one of the houses?'

But the houses on the left side of the court (on the other side the court had no houses, only brick walls seven feet high) were all old, barred-in, deserted mansions, with padlocks on the doors. She could not possibly have entered one of those.

'They're old plague-houses,' said Mr. Jermyn. 'They have been deserted twenty years now, since the great sickness.'

'Yes,' said the captain. 'But where can she have got to?'

'Well, it beats me,' Mr. Jermyn replied. 'But perhaps she ran along the wall to the end, then jumped down into the lane. That's the only thing she could have done. By the way, boy, you were shot at. Were you hit?'

'No,' I answered. 'But I got jolly near it. The bullet went just by me.'

'Ah!' he said. 'Take this. You will have to go armed in future.' He handed me a beautiful little double-barrelled pocket-pistol. 'Be careful,' he said. 'It's loaded. Put it in your pocket. You mustn't be seen carrying arms here. That would never do.'

'Boy,' said the captain, 'd'ye think you could shin up that waterspout, so as to look over the parapet there, on to the leads of the houses?'

'Yes,' I said, 'I think I could, from the top of the wall.'

'Why,' Mr. Jermyn said, 'she couldn't have got up there.'

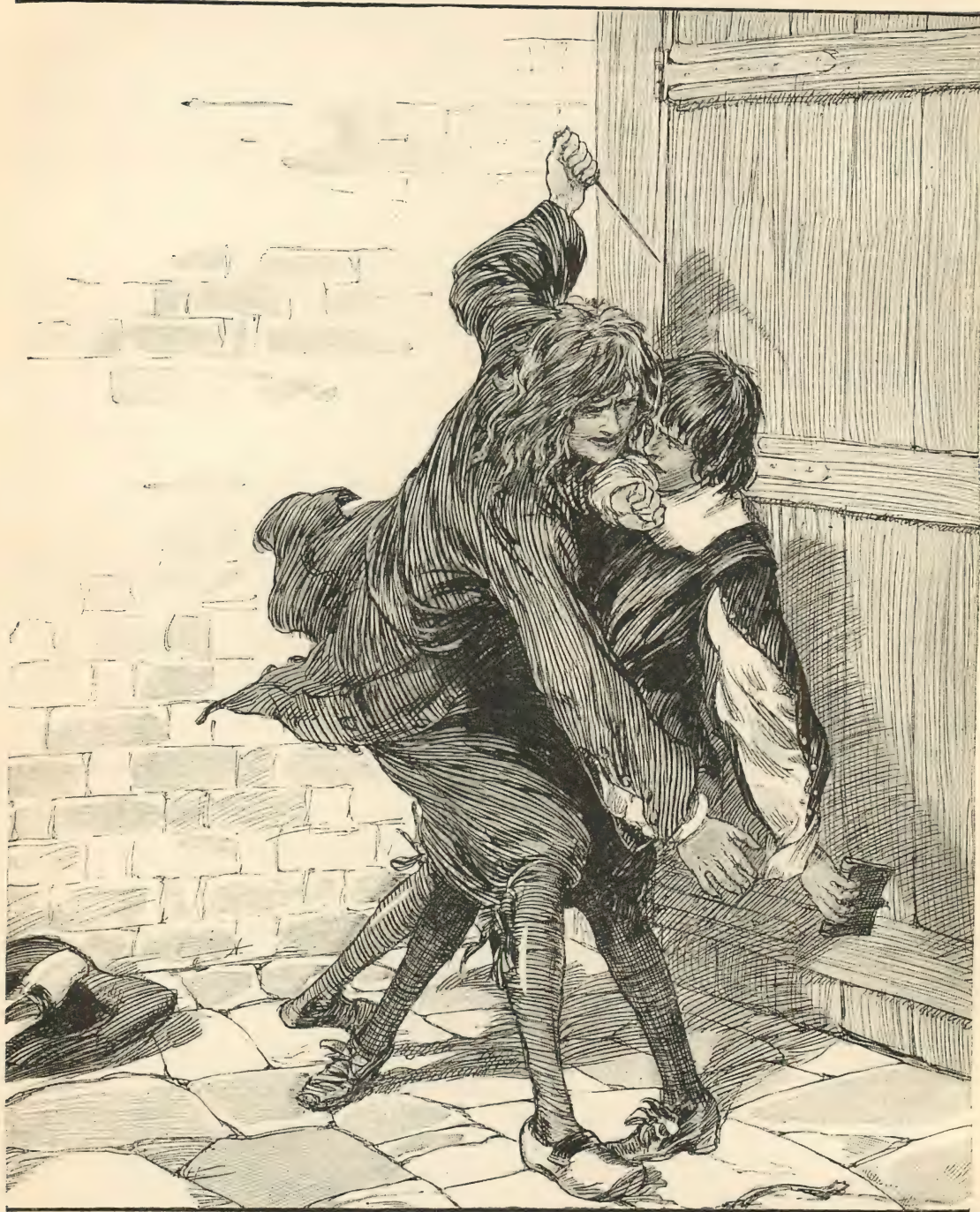
'An active woman might,' the captain said. 'You see, the waterspout is only six feet long from the wall to the eaves. There's good footing on the brackets. It's three quick steps, then one vigorous heave over the parapet. There you are, snug as a purser's billet, out of sight.'

'No woman could have done it,' Mr. Jermyn said. 'Besides, look here. We can't go further in the matter. We have recovered the book. We must get back to the ship.'

So the scheme for climbing up the waterpipe came to nothing. We walked off together, wondering where the woman had got to. Long afterwards I learned that she heard all we said by the wall there. While we talked she was busy reloading her pistol, waiting. At the door of the court we paused to pull out her knife from where it stuck. It was a not very large dagger-knife, with a small woman's grip, inlaid with silver, but bound at the guard with gold clasps. The end of the handle was also bound with gold. The edge of the broad cutting blade curved to a long, sharp point. The back was straight. On the blade was an inscription, in Spanish, *Vences o Morir* ('To conquer or die') with the maker's name, Luis Socartes, Toledo, surrounded by a little twirligig. I have it in my hand as I write. I value it more than anything in my possession. It serves to remind me of a very remarkable woman.

'There, Martin,' said Mr. Jermyn, 'there's a curiosity for you. Get one of the seamen to make a sheath for it. Then you can wear it at your back, on your belt, like a sailor.'

(Continued on page 158.)



“I swung the pocket-book away from her hand.”



"The aeronauts called through a speaking-trumpet."

CRUISERS IN THE CLOUDS.

[Second Series.]

IV.—THE LONGEST VOYAGES.

THE shortest way to Paris from London is not past the city of Coblenz, and no one making the journey would expect to include a glimpse of the Rhine. Yet on a November morning in the year 1836, a party of travellers set out for the capital of France from London, and went so much out of their way that they crossed the Rhine.

At half-past one o'clock on November 7th, Mr. Charles Green, Mr. Holland, and Mr. Mason took their seats in the car of a balloon which had been built by the first-named gentleman, a famous aeronaut. The place of embarkation was Vauxhall Gardens, and large crowds had assembled to wish the travellers a prosperous voyage. An exhibition was shortly to be held in Paris, and Mr. Green intended taking his great balloon there for show. What more reasonable than taking it through the air?

Shortly after three o'clock they were drifting over Canterbury, and as it would, perhaps, be their last chance of bidding their countrymen farewell, they lowered a tiny parachute containing a letter addressed to the mayor. Then the short winter day closed in with a chilly evening.

At five o'clock the balloon swept out above the Straits of Dover, travelling at twenty-five miles an hour. It had been the aeronaut's intention on this voyage to test his new invention of the guide-rope. This contrivance consists merely of a length of rope lowered from the side of the car, till its end reaches the earth. The part of this rope trailing on the ground has the same effect on the balloon as the throwing out of an equal weight of ballast would have. Thus, if there is a tendency on the part of the balloon to sink, the moment it begins to do so, more of the rope rests on the ground, and, with its weight gone, the descent is checked. Another duty performed by the guide-rope is to indicate to the sky-travellers the kind of country over which they are sailing. If flat, the rope will hang comparatively straight; if hilly, it drags behind at an angle, showing that ballast should be thrown out, enabling the balloon to rise above the hill-tops.

Mr. Green had looked forward to reaching the Channel as a suitable place in which to make experiments with his guide-rope, but the speed was too great, and only after land was again reached did he lower it, to trail across the fields of France, one thousand feet below. So successful did it prove, that it has never since passed entirely out of use.

When darkness came, the travellers, of course, had no means of ascertaining their whereabouts, but the sudden appearance below of a vast area of country dotted by many fires, proved that they had reached the great iron-smelting district of Liège, in Belgium. When morning dawned, the first light of the sun glittered on the waters of the Rhine, and they saw the city of Coblenz. Though their airship could have well borne them into more distant lands, this was so evidently not the way to Paris, that Mr. Green decided to settle. At half-past seven o'clock the car gently touched the earth once more, and the most remarkable balloon voyage of those times had come

to an end. They were in the Duchy of Nassau, five hundred miles from London, and the distance had been covered in eighteen hours. In honour of the feat, the balloon was then and there named the *Great Nassau*, and by that name has taken its place for ever in the history of ballooning. On this voyage, what is called the Calout method of boiling water and heating food was used for the first time. This is accomplished by applying cold water to unslaked lime, when the heat set up is sufficient for cooking purposes, while no danger is incurred through sparks or flames.

Such was the first really long balloon voyage. There have been many since, but the first in any great enterprise always deserves honourable mention. Below is a list of some of these voyages; only three cover a distance exceeding one thousand miles, though possibly this record may be broken before this article appears in print.

On Thursday, October 9th, 1900, there were great doings at Vincennes, near Paris. A number of balloons were being prepared for aerial voyages, with the object of proving how long it was possible to keep them in the air. The captain who succeeded in maintaining his ship afloat for the greatest period without coming down would secure the prize. Large crowds collected to witness the departures, and one after another the great globes rose into the sky, whence a favourable wind from the south-west soon fanned them out of sight. It was five o'clock in the evening when the first departure took place. A few minutes later followed the second, a balloon called the *St. Louis*. At twenty minutes past five the *Centaur*, under the command of Count Henry de la Vaulx, and a friend named Castillon, cast loose its moorings on what was to prove the longest voyage that has yet been made through the sky. It was Count de la Vaulx's forty-first flight, and those who watched his great silken ship saw that the *Centaur* itself was very well acquainted with the mysterious paths of cloud-land, for its coat bore signs of many wounds patched and mended.

The great city of Paris soon drew around itself the mist of the October evening, and the voyagers were alone in the sky. As the light fog climbed to wrap them in its folds they threw out some ballast, and rose above it to a height of four thousand five hundred feet. Here a brilliant moonlight awaited them. Hour after hour they sailed silently through the wondrous realm of moonlit clouds, which only seemed to grow more wonderful when the mist below cleared slightly away and showed them, in the midst of a sleeping world beneath, the grey towers of Rheims Cathedral, silvered by the soft light of the moon. At midnight they were over the lakes in the Ardennes, and, gazing down on the luminous surface of the water, they could distinguish the huge shadow of the balloon sailing before them like some silent guide. A few minutes later the distant towers and spires of Sedan were seen to the north, and at 2 a.m. they crossed the frontier of Germany. But the most enchanting journey will not do away with the necessity for sleep, so the travellers now took it in turns to snatch short spells of rest.

At 4.30 a.m. the first glimpse of dawn appeared, and, an hour later, excited shouts from below made

it clear that the *Centaur* had been seen. Leaning from the car, the aeronauts called through a speaking-trumpet, asking the name of the place over which they were passing. Alas! the answer, though clear (since the voice will rise more easily than descend), was in an unknown tongue, and the sky-sailors could only conclude from the appearance of the mountainous country that it was part of Saxony.

But they were nearer to their own countrymen than they thought, for scarcely had another hour elapsed when, scanning the sky above them, they suddenly saw a large balloon emerge from a cloud. It was the *St. Louis*. For seven hours it remained in sight, only disappearing now and then for short intervals among the snowy clouds. At one o'clock it was seen to be descending, and finally vanished in a north-easterly direction, with its trailing rope dragging across the country. The lonely *Centaur* held on its way, soon drifting over the town of Breslau, on the river Oder, and then rising into a colder region, where the thermometer stood at only seven degrees above zero. Breathing was painful, and when at sunset they found that only six sacks of ballast remained it seemed wiser to bring the voyage to a close, rather than face another night with such a small amount of sand. Who could tell into what desolate regions the wind might bear them? Even now a vast and arid plain extended itself below, swept by a moaning wind, in which the distant howling of wolves seemed audible. Down on the horizon the muttering of thunder was heard in a bank of gloomy clouds. And besides all this they were weary of the long flight in the confined space of the car. So the *Centaur* was caused to descend, sailing along at an easy distance from the ground, till some suitable landing-place should offer itself.

These arrangements being completed, the captain curled himself up in the bottom of the car to snatch a short sleep, but had scarcely closed his eyes when he was roused by a cry from his companion. What was their astonishment to find that the *Centaur* had taken the law into its own control, and was rapidly rising. It was evidently intent on winning the prize, in spite of the desires of the captain and crew; it was clearly determined to spend another night among the clouds. As though to put all possibility of descent out of the question, it rose to nearly fifteen thousand feet, into a winter of intense frost, and a good hour had passed before it could be navigated to a warmer level. When this was accomplished, the travellers' ears were assaulted by a weird and wonderful sound. It was the croaking of a vast host of frogs. The *Centaur* was bearing them across a portion of the wide and desolate Pinks morass. Amid such surroundings the first glimmer of a new dawn must have been doubly welcome. As it broadened into day there appeared at great distances on the plain below the spires of tiny village churches. The gloomy morass had been left behind, and once more an inhabited land was reached. It was nearly five o'clock when M. Castillon, with the field-glasses ever at his eyes, cried out joyfully, 'I see a large town!'

It proved to be Korostychev, in Little Russia, near Kiev, on the Dneiper River. Beyond it lay a dark and seemingly endless forest, and, anxious to

avoid this, the captain threw out his grapnel. But the *Centaur* would not hear of stopping. Dragging the anchor across one corner of the town, to the annoyance of its inhabitants, the balloon sailed over the tree-tops. Only when a clearing in these presented itself, and the valve was pulled wide open to let out all the gas, did the airship condescend to settle. It was twenty minutes past five in the morning. They had been in the air for thirty-five and three-quarter hours, and had travelled 1193 miles. The length of time in the air was surpassed in 1906, when two German balloonists remained aloft for fifty-two hours, but the distance has not yet been equalled.

It was only when the peasants, who soon flocked round with superstitious awe, had been induced to convey the travellers back to the town, that they were able to ascertain their exact position. Then Russian law insisted on making prisoners of them until passports were written to open the road for them to Paris. The journey home occupied four nights and three days. Who would deny the superiority of the balloon over the railway train if we could only induce the balloon to take us where we want to go?

OTHER LONG FLIGHTS.

1870.—Paris to Norway, 1000 miles. This was one of the balloons that escaped from the siege of Paris, and the journey took less than twenty-four hours.

1897.—From Leipzig to a distance of 1032 miles in twenty-four and a quarter hours.

1900.—From Vincennes to Rodom, 843 miles in twenty-seven and half hours.

1907.—From Bitterfeld, near Leipzig, to Enderby in Leicestershire, 600 miles in nineteen hours.

1906.—From London to Lake Geneva, 470 miles in sixteen hours. This was a remarkable flight, almost entirely done in the dark. JOHN LEA.

PLACE AND WORK FOR ALL.

ALL the little raindrops
Pattering down so fast,
Though they seem so many,
Find a home at last.

Some upon the meadow,
Some upon the plain;
There's a place for every one,
Every drop of rain.

All the little sunbeams
Coming from the blue,
Though we cannot count them,
Have some work to do.

Some revive the blossoms,
Some our homes make bright,
There's a work for every one,
Every beam of light.

All the little children,
Waking up each day,
Have some little task to do
Ere it pass away.
Some to learn their lessons,
Errands some to run,
There is something each must do—
Every little one.



Find the Horse.

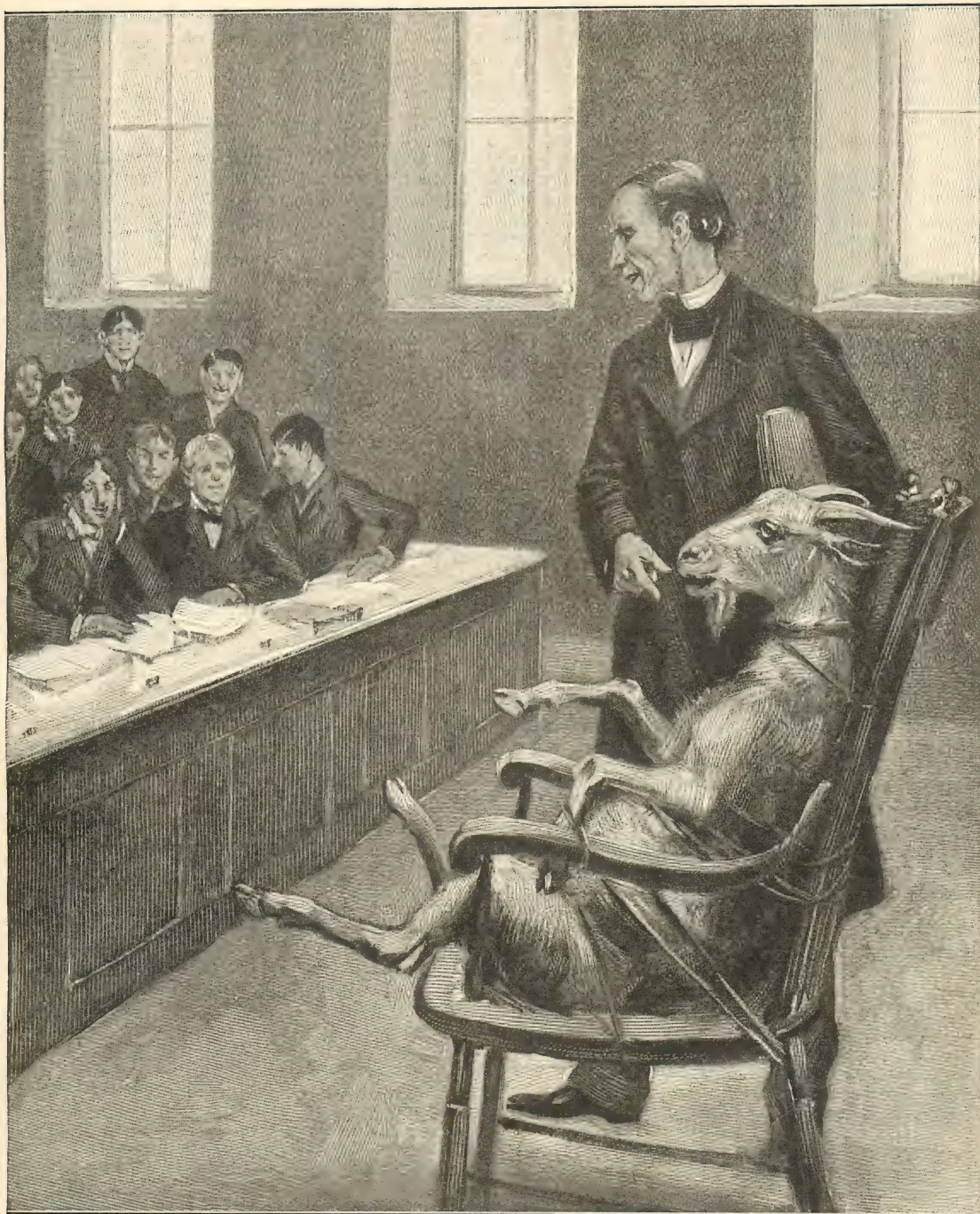


Find the Sheep-dog.



Find the Cattle-drover.

A PAGE OF PICTURE PUZZLES.



“‘You may listen to his lecture to-day.’”

‘PROFESSOR GOAT.’

THE boys of a certain American college were a very mischievous and thoughtless set. One day,

when Dr. A. entered the lecture-room, he found his scholars all seated with unwonted punctuality, and all looking exceedingly bright and alert. Evidently there was ‘something up.’

When the doctor had walked across the room to his seat, he saw an old he-goat sitting bolt upright in that place of honour. The prank-loving boys had tied the poor animal firmly into the chair, in an unnatural, though not painful, position.

Good-natured Dr. A—— proved equal to the occasion. Instead of losing his temper and storming at the culprits, he made the following little speech: 'Ah! young gentlemen, quite republican in your views, I see. Fond of a representative government, you have elevated one of your own members to the chair. Well, well! it's all right. I dare say your friend can fill it as well as any of you. You may listen to his lecture to-day. Don't feel sheepish about it! Good day!'

And off he went, and nobody could deny that the old doctor had had the best of that foolish joke.

THE WAY OF THE FOX.

THE fox had been drowsily sleeping in the fir plantation; but the sudden sound of a distant horn had started him to his feet. He knew the sound: not once nor twice only had he flown for his life with that same note at his heels. He was no coward, and a quick trot soon brought him to the end of the wood, to see what was afoot.

Down in the valley were hounds—spent and weary hounds. Half a mile ahead was one of his own kin—a very much beaten fox. He saw the hunt was bearing up in his direction; his hunted comrade would presently pass, or maybe enter the patch of firs where he himself was lurking. His mouth opened and his long tongue thrust itself out: he had a mind to relieve his comrade. He was fresh, and not at all afraid of spent dogs: a race with weary hounds behind him would be but a mild form of exercise.

The hunted fox panted by. Reynard eyed him as he passed, and, if foxes have language, what he said was something like this: 'All right, old fellow: just you get clear away, and leave me to do the rest.' His wiry body was quivering with excitement as he leapt out and dashed across the line of scent.

At the junction where the two foxes had crossed, the hounds halted and turned, following now the stronger scent. Reynard was cunning enough to know that he need not hurry; the hounds had been running long, and he had only just begun. He took the open country; carefully choosing his furrow, he ran across a ploughed field, ascended an incline, and on the summit halted. Here he was visible to the whole party beneath, and they shouted as they saw him. He paused for a long moment, enjoying the delight of being hunted in safety: he was fresh and agile, and fit for many miles' run, if necessary; the creatures behind him were exhausted—dogs, horses, and men alike. But the sight of the red coats and the sound of the shouting brought him to his senses; they were still in deadly earnest, and he would have to be moving on.

He took the summit easily, and dipped down into the next valley. Then the unexpected happened: crossing a cart-track which had been recently mended with faggots placed in the ruts, he ran a big thorn into his foot, and went on, limping. Speed was out

of the question now; he would have to use his wits. Down in the dell the river ran; water, he knew, had the power of destroying scent. Gaining the bank of the stream he looked behind him a moment—the huntsmen were not yet in sight. Into the water he plunged, and presently clambered up the opposite bank.

A belt of trees hid him from view of the horsemen as they crested the hill behind. Into this belt he crawled, proceeding painfully till he reached the end of it; here the river bent, and he took to the water again, swimming down the stream. There were great bushes on the banks that screened him from possible observation. Then he heard the cry and the blast of the horn, that told him the hunters were on his trail again: the hounds had crossed the river and the red-coats were wading across after them. It was high time for him to come out of the water; but he came out on the *same side* of the stream as that by which he had entered, and stood on the bank, dripping, shivering, listening.

Yes, the hounds were crossing to the opposite bank again; that was well—his ruse had succeeded. There was no scent near them, and such scent as existed was not on their side of the water; while they were casting about he could get away. His foot hurt him dreadfully, but he put it down firmly as he started into a run, ignoring the pain as best he might for full ten minutes. At the end of that time he had got well away.

MARTIN HYDE.

(Continued from page 151.)

AS we walked back to the ship, I told Mr. Jermyn all that I had seen. He said that the whole, as far as he could make it out, had been a carefully laid plot of some of James II.'s spies. He seemed to think that I had saved the Duke from a very dreadful danger. The horsey man, he said, was evidently a trusted secret agent, who must have made friends with the carpenter on some earlier visit of the schooner. He had planned his raid on the Duke's papers very cleverly. He had bribed the carpenter (so we conjectured, piecing the evidence together) to shout 'fire' when we were busy at breakfast. Then, when all was ready, this woman, whoever she was, had gone forward to the bo'sun's locker, where she had set fire to half-a-dozen of those fumigating chemical candles which she had brought in her pedlar's box. The candles at once spluttered out immense volumes of evil-smelling smoke. The carpenter, watching his time, raised the alarm of fire, while the horsey man, hidden below, waited till all were on deck to force the spring-locks on the Duke's cabin door. When once he had got inside the cabin, he had worked with feverish speed, emptying all the drawers, ripping up the mattress, even upsetting the books from the bookshelf, all in about two minutes. Luckily, the Duke kept nearly all his secret papers about his person. The pocket-book was the only important exception. This, a very secret list of all the Western gentry ready to rise, was locked in a casket in a locked drawer.

'It shows you,' said Mr. Jermyn, 'how well he worked that he did all this in so little time. If

you hadn't fallen on the nail, Martin, our friends in the West would have fared badly. It was very clever of you to bring us out of the danger.'

When we got back aboard the schooner, we found, as we had expected, that the men in league with the horsey man had deserted. Neither carpenter nor boatswain was to be found. Both had bolted off at the moment of alarm, leaving the chests behind them. I suppose they thought that their plot had succeeded. I dare say, too, that the horsey man, who was evidently well known to them both, had given them orders to desert in the confusion. Altogether, the morning's work from breakfast-time till ten was full of moving incident. I have never had a more exciting two hours. When I sat down to my breakfast (which I ate in the cabin among the gentlemen), I seemed to have grown five years older. All three men made much of me. They brought out all sorts of sweetmeats for me, saying that I had saved them from disaster. The Duke was especially kind.

'Why, Jermyn,' he said, 'we thought we had found a clever messenger, but we have found a guardian angel.' He gave me a belt made of green Spanish leather, with a wonderfully wrought steel clasp. 'Here,' he said. 'Wear this, Martin! Here's a holster on it for your pistol. These pouches hold cartridges. Then this sheath at the back will hold your dagger, the spoils of war.'

'There,' said the captain. 'Now I'll give you something else to fit you out. I'll give you a pocket flask. What's more, I'll teach you how to make pistol cartridges. We'll make a stock this morning.'

While he was speaking, the mate came down to tell us how sorry he was that it was through him that the horsey man was shown over the ship.

'He told me he had important letters for Mr. Scott,' he said, 'so I thought it was only right to show him about while you were dressing. I was just taken in. He was such a smooth-spoken chap. After I got to know, I could have bitten my tongue off.'

They spoke kindly to the man, who was evidently distressed at his mistake. They told him to give orders for a watchman to walk the gangway all day long in future, which to me sounded like locking the stable door too late. After that, I learned how to make pistol cartridges until the company prepared to go ashore. The chests of the deserters were locked up in the lazareet, or store cupboard, so that if the men came aboard again they might not take away their things.

'Before we start,' the Duke said, 'I must just say this. We know, from this morning's work, that the spies of the English Court know much more than we supposed. We may count it as certain that this ship is being watched at this moment. Now, we must put them off the scent, because I must see Argyle without their knowledge. It is not much good putting to sea again, as a blind, for they can't help knowing that we are here to see Argyle. They have only to watch Argyle's house to see us enter, sooner or later. I suggest this as a blind. We ought to ride far out into the country—to Zaandam, say, by way of Amsterdam. That's about twenty miles. Meanwhile, Argyle shall come aboard here. The schooner shall take him up to Egmont. He'll get there this afternoon. He must come aboard dis-

guised. At Zaandam, we three will separate. Jermyn will personate me, remaining in Zaandam. The boy shall carry letters in a hurry to Hoorn—dummy letters, of course: while I shall creep off to meet Argyle—somewhere else. If we start in a hurry, they won't have time to organize a pursuit. There are probably only a few secret agents waiting for us here. What do you say?'

'I should say this,' said Mr. Jermyn. 'Send the boy on at once to Egmont with a note to Standhal, the merchant there. They won't suspect the boy. They won't bother to follow him, probably. Tell Standhal to send out a galliot to take Argyle off the schooner at sea. The galliot can land Argyle somewhere on the coast. That would puzzle them. She can then ply to England, or elsewhere, so that her men won't have a chance of talking. As for the schooner, she can proceed north, to anchor at the Texel till further orders. At the same time, we could ride south to Noordwyk; find a barge there going north; hide in her cabin till she arrives, say, at Alkmaar; meet Argyle somewhere near there; then remain hidden till it is time to move. We can set all the balls moving, by sticking up a few bills in the towns.'

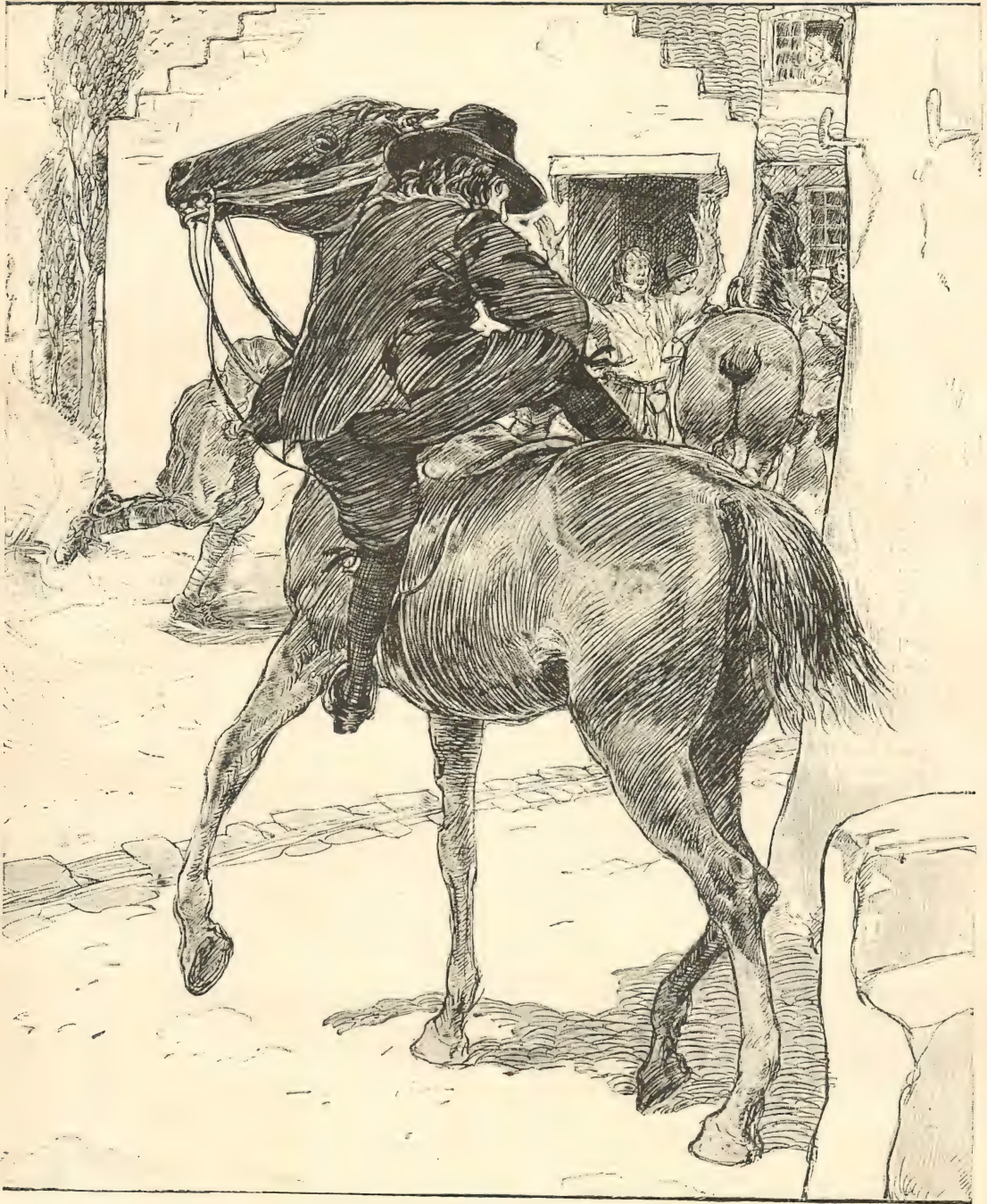
I did not know what he meant by this. Afterwards I learned that the conspirators took their instructions from advertisements for servants, or of things lost, which were stuck up in public places. To the initiated, these bills, seemingly innocent, gave warning of the Duke's plans. Very few people in Holland (not more than thirty, I believe) were in the secret of his expedition. Most of these thirty knew other loyalists, to whom, when the time came, they gave the word. When the time came we were only about eighty men all told. That is not a large force, is it, for the invasion of a populous kingdom?

They talked it out for a little while, making improvements on Mr. Jermyn's plan. They had a map by them during some of the time. Before they made their decision, they turned me out of the cabin, so that I know not to this day what the Duke did during the next few days. I know only this, that he disappeared from his enemies so completely that the spies were baffled. Not only James's spies, that is nothing: but the spies of William of Orange were baffled. They knew no more of his whereabouts than I knew. They had to write home that he had gone, they could not guess where. All that I know of his doings during the next week is this. After about half an hour of debate, the captain went ashore to one of the famous inns in the town. From this inn, he dispatched, one by one, at brief intervals, three horses, each to a different inn along the Egmont highway. He gave instructions to the ostlers who rode them to wait outside the inns he named, till the gentlemen called for them. He got the third horse off in this quiet way, at the end of about an hour. I believe that he then sent a printed book (with certain words in it underlined, so as to form a message) by the hand of a little girl to the Duke of Argyle's lodging. I have heard that it was a book on the training of horses to do tricks. There was probably some cipher message in it, as well as the underlined message. Whatever it was, it gave the Duke his instructions.

(Continued on page 162.)



“The Duke was especially kind.”



"Before they turned I was in the saddle."

MARTIN HYDE.

(Continued from page 159.)

AFTER waiting for about an hour in the schooner, I was sent ashore with a bottle-basket, with very precise instructions in what I was to do. I was to follow the road towards Haarlem till I came to the inn near the turning of the Egmont highway. There I was to leave my bottle-basket, asking, or rather handing over a written request, that it should be filled. After paying for this, I was to direct the basket to be sent aboard the schooner by the ostler who was waiting at the door with a horse (the last of those ordered by the captain). I was then to walk the horse along the Egmont road, till I saw or heard an open carriage coming behind. Then I was to trot, keeping ahead of the carriage, but not far from it, till I was past the third tavern. After that, if I was not recalled by those in the carriage, I was free to quicken up my pace. I was then to ride straight ahead till I got to Egmont, a twenty-mile ride to the north. There I was to deliver up my horse at the Zwolle Haus inn, before inquiring for M. Standhal, the East India merchant. To him I was to give a letter, which for safety was rolled into a blank cartridge in my little pistol cartridge-box. After that, I was to stay at M. Standhal's house, keeping out of harm's way till I received further orders from my masters.

You may be sure that I thought myself a fine figure of gallantry as I stepped out with my basket. I was a King's secret agent. I had a King's letter about my person. I was armed with fine weapons which I longed to be using. I had been under fire for my King's sake. I was also still tingling with my King's praise. It was a warm, sunny April day—that was another thing to fill me with gladness. Soon I should be mounted on a nag, riding out in a strange land on a secret mission, with a pocket full of special-service money. Whatever I had felt in the few days of the sea-passage was all forgotten now. I did not even worry about not knowing the language. It would keep me from loitering to chatter. My schoolboy French would probably be enough for all purposes if I went astray. I was 'to avoid chance acquaintances, particularly if they spoke English.' That was my last order. Repeating it to myself, I walked on briskly.

I had not gone more than three hundred yards upon my way, when a lady, very richly dressed, cantered slowly past me on a fine bay mare. She was followed by a gentleman in scarlet, riding on a little black Arab horse. They had not gone a hundred yards past me when the Arab picked up a stone. The man dismounted to pick it out, while the lady rode back to hold the horse, which was a ticklish job, since he was as fresh as a colt. He went squirming about like an eel. The man had no hook to pick the stone with, nor could he get it out by his fingers. I could hear him growling under his breath in some strange language, while the horse sidled about, as wicked as he could be.

As I approached, the horse grew so troublesome that the man decided to take him back to the town to have the stone pulled out there. He was just starting to lead him back when I came up with them.

He asked me some question in a tongue which I did not know. He probably asked me if I had a hook. I shook my head. The lady said something to him in French, which made him laugh. Then he began to lead back the horse towards the town. The lady, after waving her hand to him, started to ride slowly forward in front of me. Like most ladies at that time, she wore a little black velvet domino-mask over her eyes. All people could ride in those days; but I remember it occurred to me that this lady rode beautifully. So many women look like meal-sacks in the saddle. This one rode as though she were a part of the horse.

She kept about twenty yards ahead of me till I sighted the inn, where an ostler was walking the little nag which I was to ride. She halted at the inn-door, looking back towards the town for her companion. Then, without calling to anybody, she dismounted, flinging her mare's reins over a hook in the wall. She went into the inn boldly, drawing her whip through her left hand. When I entered the inn-door a moment later, she was talking in Dutch to the landlord, who was bowing to her as though she were a great lady. I handed over my basket with the letter to a woman who served the customers. Then, as I was going to take my horse, the lady spoke to me in broken English.

'Walk my horse, so he not take cold,' she said.

It was in the twilight of the passage from the door, so that I could not see her very clearly, but the voice was certainly like the voice of the woman who had fired at me in the courtyard. Was I right? That voice was on my nerves. It seemed to be the voice of all the strangers in the town. I looked up at her quickly. She was masked; yet the grey eyes seemed to gleam beyond the velvet, much as that woman's eyes had gleamed. Her mouth, her chin, the general poise of her body, all convinced me. She was the woman who had carried away the book from Longshore Jack. I was quite sure of it. I pretended not to understand her. I dropped my eyes, without stopping; she flicked me lightly with her whip to draw my attention.

'Walk my horse,' she said again, with a little petulance in her voice. I saw no way out of it. If I refused, she would guess (if she did not know already) that I was not there only for bottles. 'Oui, mademoiselle,' I said, 'Oui, merci.' So out I went to where the mare stood. She followed me to the door to see me take the mare. There was no escape; she was going to delay me at the door till the man returned. I patted the lovely creature's neck. I was very well used to horses, for in the Broad country a man must ride almost as much as he must row. But I was not so taken up with this mare that I did not take good stock of the lady, who, for her part, watched me pretty narrowly, as though she meant never to forget me. I began to walk the beast in the road in front of the inn, wondering how in the world I was to get out of the difficulty before the Duke's carriage arrived. There was the woman watching me with a satirical smile. She was evidently enjoying the sight of my crestfallen face.

Now, in my misery, a wild thought occurred to me. I began to time my walking of the mare so that I was walking towards Sandpoort, while the

other horse-boy was walking with my nag towards Egmont, on the other side of the inn. I had read that in desperate cases the desperate remedy is the only measure to be tried. While I was walking away from the inn I drew the dagger, the spoils of war. I drew it very gently, as though I were merely buttoning my waistcoat. Then, with one swift cut, I drew it nine-tenths through the girth. I did nothing more for that turn, though I only bided my time. After a turn or two more, the other horse-boy was called up to the inn by the lady. No doubt she was going to question him about the reason for his being there. He walked up leisurely, full of smiles, leaving his nag fast to a hook in the wall, some dozen yards from the door. This was a better chance than I hoped for; so, drawing my dagger, I resolved to put things to the test. I ripped the reins off the mare close to the bits. Then, with a loud 'Shoo!' followed by a whack in the flank, I frightened the mare right into them, almost into the inn-door. Before they knew what had happened I was at my own horse's head, swiftly casting off the reins from the hook. Before they turned to pursue me I was in the saddle, going at a quick trot towards Egmont, while the mare was charging down the road behind me, with her saddle under her, giving her the fright of her life.

An awkward thought came to me. 'Supposing the lady is not the English spy, what an awful thing I have done. Even if she be, what right have I to cut her horse's harness? They may put me in prison for it. Besides, what an ass I have been! If she is what I think, she will know now that I am her enemy, engaged on very special service.' Looking back at the inn-door, I saw a party of people gesticulating in the road. A man was shouting to me. Others seemed to be laughing. Then, to my great joy, round the turn of the road came an open carriage, with two horses, going at a good pace. There came my masters. All was well! I chuckled to myself as I thought of the lady's face, when these two passed her, leaving her without means of following them.

When we were well out of sight of the inn, I rode back to the carriage to report, wondering how they would receive my news. They received it with displeasure, saying that I had disobeyed my orders, not only in acting as I had done, but in coming back to tell them. They bade me ride on at once to Egmont, before I was arrested for cutting the lady's harness. As for their own plans, whatever they were, my action altered them. I do not know what they did. I know that I was in disgrace.

(Continued on page 170.)

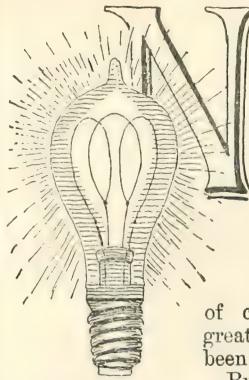
REWARD.

THAR in the upper skies the lark
Trills out his lay, though none shall mark.
Yea! though his note by none be heard,
His rapture is its own reward.

So in the quiet, secret way,
Kind hearts do service day by day;
Nor ask for guerdon where they move—
Content with the sweet wage of Love.

FRANK ELLIS.

INSTEAD OF CANDLES.



NOW-A-DAYS candles are somewhat out of date, and even in the cottages of the poor you will generally find paraffin lamps instead of the time-honoured old dip. The majority of us are content to use gas, or, better still, electric light. To be able to flood our rooms with light by merely touching a button seems to us a simple refinement of civilisation, though to our great-grandfathers it would have been a marvel.

But there are still many places in the world where the electric button is unknown, where neither gas nor paraffin can be obtained, and where candles are an unheard-of luxury. It is interesting to learn from travellers how the inhabitants manage without these means of lighting their dwellings. What do they use instead of candles?

In the arctic regions and in all countries of the far north, oil is used for lighting purposes. Nansen tells us that the natives of Greenland use large shallow vessels filled with blubber-fat or oil, in which floats a burning wick, fashioned of twisted moss. He found the smell and smoke from these flaring, open lamps most offensive, but the crowded inmates of the hut did not appear to notice it.

In northern seas whales and seal abound, providing food, covering, warmth, and light for the people who inhabit these barren, inhospitable shores. Their capture, however, calls for skill and courage. But there is a very tiny fish which abounds at certain seasons; it is caught with great ease, and, for lighting purposes, is as useful as the seal. This little fish is no larger than a smelt. It appears in vast shoals on the coast of Vancouver, and is eagerly watched for and welcomed by the poor Indians. It is their harvest, the gathering of which needs little skill. These fish arrive in so vast a multitude that the surface of the sea seems to be alive with them; it is a glittering, moving mass of living creatures. The Indians go out in their canoes, gliding through the shining, silvery host as quietly as possible. One man paddles gently along, while his comrade, with a huge rake, literally sweeps the little fishes into the canoe. Very soon it is full. Then they return to shore, empty their cargo into a great heap upon the sands, and away again for another load. So the work goes on without cessation so long as any fish remain to be caught. Now begins the great work of curing, and here the women come to the fore, for Indians, like most savage tribes, never do any work which they can possibly leave to the women.

The process of curing is simple enough. Wood fires are kept burning in the huts, from the roof of which the fish are suspended by means of skewers, scores of the tiny fish being threaded through the eyes on to a splinter of wood. When dry, the fish are packed in big baskets or boxes, and stored away as provision for the winter. They are eaten without further

cooking, the wood smoke imparting an agreeable flavour. When the squaw needs a candle, she takes one of the fishes, threads a strip of soft bark through it, and lights it at one end. This strange candle she fixes into a rude holder, and it burns steadily and brightly until consumed. This curious fish-candle is not only useful, but pleasant, for as it burns it emits a delightful aromatic odour.



Seal-oil used as a Light by Eskimo.

In southern lands nature provides for men lamps of quite another kind. In almost all tropical countries grows a tree called the candle-nut, which, as a means of giving light, is as useful to the natives as the seal is to the Eskimo. This tree bears a heart-shaped nut about the size of a walnut. It serves two purposes, for, when roasted, it is good to eat as well as to burn. The native women partially bake these nuts, peel off the hard rind, bore them, and string them on to rushes. Tassels of these candle-nut ropes hang upon the walls of the hut. When the lady of the house wants a candle, she cuts off a portion of the nut-rope and rolls it up in a pine-leaf, which acts as an excellent candlestick, burning away merrily along with the nuts, and giving a brilliant and steady light. These torches are used by the men also when they go fishing at night, and need a bright light to attract the fish to the surface.

But however quaint candle-fish and candle-nuts may be, they are not so picturesque as fireflies, those luminous little beetles which make night in southern lands a veritable scene of enchantment. These living lamps seem to be designed by nature to assist only at the midnight revels of a fairy

queen; but the people who dwell in firefly lands are not at all like fairies, and they regard the myriads of light-bearing insects which flash through their groves from an entirely practical point of view. It is true that the belles of South America and the West Indies value fireflies for their beauty. They use them as ornaments, wearing them in their dark hair, or fastening them like jewels upon their dresses. There, caged in a morsel of net or gauze, they will shine brightly for a whole evening. But amongst the poor, fireflies are used for the prosaic purpose of giving light. An Indian, if he has to traverse the woods at night, need carry no lantern. He just catches a few fireflies, fastens them to his ankles, and off he goes, sure that at least he will not miss the path or tread unawares upon a snake. The women, too, use fireflies to light their huts. They make little cages, or lanterns, in which they place three or four of the beetles, and the light thus



Fireflies as Lamps.

given is enough for domestic purposes; or perhaps they pop a few beetles into an empty bottle, which answers quite as well as the cage. Fireflies give more light when they are angry; naturally they do not approve of the bottle or the cage, so they buzz about and sparkle fiercely, which suits the lady of the house very well; she may not have candles at command, but she has a very good substitute.



“‘We are as near Heaven by sea as by land.’”

THE SEA-KINGS OF ENGLAND.

III.—THE FIRST COLONY.

(Concluded from page 135.)

FROM St. John's, Gilbert and his men voyaged past Cape Race, where, for a time, they lay becalmed, and caught a store of cod. Thence they

made for Cape Breton, and were eight days out of sight of land. On the Wednesday, August 28th, the weather was fine, but there were signs of storm. Schools of porpoises were seen, and some of the mariners vowed that they heard strange voices at night, and fell into great fear because of them. On the Thursday the wind rose, blowing south by east,

bringing with it rain and thick mist, so that they could not see a cable-length before them. Early in the morning they found themselves among flats and sands, with what seemed to be white cliffs close at hand, though very likely it was but the breaking of the sea in the haze, for afterwards they could descry no land.

The *Delight* was leading the fleet, but kept a bad watch. When those on the *Golden Hind* saw the white cliffs, they signalled to her. But it was too late, for then and there she struck aground, and her stern was battered to pieces. The *Squirrel* and the *Golden Hind* were borne east-south-east, and escaped the danger. They could lend no aid to the *Delight*, and saw her cast away, without power to give her crew help. When the two ships came the next day to search for the *Delight*, they found never a man of her crew. There were about one hundred who perished with the ship, many of them those wicked souls who before had plundered the Newfoundlander; but among them also died a learned Hungarian, Stephen Parmenius, called Budaus, and the captain, Browne, a virtuous, honest, and discreet gentleman. When the storm was at its height he would not leave his ship, but mounted upon the highest deck, choosing to die rather than forsake his charge.

Fourteen escaped. They leapt into a small pinnace, as big as a Thames barge, which was towed by the *Delight*, and trusted themselves to the sea in it, with no food, nor so much as a drop of fresh water. For six days they were carried before the wind, and at last arrived with all the men (save two who died) alive, but weak, upon the coast of Newfoundland. There a French ship picked them up, and took them to France.

The *Golden Hind* and the *Squirrel* continued beating up and down, hoping the weather would clear, and that they might see land; for by now they were running short of victuals and clothes. They besought Gilbert to give up the expedition, and return home; and when he saw in what distress they were he consented. 'Be content,' he said; 'we have seen enough, and we care not what it has cost us. I will set you forth again royally next spring, if God send us safe home. I pray you let us no longer strive here, where we fight against the elements.'

So upon Saturday, August 31st, they changed their course, and turned back towards England. Even as they turned, a terrible sight was seen. Between them and the land they were leaving there swam a sea-monster, with a head almost like a lion's, yawning and gaping wide, and roaring loudly. They took it for a warning, and for a good omen, because they had turned back.

They returned in safety past Cape Race, though they encountered another storm, weathering it safely. The men besought Gilbert to come aboard the *Golden Hind*, which was the larger ship of the two, and the safer in bad weather, which they might now expect. But he refused; he had set forth to the south in the *Squirrel*, 'and I will not forsake my little company going homeward,' said he, 'with whom I have passed so many storms and perils.'

They came at last to the Azores, and there met foul weather and terrible seas, breaking high and short like pyramids; and they saw St. Elmo's fire,

a sign of the worst weather. On Monday, September 9th, in the afternoon, the *Squirrel* was well-nigh lost in the huge waves. Yet she recovered, and those on the *Golden Hind* saw Sir Humphrey standing abaft with a book in his hand. When they drew near he cried to them, 'We are as near Heaven by sea as by land,' and repeated his saying as often as they were within hearing.

That was their last sight of him. That night, about twelve of the clock, or not long after, the men of the *Golden Hind* saw the *Squirrel's* lights suddenly go out; and the watch cried out, 'Our General is cast away!' For in that moment the *Squirrel* disappeared in the sea, and no sign of her was afterwards seen.

So Sir Humphrey Gilbert died; and of all his great expedition there remained but one ship with its crew safe, the *Golden Hind*, which came into Falmouth harbour on September 22nd, 1583. The *Swallow* had returned home with the sick; the *Delight* had foundered with all save fourteen of her crew; the *Squirrel* was lost on the homeward voyage, with the great leader. But Gilbert, though he did not live to see even his own success, founded the first English colony; and his dreams of the New World have been fulfilled in a manner greater than he, hero and heroic dreamer though he was, could ever have hoped.

'AS THE SAYING IS.'

A WOMAN of my acquaintance is continually making use of the expression, 'As the saying is.' The funny part of it is that the 'saying' referred to is not, as you might expect, a familiar proverb or an ancient adage, but merely a quite ordinary remark of her own. There are, however, many old-established 'sayings' whose history is rather interesting.

There is this one: *Buying a pig in a poke*. Once upon a time—'as the saying is'—there was a wicked cheat of a countryman who put a cat into a poke (or sack), took it to market, and sold it as a sucking-pig. The foolish buyer paid down his money without looking to see what he was purchasing. When he got home, he *let the cat out of the bag*. And thus the cheating countryman and his too-confiding customer contributed two sayings to our every-day speech.

The rather inelegant phrase, *A bone to pick*, is said to have had its origin in Sicily. There it is, or was, the custom for the father of a bride to hand the bridegroom a bone, saying, 'Pick this bone; you have undertaken a more difficult task.' This seems rather an unkind thing for a father to say.

From *Land's End to John o' Groat's House* is, as we know, a picturesque way of saying 'from one end of Britain to the other.' But John o' Groat's House, although no longer in existence, was once a real house belonging to a real John, a Dutchman who came from Groot, in Holland. John (or Jan) built his house about 1490 upon Duncan's Bay Head, the most northerly point of Great Britain, and he probably erected it for the accommodation of travellers crossing the ferry to the Orkneys. The name *Groot* or *Groat* is for ever cropping up in deeds dated from 1483 to 1741 (when a certain Malcolm Groat sold his 'lands in Dungsansby, with

the ferry house,' to William Sinclair, of Freswick), and there are still Grots and Groats residing in the neighbourhood.

Some very familiar expressions are comparatively modern. There is the word 'donkey,' for instance, with which we have been familiar all our lives. Yet no unmannerly urchin who lived in the days of 'good Queen Bess,' or even in Queen Anne's time, ever said to his schoolfellow, 'You donkey!' The word was unknown until the end of the eighteenth century. 'Donkey' is simply a nickname for our friend, the ass, and it did not make its appearance in the dictionaries until about 1850. The earliest known mention of the word occurs in *A Poetical Answer to Mr. Peter Pindar's Benevolent Epistle to John Nicholls*, 1790. In this 'poetical' work we find the following passage:—

'But, Peter, thou art mounted on a Neddy,
Or in the London phrase, thou Dev'nshire monkey,
Thy Pegasus is nothing but a donkey.'

By this it would appear that 'donkey' had its origin in London, that birthplace of so many other nicknames.

E. DYKE.

CHARLIE'S REVENGE.

IF there was any fun or mischief going on in the village of Wintersleet, Charlie Benson was bound to be at the bottom of it all. He was a bright, clever lad, and a great favourite amongst his playmates, although, it must be admitted, he frequently led them into trouble.

'What do you chaps say to earning a few pence to-morrow?' he said to three of his chosen friends one day. 'It's Guy Fawkes' Day, you know, and I don't see why we shouldn't make a good thing out of it!'

'That's a jolly fine idea,' replied Phil Hardy, the eldest of the three lads thus addressed; 'but what about the guy?'

'Oh, I have been busy making one for days, and he's a regular beauty, he is!'

'Guys generally are,' said Phil.

'Now, don't you try to be funny,' said Charlie, with a broad grin; 'it doesn't suit you. You just listen to me!' And Charlie forthwith unfolded a scheme which met with the entire approval of his colleagues.

The following morning the four boys, with a hideous old guy propped up in a chair, started off on their rounds. One of the first houses at which they stopped was a comfortable dwelling occupied by Dr. Lennan, a new-comer to the neighbourhood. Here their voices rang out lustily:

'Remember, remember
The Fifth of November,
The gunpowder treason and plot
I don't see the reason
Why gunpowder treason
Should ever be forgot.
Holloa, boys! holloa, boys——'

At this moment the door suddenly opened, and Martha, the doctor's sturdy housemaid, made her appearance, broom in hand.

'Don't you come holloaing here!' she cried, sharply, though there was a twinkle of fun in her eyes. 'Just take yourselves and your old guy away, or it will be the worse for you!'

'I shall go where I please,' said Charlie, defiantly, holding his ground.

'Oh! will you?' retorted Martha. 'We'll see about that!'

With this she gave the guy a tremendous push with her broom, an attack which was so unexpected that, but for Charlie's outstretched hand, 'Mr. Guy' would have come to grief altogether.

Then she turned her back upon them, and made her way into the house, slamming the door vigorously in their faces.

'She's an old guy herself, that's what she is,' cried Charlie, feeling quite enraged. 'But I'll pay her out, see if I don't. I'll have my revenge one day!'

The others, who had already turned on their heels, fully agreed in Charlie's sentiments, and it took them some time to recover their spirits.

However, under their captain's lead, they gradually plucked up their courage, and before the beginning of morning school they had managed to 'net' the splendid sum of six coppers.

* * * * *

The false rings at the doctor's door-bell were very frequent after this, and Martha at last grew so irate that, with her master's permission, she complained to the police. In consequence of this, Charlie Benson was one day caught red-handed.

'Hullo, young man, now I have you!' said the policeman. 'You come with me.'

Charlie turned white with dismay. It was a bitterly cold morning, and matters were rather at a low ebb in the boy's home. His father was out of work, and food had been none too plentiful of late. Still, neither hunger nor cold had altogether quenched Charlie's love of mischief or desire for revenge on Martha. But Martha, seeing the lad's scared face, rescued him from the clutches of the police, and took him in to her master for judgment.

When Charlie entered the doctor's presence, he looked so white and trembling that the doctor's first orders were for Martha to take him into the kitchen, and give him a good meal.

Charlie could scarcely believe his ears. How foolish and paltry seemed his revenge in the face of such kindness as this!

'So you're the boy who rings my door-bell,' said Dr. Lennan when the lad, after being warmed and fed, stood before him. 'What made you do it?' he asked, sternly.

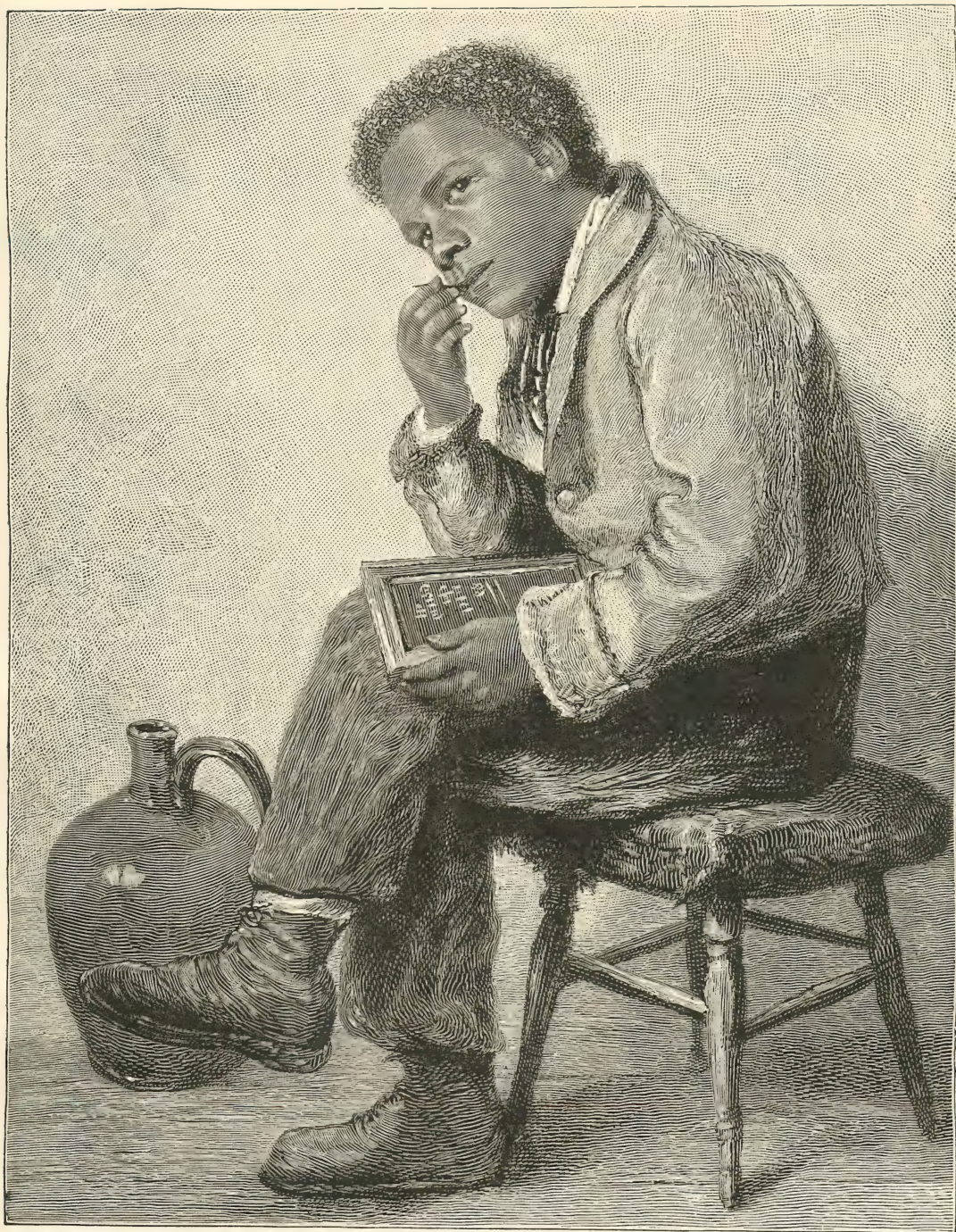
Charlie, in ashamed tones, stated his reasons.

Something in the culprit's open countenance interested the doctor; moreover, he had not forgotten that he was once a boy himself. Upon hearing from Charlie that his father was out of work, he decided not only to forgive the lad, but also to lend the family a helping hand, an act of clemency which he never had reason to regret.

Charlie has made up his mind for the future to have nothing whatever to do with revenge, a very wise decision on his part.



“Take yourselves and your old guy away.”



A Brown Study. By W. H. Hunt.

PICTURES AND THEIR PAINTERS.

From the South Kensington Museum, London.

I.—WILLIAM HENRY HUNT.

THOSE who know Mrs. Ewing's *Story of a Short Life* will remember how Leonard, the boy-hero, compiled a book of 'Poor Things, who've been burnt . . . or blind . . . ; or had their legs or their arms chopped off in battle, and are very good and brave about it, and manage very, very nearly as well as people who have got nothing the matter with them.' In that roll of honour, place might perhaps have been found for William Henry Hunt, the water-colour painter, whose picture 'A Brown Study,' forms the subject of our illustration. A sickly, fragile child he was, lame from his birth, the son of a London tin-plate worker. Perhaps it was partly the dull, invalid life that led the little fellow to develop his natural taste for drawing. At any rate, by the time he was fourteen, it was evident to his family that he had talent enough to make a living by his brush, and he was apprenticed to John Varley, having Linnell, the landscape painter, as his fellow-pupil.

Fortune favoured the lame boy, and in the next few years he made some valuable friends, who could recognise his talent. Chief among these was Dr. Monro, a generous patron of artists, who had a house at Bushey, in Hertfordshire, and another in London, where he had collected a number of art treasures. The lad was allowed to study among the good doctor's pictures, to make acquaintance with the stately forms and fair faces of the lords and ladies who sat to Gainsborough, and to make copies of the portraits, which would sell for two shillings or eighteenpence—not a very tremendous payment for much careful work, but sweet, doubtless, as first earnings will always be.

Nor did the doctor's kindness to his young protégé end there. He carried the lad off to Bushey, and set him to study nature among the Hertfordshire fields and lanes, paying him well for the sketches he made. Soon the odd little conveyance, half barrow, half bath-chair, drawn by hand, or now and then by a donkey, became a familiar sight in the neighbourhood of Bushey, and from it the lame artist studied meadow and hedgerow, farm and cottage, in the most typical English country. When weather or his own frail health kept him within doors, he made sketches of interiors, with such success that he was commissioned to paint the historic rooms in some of the 'Stately Homes of England.' The Earl of Essex gave him work at Cassiobury, and the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth. The thorough, hard-working young painter was becoming known, and by the time he was seventeen he had a picture in the Academy.

But it is with the Society of Painters in Water-colours that Hunt's name will always be connected. He became an Associate in 1824, and from that time onward painted in water-colours almost entirely. His careful, minute work suited the subjects which lay close to his hand, interiors, groups of flowers and fruit, homely landscapes, lads and lasses busy over daily tasks. He spent much of his time at Hastings, where he took a house in the old part of the town, and made many studies of the fisher-

folk, carrying back with him to London a boy who specially took his fancy, and painting him again and again. Many of his landscapes were painted from the window of his room, telling their own story of the narrow life which yet could never have been a dull one, because the artist had learned to see the beauty and interest that lies in every-day things.

'The Beauty of the Commonplace,' that was William Hunt's lesson for the world, all the loveliness of colour and form that lies so close about our feet that we are apt to neglect and overlook it. The silver sheen on the scales of a newly-caught fish, the delicate flesh-tints of a group of mushrooms, the dewy bloom on fresh-gathered fruit or vegetables—all these things he would help us to see and rejoice in. He was an indefatigable worker, starting early in the morning, and making full use of the hours of daylight, and though his pictures commanded large prices, and he had more commissions than he could always fulfil, he was a student to the last, painstaking and thorough, talking, when in his seventy-third year, of learning from the work of younger men. He died in 1864, a year after his friend Mulready, whose death was a great grief to him. In his old age he had been commissioned by Professor Ruskin to paint a series of studies in still life, to serve as School of Art copies. No higher compliment could have been paid by the man who taught so many by his glowing words the lesson that Hunt taught by his brush, even the art of careful, loving observation, which saves us from missing the thousand beauties which 'dwell beside our paths and homes.'

MARY N. DEBENHAM.

MARTIN HYDE.

(Continued from page 163.)

I REMEMBER not very much of my ride to Egmont, except that I seemed to ride most of the time among sand-dunes. I glanced back anxiously to see if I was being pursued, but no one followed. I rode on at a steady lope, losing sight of the carriage, passing by dune after dune, rising windmill after windmill, to drop them behind me as I rode. In that low country I had the gleam of the sea to my left hand, with the sails of ships passing by me to leeward. The wind freshened as I rode, till at last my left cheek felt the continual stinging of the sand-grains, whirled up by the wind from the bents. Where the sea-beach broadened I rode on the sand.

The miles dropped past quickly enough, though I dared not hurry my horse. I kept the same pace even in villages, where the people in their strange Dutch clothes hurried out to stare at me as I bucketed by. I passed by acre after acre of bulb-fields, mostly tulip-fields, now beginning to be full of colour. Once, for ten minutes, I rode by a broad canal, where a barge with a scarlet transom drove along under sail, spreading the ripples, keeping alongside me. The helmsman, who was smoking a pipe as he eyed the luff of his sail, waved his hand to me, as I loped along beside him. You would not believe it, but he was one of the Oulton fishermen, a man whom I had known for years. I had seen that tan-sailed barge many, many times, rushing up the Waveney from Somer Leyton, with

that same quiet figure at her helm. I would have loved to have called out, 'Oh, Hendry, how are you? Fancy seeing you here!' But I dared not betray myself, nor did Hendry recognise me. After the road swung away from the canal, I watched that barge as long as she remained in sight, thinking that while she was there I had a little bit of Oulton by me.

At last, far away, I saw the church of Egmont rising out of a flat land (not unlike the Broad-land), on which sails were passing in a misty distance. I rose in my stirrups with a holloa, for now, I thought, I was near my journey's end. I clapped my horse's neck, promising him an apple for his supper. Then, glancing back, I looked over the land. The Oulton barge was far away now, a patch of dark sail drawing itself slowly across the sky. Out to sea a great ship seemed to stand still upon the skyline. But directly behind me, perhaps a mile away, perhaps two miles, clearly visible on the white, straight ribbon of road, a clump of gallopers advanced, quartering across the road towards me. There may have been twenty of them, all told; some of them seemed to ride in ranks like soldiers. I made no doubt, when I caught sight of them, that they were coming after me, about that matter of the lady's harness. My first impulse was to pull up, so that old Blunderbore, as I had christened my horse, might get his breath. But I decided not to stop, as I knew how dangerous a thing it is to stop a horse in his pace after he has settled down to it. I had still three miles to go to shelter. If I could manage the three miles, all would be well. But could I manage them? Old Blunderbore had taken the eighteen miles we had come together very easily. Now I was thankful that I had not pressed him in the early part of the ride. But Egmont seemed a long, long way from me. I dared not begin to gallop so far from shelter. I went loping on as before, with my heart in my mouth, feeling like one pursued in a nightmare.

As I looked round, to see these gallopers coming on, while I was still lolloping forward, I felt that I was tied by the legs, unable to move. Each instant made it more difficult for me to keep from shaking up my horse. Continual promptings flashed into my mind urging me to bolt down somewhere among the dunes. These plans I set aside as worthless; for a boy would soon have been caught among those desolate sand-hills. There was no real hiding among them. You could see any person among them from a mile away. I kept on ahead, longing for that wonderful minute when I could hurry my horse, in the wild rush to Egmont town, the final wild rush, on the nag's last strength, with my pursuers, now going their fastest, tailing away behind, as their beasts foundered. The air came singing past. I heard behind me the patter of the turf sent flying by old Blunderbore's hoofs. The excitement of the ride took vigorous hold on me. I felt, on glancing back, that I should do it; that I should carry my message; that the Dutchmen should see my mettle before they stopped me. They were coming up fast on horses still pretty fresh. I would show them, I said to myself, what a boy can do on a spent horse.

Old Blunderbore lolloped on. I clapped him on

the neck. 'Come up, boy—up!' I cried. 'Egmont—Egmont! Come on, old Blunderbore!' The good old fellow shook his head up with a whinny. He could see Egmont. He could smell the good corn, perhaps. I banged him with my cap on the shoulder. 'Up, boy!' I cried. I felt that even if I died, even if I were shot there, as I sailed along with my king's orders, I should have tasted life in that wild gallop.

A countryman carrying a sack put down his load to stare at me; for now, with only a mile to go, I was going a brave gait, as fast as old Blunderbore could manage. I saw the man put up his hands in pretended terror. The next instant he was far behind, wondering, no doubt, why the charging squadron beyond were galloping after a boy. Now we were rushing at our full speed, with half a mile—a quarter of a mile—two hundred yards to the town gates. Carts drew to one side, hearing the clatter. I shouted to drive away the children. Poultry scattered, as though the king of the foxes was abroad. After me came the thundering clatter of the pursuit. I could hear distant shouts. The nearest man there was a quarter of a mile away. A man started out to catch my rein, thinking that my horse had run away with me. I banged him in the face with my cap as I swung past him. In another second, as it seemed, I pulled up inside the gates.

As far as I remember, but it is all rather blurred now, the place where I pulled up was a sort of public square. I flung myself off old Blunderbore just outside a tavern. An ostler ran up to me at once to hold him. So I gave him a silver piece (what it was worth I did not know), saying, firmly, 'Zwolle Haus. Go on. Zwolle Haus.'

The ostler smiled as he repeated 'Zwolle Haus,' pointing to the tavern itself, which, it happened, was the very house.

'M. Standhal,' I said. 'Where is M. Standhal? Mynheer Standhal? Mynheer Standhal, Haus?'

The ostler repeated, 'Standal? Standal? Ah, ja. Standhal. Da.' He pointed down a narrow street, which led, as I could see, to a canal wharf.

I thanked him in English, giving him another silver piece. Then off I went, tottering on my toes with the strangeness of walking after so long a ride. I was not out of the wood yet by a long way. At every second, as I hurried on, I expected to hear the cries of my pursuers, as they charged down the narrow street after me. I tried to run, but my legs felt so funny, it was like running in a dream. I just felt that I was walking on pillows instead of legs. Luckily, that little narrow street was only fifty yards long. It was with a great gasp of relief that I got to the end of it. When I could turn to my right out of sight of the square, I felt that I was saved. I had been but a minute ahead of the pursuers outside on the open. Directly after my entrance some cart or waggon went out of the town, filling the narrow gateway full, so that my enemies were forced to pull up. This gave me a fair start, without which I could hardly have won clear. If it had not been for that waggon, who knows what would have happened?

As it was, I tottered along with drawn pistol to the door of a great house (luckily for me the only house) which fronted the canal. I must have seemed a queer object, coming in from my ride like that, in



“Take me in quick! They’re after me.”

a peaceful Dutch town. If I had chanced upon a magistrate, I suppose I should have been locked up; but I chanced only on Mynheer Standhal, as he sat smoking among his tulips in front of his mansion. He jumped up with a ‘God bless me!’ when he saw me.

‘Mynheer Standhal?’ I asked.

‘Yes,’ he said, in good English. ‘What is it, boy?’

‘Take me in, quick!’ I said. ‘They’re after me.’

(Continued on page 182.)



"A horseman galloped furiously into the market-place."

THE PEACEMAKER.

Founded on Fact.

'WAR! War! News of war!' A horseman galloped furiously into the market-place with

this cry on his tongue, goats and fowls flew from under his feet, traders and their customers scattered to the pavement; a booth was overset, and there was commotion everywhere.

The village was a settlement in the interior of

Northern Africa, and the copper-coloured marketing people were quickly thronging round the messenger, intent on learning the nature of the errand.

'Our chief has quarrelled with the chief of the Hill People,' he shouted. 'Let every man above the age of twenty repair to the valley by sunset to-night.'

But the natives were scarcely satisfied. 'Let us hear the cause!' cried one. 'Wherefore have the two chiefs quarrelled?'

The horseman smiled broadly as he said, 'As likely as not there is no cause.'

The crowd roared in derision, while the messenger, whose duty it was to carry the proclamation still further, leapt from his tired horse in search of a fresh one.

Then a cry arose that the chief's son, a lad of fourteen, was present at the market; and a hundred natives stirred, as if to seek for him. Voices were calling, 'Where is the lad? Fetch the boy here, and he shall tell us why his father has quarrelled!'

The boy was found. He faced his questioners bravely, though his voice trembled.

'Tell us, young chief, what is the cause?'

The boy stood erect, his brown face fronting the storm of voices, as a weathercock fronts the wind. When all were silent he said, simply, 'There was no cause. The chief of the Hill People does not love my father.'

Upon this the natives grew clamorous again and a voice cried, 'Why should we obey the summons? Men who are busy with cattle and crops have little time to waste in strife without a cause!'

'The two chiefs do not love one another!' cried a second voice. 'But whose is the fault?'

'We fought for your father's father, boy—and gladly. The time may come when we shall be as ready to take up arms for his son. That depends!'

'Stand up, boy, and hear us, and tell our words to your father. Tell him that his people do not choose to meet him in the valley to-night. His quarrel is not a just one.'

The boy, disgusted at these signs of disloyalty, climbed down from his platform, and was instantly seized by one of his father's servants, who bore him through the chattering crowds, seated him on his mule, and safely trotted him out of the village.

Seven miles the boy rode, his attendant running alongside the mule on foot, till presently they entered the chief's courtyard. The boy looked round, startled, as he rode in. There should have been a native guard there, and servants running about, but no sign of life showed itself. The courtyard was empty of all save one man, an old and trusty retainer.

'Where is the guard?' cried the boy, as the old man approached him sorrowfully.

'Alas! my young master, it is an evil day,' the old man began.

'Have they deserted us?' asked the boy, in indignation.

'My young master has seen it, and it is true,' answered the servant, hanging his head in shame.

'And where is my father?' the lad demanded.

'He is gone in search of helpers, but I fear he will not find them,' was the answer.

The boy looked towards his father's house. Not a soul appeared in view at either door or window. He

leapt from his mule, and went out into the street. Here the natives were passing to and fro, busy with their ordinary work. The fields beyond were dotted with men. It was harvest-time, and every man's help was necessary in gathering in the rice and barley. The boy gasped as he saw them working; evidently they were taking no heed whatever of his father's proclamation. Yet he felt certain that the invader would come down!

He knew the chief of the Hill People. He had sat at his table, and had listened while his father had talked with him. The chief of the Hill People was a man of gigantic stature, a warrior of note in the district, yet somehow the boy felt he had no very great dread of him. At the same time, however, he knew that the big warrior would feel himself bound to answer his father's challenge, since there had been a call to arms throughout the district. As he thought of this he fell to wondering whether he could possibly do anything to prevent the threatened catastrophe.

(Concluded on page 206.)

NEVER GRUMBLE.

WHEN from morning till night
Nothing seems to go right,
And you over each obstacle stumble;
And when nothing you've done
Satisfies any one,
Never mind, be resigned, never grumble.

When you meet with a slight
From a person of might,
And you're forced to eat pie which is humble,
It's unpleasant to do,
But it's much better to
Never mind, be resigned, never grumble.

When your fancy takes flight,
But things don't turn out quite
As you thought, never mutter and mumble;
Do not rail at your fate,
But be patient and wait;
Never mind, be resigned, never grumble.

When you've no appetite
That your food can excite,
With the daintiest dishes you fumble,
And you don't somehow feel
Any wish for a meal,
Never mind, be resigned, never grumble.

When inclined to take fright,
And you fail to see light,
All your hopes of success seem to crumble,
Don't give way to despair,
Dark days often turn fair;
Never mind, be resigned, never grumble.

Then whatever your plight
'Gainst the odds you must fight,
And don't cry out when you've had a tumble;
But keep a stout heart,
And take all in good part;
Never mind, be resigned, never grumble.

G. D. LYNCH.

ON THE DOCKSIDE.



HERE is one great British industry which is world-wide. Wherever we look upon the open seas, we find ships passing to and fro, carrying the world's goods from place to place. A third of all these ships, or at least of all those which register a hundred tons or more, are British and Colonial; and they are as a whole so superior that they nearly equal in tonnage all the other ships put together.

Many of these British ships rarely or never visit these islands, and many are loaded with goods which belong entirely to foreigners; but their coming and going is a great industry, which brings wealth, greatness, and responsibility to us at home. Every one of them is a carrier over the seas, and its work is paid for to its owners at home, even though they never see the ship or own the cargo which it carries.

We cannot, perhaps, get a better idea of the magnitude and importance of this industry than by visiting one of the great docks of a busy seaport in the North of England. We leave the town and walk along a great embankment by the river until we come to the dock, surrounded by lofty buildings and sheds, above which we see the tops of the masts of the ships lying in the dock. On all sides there are railway lines, running in and out of the sheds, and long strings of trucks, some loaded, some empty, are standing upon them.

Turning away from the river, we cross the lines, and when we have passed between two large sheds, we reach the edge of the dock. It is a great expanse of still water, many acres in extent, bounded on every side by massive stone walls, forming quaysides along which the great vessels are moored. The dock is so large that we cannot see the whole of it, but from the way in which the distant masts rise up behind the various buildings, we can see that it has many little bays or basins.

Along the quayside upon which we stand, a great steamer is moored. It is three or four hundred feet long, and its main deck towers fifteen or twenty feet above us. Half-a-dozen groups of men are busy loading and unloading her, for both operations are going on at once. The vessel is advertised to start for America in three days, and the cargo which she has brought must be got out and a new cargo got in by that time. It is a most interesting sight, but it is in some respects rather a sad one. Many of the dock labourers are growing old, and some are broken down with poverty and hardship. They are employed by a master-stevedore, who makes a contract to load and unload the ship within the required time; and they know that if they do not work hard they will soon be dismissed.

But let us see what is going on. A sloping wooden gangway a few feet wide is leaned against the middle

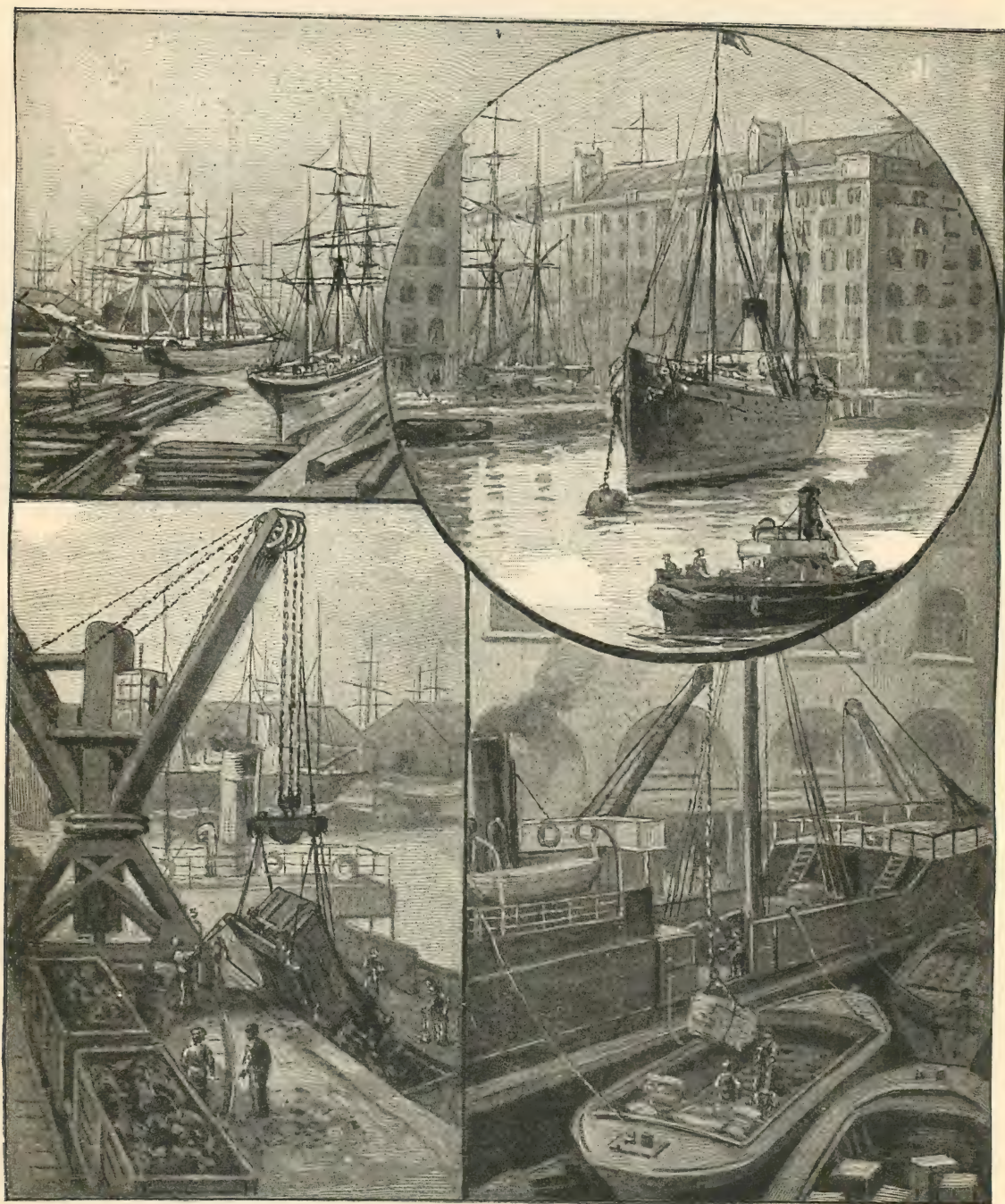
of the ship's side, and the ship's steam cranes are hauling large boxes and bales up it, with the aid of chains and hooks, and lowering them into the hold. Near it is a similar gangway, down which other labourers are sliding wooden buckets filled with lard, which have been taken out of the hold. Near the bows of the steamer are a number of lighters or barges, some of which are receiving bundles of tanned hides, and others sacks of grain. On the quayside, nearer the stern of the ship, there are iron castings and forgings, evidently parts of an engine or machine, which are waiting to be lifted on board by the great crane which runs along rails on the quayside, so that it may reach any part of the ship. This is a hydraulic crane, working by the pressure of water, which is stored in a lofty tower some distance away, and is brought to the crane by pipes laid underground along the quay.

As the various bales, boxes, and packages are landed on the quay, they are wheeled away into the sheds, and packed in various groups, to wait until their owners give instructions how they are to be removed, whether by cart, or rail, or boat. Every bale is carefully checked by a storekeeper as it passes into the shed.

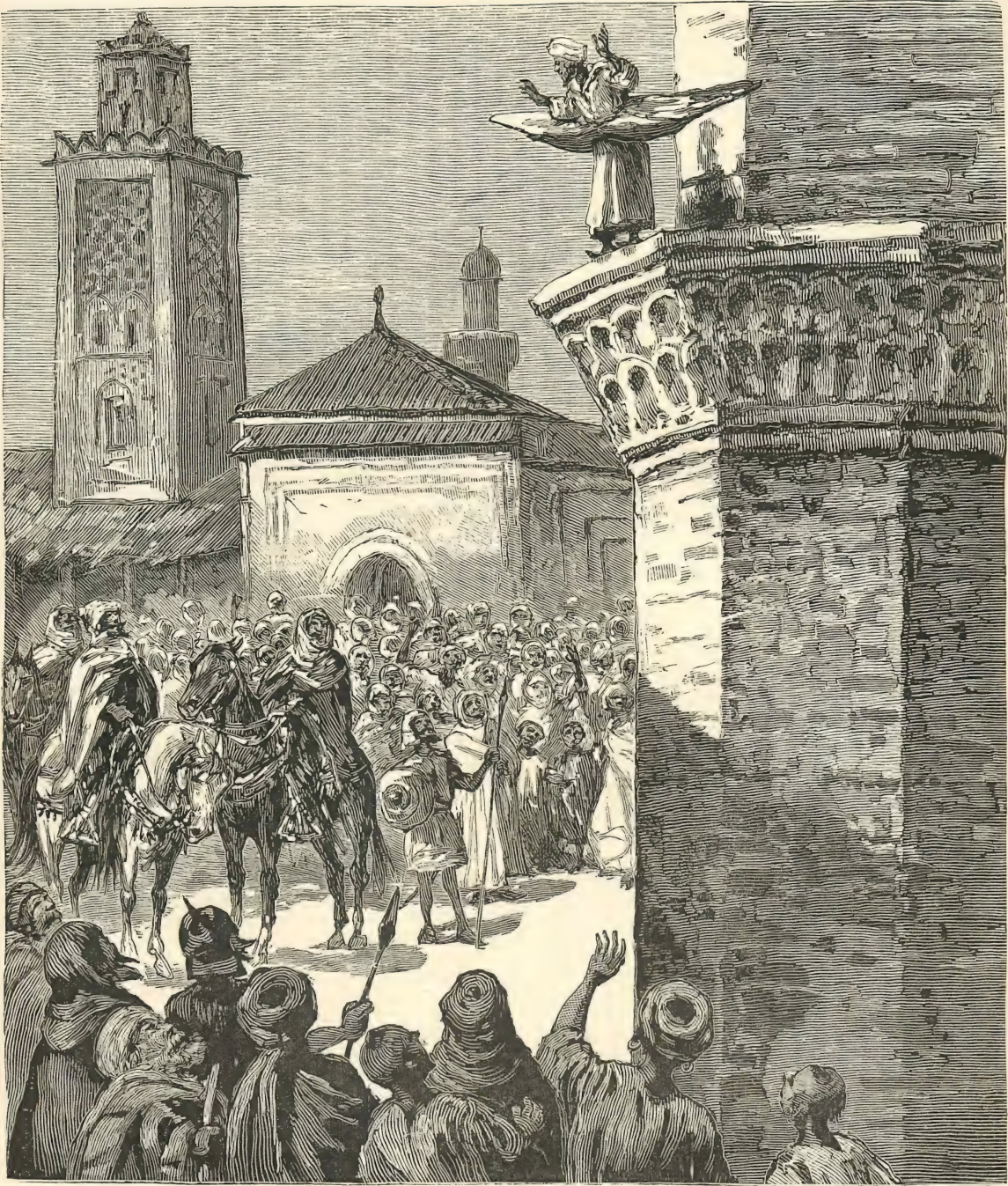
Within the hold of the ship many men are busy, some taking out, others packing in the cargoes. A good deal of rough skill is necessary to make sure that heavy things do not slip from the hooks and the chains of the cranes, and to see that boxes and bales are packed so that they will not shift their positions when the ship plunges and rolls at sea, and thus destroy its trim or balance. And all this work is done at a great speed, because there is no time to spare.

All along the sides of the dock this kind of work is going on. The ships are of many sizes and patterns, and the cargoes are of many kinds. Here one is unloading timber and telegraph poles. Another is shooting loose grain into three or four lighters, which will take it straight away to the great corn-mills on the river-side. A third is taking in coal by the truck-load, preparatory to starting on its voyage. The loaded trucks are run on to an iron platform on the quayside, a workman moves a lever, and a great hydraulic ram raises the platform high in the air above the ship's side. He moves another little handle, and a smaller ram by the side of the large one rises up, tilts up one end of the waggon, and the coal runs out of the other and down a shoot into the ship's bunkers. The empty waggon is then drawn away on to an upper line of rails, and the platform descends to take up another load from below.

On every side there is something of interest. In the middle of the dock, the painters are at work upon a ship's hull. Near it is a dredger. Yonder, in the distance, is an engine-house, and within it is the engine which pumps the water into the towers for the hydraulic machines. It is a most amusing engine, for it goes by fits and starts, automatically, according to the work which is to be done. When the towers are full, it stops altogether; but when any water is drawn from them, it sets to work again to fill them up. Still further on there are the dry docks, into which vessels are sent when it is necessary to examine or repair their hulls and keels. The strong gates of the dock are closed when the ship has floated in, and the water is then pumped out, leaving the vessel high and dry.



Dockside Scenes.



“‘Fly, fly, O Saracen!’ they said.”

CRUISERS IN THE CLOUDS.

V.—EARLY FANCIES.



WITH the sky above to look at, in all its changing beauty, with the graceful flight of birds ever before his vision, and the free wild song of the wind always in his ears, it is small wonder that from the earliest times man has shown a desire to take wings to himself and soar among the clouds. There is no means of knowing exactly how he first tried to do this, but that he failed for thousands of years we know quite well. Tradition

has kept alive the memory of 'how he failed.'

Diogenes, who was fond of making the people of Athens realise their own stupidity, once announced that those who wished to see him soar into the skies had better assemble at a certain spot at a certain time. Of course the people came in eager crowds, till a vast multitude had collected. Then Diogenes appeared in their midst, and, mounting a platform, said in a loud voice: 'I can well understand, good friends, your wish to see me fly, but those who were stupid enough to expect that I would do so deserve to be disappointed. Return to your homes in peace, and remember that it is vanity and vexation to hope for what is unreasonable.'

But if Diogenes refrained from an attempt because he knew that success was beyond his reach, there were plenty of adventurers less prudent. Even tradition, however, is uncertain of events so long ago, and it is not until the days of Nero that any details are told us. Then Simon 'the Magician' is said to have entertained the city of Rome with an absurd attempt at flight. 'It is impossible,' said the crowds who watched him, 'that he can do such a thing without magic. Therefore, if he succeeds he is a wizard, and should suffer death.' Thus poor Simon's doom would, perhaps, have been sealed in any case, but he escaped the ill-treatment of the people by a fatal fall. Spreading his wings from the top of a tall building, he is said to have hovered for a moment in the air, and then plunged to the earth. He was killed instantly, and the heartless onlookers said that such a fate was deserved by one who dealt in magic. From the description which tradition gives of the event it is possible that Simon used a very crude form of aeroplane, and trusted himself to the air without sufficient knowledge of his subject.

Somewhat similar, only less disastrous, was the adventure of Oliver of Malmesbury, who lived in the eleventh century. He was fond of employing his spare time on strange inventions, and having read the fable of Dædalus and his son, who were

said to have been drowned in trying to fly, because the hot sun melted the wax which held their wings together, constructed a pair of wings for his own use. With these fastened to his arms he flung himself from the top of a tower, and settled one hundred and twenty-five yards from its base. It was a short flight and a hard perch, and poor Oliver's legs were sadly injured. He lived for many years afterwards, informing all who conversed with him that the only error he made was in omitting to fasten a tail to his feet.

One hundred years later we read of another flying man (a Saracen magician) at Constantinople, who undertook to show the emperor how to skim the air like a swallow. Mounting one of the principal buildings in the city, he stood upon a high ledge, flapping his wings to and fro, waiting for a favourable breeze. His wings consisted only of the flowing white robe in which he was dressed, the sides being stiffened with ribs of willow wand. The emperor, wisely doubting his powers, urged him to abandon his design, but the crowd cried out that he was keeping them in suspense.

'Fly, fly, O Saracen!' they said. 'Flap not your wings for ever on your perch!'

So, seizing what he considered a favourable moment, he launched himself into the air, only to crash headlong to the ground.

By following all these fruitless and ill-judged attempts step by step through history we come upon one or two of a more reasonable kind. Of such was the flight of Dante of Perugia, in the fourteenth century. His starting-point was a high tower on the shore of Lake Trasimene, and one day spreading his artificial wings from the summit of this tower he floated, it is said, completely across the sheet of water. Being alone at the time, it is only natural that he was anxious to repeat such a triumph in the presence of others, but disaster accompanied the second attempt. In mid-air the iron joint of one of his wings snapped, and in the fall that immediately followed the inventor broke his leg. He shortly afterwards retired from Perugia, and passed the rest of his days on the ground.

Examples of these early efforts to fly are without number; but as these all lead in the direction of the parachute, and, while aiming at the power to rise, only succeeded in showing how to descend, we will quote no more just now.

A glance back at those long-ago times, however, reveals also some astonishing fancies by philosophers who devoted time and energy to solving the problem of aerial ascent, without making any actual effort to leave the ground themselves. Many of them were mere dreams, hard to describe on account of their very shadowiness, but as the centuries advanced, they took more decided shape. In 1670, an inventor named François Lana came to the conclusion that if he could draw all the air out of a metal balloon, leaving nothing but a vacuum, that this balloon would be lighter than the air surrounding it. He knew nothing of hot air or hydrogen gas, and was apparently also not aware that the weight of atmosphere would crush flat his vacuum balloon. So he proposed to place one of these balloons at each end of a strong staff, the space between them being

rigged with ship's sails, and ropes for trimming them. We need hardly say that this ship of the sky never sailed from her earthly moorings. Nor did the wonderful fancy of Bartholomeo Laurencio de Guzmao. His, too, was a ship, but in the shape of a bird, with head, wings, and tail—though the wings were small and only intended to balance the aerial vessel as it floated through space. At either end of the curious deck (the bird's back) on which the navigators would stand (and there was room for ten or a dozen of them) was situated a metal globe containing a lode-stone, the attractive powers of which would cause the ship to travel. Above the deck, stretching from neck to tail, was an arched canopy of sail-cloth, and beneath this, over the travellers' heads, was a long network of large amber beads which, growing warm in the light of the sun, would, it was supposed, cause the ship to rise. Moreover, the magnetism in these beads was expected to draw towards them the matting with which the deck was covered, and so increase the buoyancy.

Such a strange ignorance of the laws of nature is scarcely less absurd than the excuses of the man who made himself a pair of wings from birds' feathers, and when he fell headlong into a farmer's yard, remarked sadly: 'Twas *my* mistake! all my mistake! I ought to have used nothing but eagle's feathers, for they are always attracted to the sky, whereas these wretched poultry quills were ever likely to bring me to the ground again amongst the cocks and hens. It was all my mistake.'

And what a lot of mistakes were made before the first truth was hit upon! Of course this must always be so; but some mistakes are more reasonable than others, and it seems strange that only a hundred years separate the wild inventions of Bartholomeo Laurencio de Guzmao from the discoveries of Joseph Montgolfier.

JOHN LEA.



PRIZE COMPETITION

'CHATTERBOX' PRIZE COMPETITIONS, JUNE, 1909.

The subject for the CHATTERBOX Prize Competitions for June, 1909, for all classes, is 'The Best Plan for Amusing Oneself Out-of-doors.' Write an essay on this subject and post it to the Editor of CHATTERBOX on or before June 30th, 1909, and not before June 1st.

Prizes are also given monthly for the best Letters to the Editor of CHATTERBOX on any subject. Letters should be posted between June 1st and 30th, 1909.

Rules, results, and all other particulars are given on the covers of the monthly parts of CHATTERBOX.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

7.—CHARADE.

At seaside places dandies walk,
And wear my first, and proudly talk;
But when their betters they salute,
My first, sometimes, will make them mute.
Then to my second each will tell
His small adventures, and cry, 'Well,
Let us adjourn to our hotel.'
There, if you listen for the word,
My whole may possibly be heard
In corner snug, where players sit,
And exercise their keenest wit.

C. J. B.

[Answer on page 211.]

ANSWER TO FRENCH RIDDLE ON PAGE 139.

Non.

ANSWER TO PUZZLE ON PAGE 147.

6.—Lake—kale—kea.

NOT TOO LATE TO-DAY.

IT will be too late to-morrow
For your lips to try to say
All the tender words and helpful
That they might have said to-day;
For time like the tide is flowing,
And the hours speed fast away:
It will be too late to-morrow—
It is not too late to-day.

It is vain to look in summer
For the flower that blows in spring;
Or the lark's glad song of April
When the swallow's on the wing,
When the autumn leaves are falling,
And November skies are grey;
It will be too late to-morrow—
It is not too late to-day.

Oh, do not put off till later,
Till you get to manhood's years;—
Sweet and beautiful the service
That your childhood's grace endears.
Pure as is the trembling dewdrop
As it glistens upon the spray;
It will be too late to-morrow—
It is not too late to-day.

MAGIC SQUARES.—III.

THE SQUARE OF EIGHT.

THIS square lends itself to a great variety of arrangements. In its simplest form, written according to the rule given under the square of four (see page 85), it is easy to construct, but it is not necessary to occupy space by inserting this form here.

The square now printed may be divided into four quarters, each of which is a magic square totalling 130 in every direction. In the whole square not only does every row, every column, and each diagonal divide into two equal halves, but the rows of four

numbers parallel to any half-diagonal at a distance of two, four, or six cells—this last row crosses the edge of the square, two numbers being at the other

1	16	57	56	17	32	41	40
61	52	5	12	45	36	21	28
8	9	64	49	24	25	48	33
60	53	4	13	44	37	20	29
3	14	59	54	19	30	43	38
63	50	7	10	47	34	23	26
6	11	62	51	22	27	46	35
58	55	2	15	42	39	18	31

Magic Squares of Eight.

side—as indicated by faint lines in the figure, come to the same total, as also do four adjacent numbers in the form of a square *taken anywhere*.

Magic Circle of Circles.—Benjamin Franklin paid much attention to the subject of magic squares, and it occurred to him that a square might be bent round into a circle so that the rows would become rings and the columns radii like the spokes of a wheel. He also noticed that half-rows taken diagonally up and down, and meeting like the roof of a house (as ruled in the square of eight given above) could be considered as circular rings taken from a different centre. He constructed a 'Magic Circle of Circles' on this principle, which was published in 1769, and has been frequently reprinted. He used the numbers from 12 to 75, and placed the number 12, arbitrarily chosen, in the centre, to be added to every set of eight numbers so as to make the total 360. The square from which he started was very ingeniously arranged, but it did not give the right totals in the diagonals—not needed for the circle.

The Magic Circle here printed for the first time is constructed on his lines, but it is based on a square with the diagonals correct, and the numbers are taken from 13 to 77, omitting the number 45; the total is therefore 360 without requiring any central number for constant addition. As all the ways of adding up claimed by Franklin for his circle are fulfilled by this one, the description is given in his own words—somewhat

abridged, as the constant addition of 12 or 6 is not required:

'The numbers of each circle, or each radial row make exactly 360, the number of degrees in a circle.

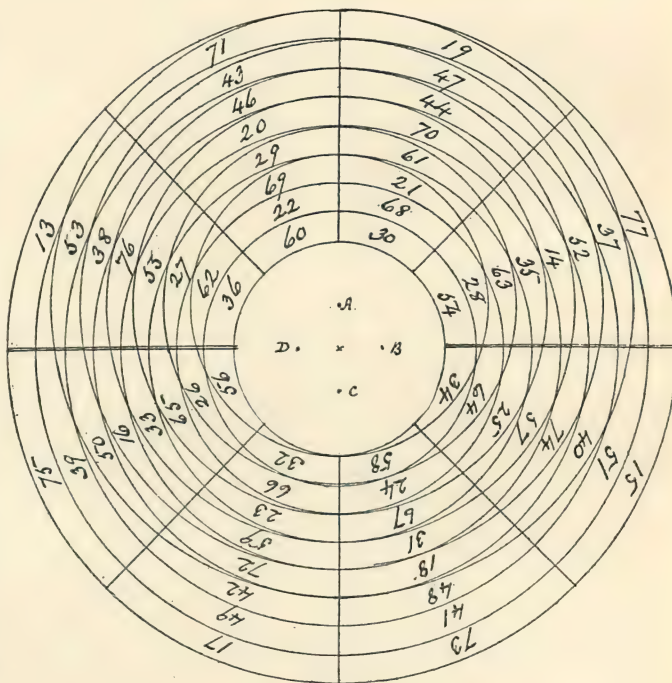
'Half the numbers in any radial row make 180, equal to the number of degrees in a semi-circle.

'Also half the numbers in any one of the concentric circles, taken either above or below the horizontal double line make 180.

'And if any four adjoining numbers standing nearly in a square, be taken from any part . . . they make 180.

'There are, moreover, included four other sets of circular spaces, eccentric* with respect to the first, each of these sets containing five spaces. The centres of the circles that bound them are at A, B, C, and D. . . . These sets of eccentric circular spaces intersect those of the concentric,† and each other; and yet the numbers contained in each of the twenty eccentric spaces, taken all around, make . . . the same sum as those in each of the eight concentric, viz. 360. The halves, also, of those drawn from the centres A and C, taken above or below the double horizontal line, and of those drawn from centres B and D, taken to the right or left of the vertical line, make just 180.'

Only one set of eccentric circles has been drawn in



A Magic Circle of Circles.

our figure, for the sake of clearness. Franklin suggests: 'If you fix one foot of the compasses in either of the centres (a, b, c, d), and extend the other

* i.e., not having the same centre.

† i.e., having the same centre.



"Just in front of the horse's feet."

to any number in the circle you would examine belonging to that centre, the moving foot will point the others out, by passing round over all the numbers of that circle successively.

W. S. J.

THE DISOBEDIENT HORSE.

A MILLER, white with dust, was busy grinding flour, filling and weighing the huge sacks, and wheeling them away to a corner of the mill

It was a little, old-fashioned mill, and the rollers which ground the flour were driven by a horse-gin in a shed. There quiet old Bessie, the mare, went steadily round and round in her circular track, turning the great wooden wheel over her head.

All at once the machinery stopped. The miller, scarcely raising his head from the sack which he was tying up, called out to the horse to urge her on. But Bessie did not move. Again the miller called, this time a little louder, but still without effect. There was a small opening, like a window without glass, in the wall between the mill and the shed, through which the miller addressed the horse, when he wished to direct her movements. Leaving the sack, he went to the opening, and called loudly and angrily to the old horse. Still she would not move. Usually Bessie was most obedient, and stopped, or started, or quickened her pace at the quietest word. The miller could not tell what was the matter with the old horse. He could see her head and shoulders, and he was sure that she knew quite well what he wanted.

In a passion he left the mill, and went round to the shed. The moment he turned the corner, he saw what was the matter. His little girl, scarcely four years old, had wandered into the shed, and was sitting upon the track, amusing herself with her doll just in front of the horse's feet. Bessie had seen the child's danger, and for once had chosen to be obstinately disobedient to her master's commands.

THE GREAT SEAL.

THE impress of the reigning monarch, which we call 'The Great Seal,' is one of the most important pieces of the Regalia. From the earliest times sovereigns have made use of these seals for state documents, but they were not in frequent use until after the Norman Conquest. Offa, Ethelwulf, Ethelred, and Edward the Confessor, however, had beautiful seals. From William the Conqueror's time right up to the present day, each English sovereign has had his or her own seal engraved on accession. The most elaborate of these Great Seals is that of Henry VIII., which has beautiful canopies and statuettes. The ugliest is the seal of the Commonwealth, with a badly-drawn view of the interior of the House of Commons on the obverse side, and on the reverse side a map of the United Kingdom. Of more modern Great Seals, perhaps the finest example is that of our present King. Queen Victoria's seal was a fine specimen of cutting, but not beautiful. The Great Seal is in the custody of the Lord Chancellor, who is supposed to carry it about with him wherever he goes.

The seal is engraved on pure silver. It is enclosed in a richly-embroidered bag, which is part of the Lord Chancellor's insignia. Each year this bag is renewed at the expense of the Government, and the Chancellor keeps the old one as a memento. In olden times the Great Seal was broken into pieces on the death of a monarch, but nowadays the silver moulds are brought to the new king, who 'damasks' them, that is, taps them lightly with a hammer. Then fine holes are punched in the silver, but great care is taken not to damage the beauty of the work.

MARTIN HYDE.

(Continued from page 172.)

IN another minute, after Mr. Standhal had read my note, I was skinning off my clothes in an upper bedroom. Within three minutes I was dressed like a Dutch boy, in huge, baggy, striped trousers, belonging to Mr. Standhal's son. In four minutes the swift Mr. Standhal had walked me across the wharf in sabots to one of the galliots in the canal, which he ordered under way at once to pick up Argyle at sea, so that when my pursuers rode up to Mr. Standhal's door in search of me, I was a dirty little Dutch boy, casting off a stern hawser from a ring-bolt. They seemed to storm at Mr. Standhal, but I do not know what they said; he acted the part of surprised indignation to the life.

When I looked my last on Mr. Standhal, he was at the door, begging a search-party to enter, to see for themselves that I was not hidden there. The galliot got under way at that moment, with a good deal of crying out from her sailors. As she swung away into the canal, I saw the handsome lady idly looking on. She was waiting at the door with the other riders. She was the only woman there. To show her that I was a skilled seaman, I cast off the stern-hawser nimbly, then dropped on to the deck like one bred to the trade. A moment later I was aloft, casting loose the gaff-topsail. From that fine height, as the barge began to move, I saw the horsemen turning away, foiled. I saw the lady's feathered hat, making a little dash of green among the drab of the riding-coats. Then an outhouse hid them all from sight. I was in a sea-going barge, bound out, under all sail, along a waterway lined with old reeds, all blowing down with a rattling shiver.

Now, I am not going to tell you much more of my Holland experiences. I was in that barge for nearly a whole fortnight, during which I think I saw the greater part of the Dutch canals. We picked up Argyle at sea on the first day. After that we went to Amsterdam with a cargo of hides. Then we wandered about at the wind's will, thinking that it might puzzle people if any one should have stumbled on the right scent. All that fortnight was a long, delightful picnic to me. The barge was so like an Oulton wherry that I was at home in her. I knew what to do; it was not like being in the schooner. When we were lying up by a wharf, I used to spend my spare hours in fishing, or in flinging flat pebbles from a cleft stick at the water-rats. When we were under sail, I used to sit aloft in the cross-trees, looking out at the distant sea. At night, after a supper of strong soup, we all turned into our bunks in the tiny cabin, from the scuttle of which I could see a little patch of sky full of stars.

A boy lives very much in the present. I do not think that I thought much of the Duke's service, nor of our venture for the crown. If I thought at all of our adventures, I thought of the handsome woman with the grey, fierce eyes. In a way I hoped that I might have another tussle with her, not because I liked adventures—no sane creature does—but because I thought of her with liking. I felt that she would be such a brave, witty person to have for a friend. I felt sad somehow at the thought

of not seeing her again. She was quite young, not more than twenty, if her looks did not belie her. I used to wonder how it was that she had come to be a secret agent. I believed that the sharp-faced, horsey man had somehow driven her to it against her will. Thinking of her at night before I fell asleep, I used to long to help her.

On the second of May, though I did not know it then, Argyle set sail for Scotland to raise the clans. On the same day I was summoned from my quarters in the barge to take up my King's service. Late one evening, when it was almost dark night, Mr. Jermyn halted at the wharf-side to call me from my supper. 'Mount behind me, Martin,' he said, softly, peering down the hatch. 'It's time, now.' I thought he must mean that it was time to invade England. You must remember that I knew little of the rights of the case, except that the Duke's cause was the one favoured by my father, dead such a little while before. Yet, when I heard that sudden summons, it went through me with a shock that now this England was to be the scene of a civil war, father fighting son, brother against brother. I would rather have been anywhere at that moment than where I was, hearing that order. Still, I had put my hand to the plough. There was no drawing back. I rose up with my eyes full of tears and said good-bye to the kind Dutch bargemen. I never saw them again. In a moment I was up the wharf, scrambling into the big double saddle behind Mr. Jermyn. Before my eyes were accustomed to the darkness we were trotting off into the night, I knew not whither.

'Martin,' said Mr. Jermyn, half turning in his saddle, 'talk in a low voice. There may be spies anywhere. We're going to send you to England with a message.'

'Yes, sir,' I answered.

'You understand that there's danger, boy?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Life is full of danger. But for his king a loyal subject must be content to run risks. You aren't afraid, Martin?'

'No, sir,' I answered, bravely. I was afraid all the same. I doubt if any boy of my age would have felt very brave, riding in the night like that, with danger of spies all about.

'That's right, Martin,' he said, kindly. 'That's the kind of boy I thought you.' Again we were quiet, till at last he said, 'You're going in a barquentine to Dartmouth. Can you remember Blick of Kingswear?'

'Blick of Kingswear,' I repeated. 'Yes, sir.'

'He's the man you're to go to.'

'Yes, sir. What am I to tell him?'

'Tell him this, Martin. Listen carefully. This, now: King Golden Cap. After six one.'

'King Golden Cap. After six one,' I repeated. 'Blick of Kingswear. King Golden Cap. After six one.'

'That's right,' he said. 'Repeat it over. Don't forget a word of it. But I know you're too careful a lad to do that.' There was no fear of my forgetting it. I think that message is burned in on to my brain under the skull-bones. 'You'll carry a little leather satchel, with cipher letters sewn into the flap. You are Mr. Blick's sister's son, left an orphan in Holland. Your mother was an Oulton fish-boat

owner. Pay attention now. I'm going to cross-examine you in your past history.'

As we rode on into the gloom in the still, flat, misty land, which gleamed out at whiles with water-dykes, he cross-examined me in detail in several different ways, just as a magistrate would have done it. I was soon letter-perfect about my mother. I knew Mr. Blick's past history as well as I knew my own.

'Martin,' said Mr. Jermyn, suddenly, 'do you hear anything?'

'Yes, sir,' I answered; 'I think I do, sir. I think I hear a horse's hoofs, sir.'

'Behind us?'

'Yes, sir; a long way behind.'

'Hold on then, boy; I'm going to pull up.'

We halted in the midst of a wide, flat desert. For an instant, in the stillness, we heard the trot, trot of a horse's hoofs. Then the unseen rider behind us halted too, as though uncertain how to ride with our hoofs silent.

'There,' said Mr. Jermyn. 'You see. Now we'll make him go on again.' He shook the horse into his trot again, talking in a little low voice that shook with excitement. Sure enough, after a moment, the trot sounded out behind us. It was as though our wraiths were riding behind us, following us home. 'I'll make sure,' said Mr. Jermyn, pulling up again.

'You're a cunning dog,' he said, gently. 'You heard that?' Indeed, it sounded uncanny. The unseen rider had feared to pull up, guessing that we had guessed his intention. Instead of pulling up, he did a much more ominous thing: he slowed his pace perceptibly. We could hear the change in the beat of the horse-hoofs. 'Cunning lad,' said Mr. Jermyn. 'He's following us. Pity it's so dark. One can never be sure in the dark like this. But I don't know. I'd like to see who it is.'

We trotted on again at our usual pace. Presently something occurred to me. 'Mr. Jermyn,' I said, 'would you like me to see who it is?' I could slip off as we go. I could lie down flat, so that he would pass against the sky. Then you could come back for me.'

He did not like the scheme at first. He said that it would be too dark for me to see anybody; but that when we were nearer to the town it might be done. So we rode on at our quick trot for a couple of miles more, hearing always behind us a faint beat of hoofs upon the road, like the echo of our own hoofs. After a time they stopped suddenly, nor did we hear them again.

'D'you know what he's done, Martin?' said Mr. Jermyn.

'No, sir,' I answered.

'He's muffled his horse's hoofs with duffle-shoes, a sort of thick felt slippers. He was in too great a hurry to do that before. There are the lights of the town.'

'Shall I get down, sir?'

'If you can without my pulling up. Don't speak, but lay your head on the road; you'll hear the horse then, if I'm right.'

'Then I'll lie still,' I said, 'to see who it is.'

'Yes; but make no sign. He may shoot; he may take you for a footpad. I'll ride back to you in a minute.'

(Continued on page 190.)



"I said good-bye to the kind Dutch bargemen."



“‘Oh, Phil, it’s a real lion!’”

PEDRO'S WAR-WHOOP.

PHIL and Mollie Vernon lived in a country far away, where, in the wild bush, fierce animals were common. The children were not without their faults—self-will being perhaps the most apparent.

They were on their way to school one morning, when, passing a solitary homestead, they were startled by hearing a volley of angry words mingled with loud cries for mercy.

'Oh, Phil,' cried Mollie, clasping his hand, 'it's that dreadful man, Gomez—the man Father can't bear, and I believe he is beating Pedro!'

Her voice sank to a whisper, and her pretty little face lost all its rosy colour.

'I think you're right, Mollie,' answered Phil, looking rather white; 'I heard Father say Gomez had a bad temper. Poor Pedro! what a shame!'

Pedro, as his Spanish master named him, was a Kaffir lad, one whom the children had known for some time, and for whom they felt an interest which bordered on affection. He was a bright, quick-witted boy, whose chief claim to distinction was perhaps his power of being able to give vent to a remarkable and ear-splitting war-whoop, an accomplishment of which he was very proud.

'We mustn't let him,' said the little girl, fired with courage; 'we must stop it somehow.'

Mollie's hand was now on the gate, and, as though drawn by a magnet, Phil followed her. In a few minutes they were standing in the presence of the infuriated Spaniard, who was beating poor Pedro unmercifully with a short riding-whip.

Gomez in his astonishment at seeing the little pair paused a moment.

'Who are you?' he asked fiercely (for he was well acquainted with the English tongue); 'and what do you want here?'

Phil spoke up like a hero. 'Please, sir,' he said, 'we're Phil and Mollie Vernon, and we want you to stop beating Pedro.'

'Oh, you do, do you?'

The Spaniard looked more wrathful than ever, though secretly he admired the boy's pluck.

'Then you just mind your own business,' he went on, 'and I'll mind mine. Pedro's a good-for-nothing rascal, and he must be punished.' Here he lifted up his hand as though to strike again.

'Don't—oh, please don't,' cried Mollie piteously, one little arm outstretched as though to stay the blow.

Gomez paused once more, something in Mollie's sweet little face touching his hard heart.

Then to their joy he flung his whip aside, and poor terrified Pedro escaped further punishment.

'You understand,' cried Gomez, addressing Pedro, 'that it is thanks to these youngsters that you have escaped your full deserts. Not that you have any gratitude in you—you young dog! Now begone, and never let me see your face again.'

With these words the little incident closed, and with lighter hearts (though still feeling concerned about Pedro) Phil and Mollie proceeded on their way to school.

'Mollie, what do you say to a game of lion hunting?'

Mollie's eyes grew very bright.

It was an idle afternoon, the children were free to amuse themselves.

'Oh, Phil, it would be just lovely!' cried Mollie, 'shall we ask Pedro to come with us?'

Pedro, to their satisfaction, was now in their father's employ, and so far Mr. Vernon had found him a very good servant. His devotion to the children was very great, a devotion in which gratitude was mingled. He had by no means forgotten their plucky intervention on his behalf.

'No,' said Phil, very decidedly, 'we won't take Pedro, because it's to be a secret. We're going into the bush a little way.'

'Into the bush!' repeated Mollie; 'but Father and Mother won't let us.'

'They won't know anything about it,' said naughty Phil; 'they're out for the day, so what's to hinder us?'

Mollie thought awhile, and then Phil's persuasive powers won her over, and soon the pair were on forbidden ground. On and on they made their way, scarcely noticing where they were going, so fascinating was their game.

'Mollie,' cried Phil, 'just look at that jolly young lion over there! See me shoot!—bang!—fire!'

Here he took aim at an imaginary prey with his toy pistol.

Mollie turned partly round, her eyes bright with fun. Then suddenly her expression changed to one of absolute horror.

'Oh, Phil!' she cried, in a trembling, terror-stricken tone, 'it's a real lion!—see!'

Phil, in alarm, looked in the direction in which Mollie was pointing, and then his brave little heart seemed to stand still within him, and little wonder, for scarcely twenty yards distant a young lion was crouching amidst the undergrowth.

Well indeed was it for the children that some one else besides themselves saw the terrible danger in which they were placed.

Pedro, missing the children from their accustomed playground, had come in search of them, his footsteps being guided towards the bush by the discovery of Mollie's blue hair-ribbon, which had slipped from her pretty curly locks.

The boy Pedro's first instinct on seeing the lion was to run for his life; then a nobler inspiration seized him, which was to save his master's little ones, even though it were at great personal risk. A remembrance of the children's courageous plea on his behalf seemed to brace his courage.

But how was it possible for him to succour the terrified pair?

To make his position known to the lion was almost certain death, for he was some yards nearer the animal than were Phil and Mollie. But Pedro took the risk.

Drawing a deep breath, he gave vent to an ear-splitting, horrible yell, so awful in its sound that it startled even the lion.

Again he gave the piercing cry, and this time Pedro's 'war-whoop' was really more than Mr. Lion

* * * * *

could possibly stand. Turning tail, the creature, as though thoroughly scared, made off.

Then Phil and Mollie, who had stood as if rooted to the spot in fear, ran as fast as their legs could carry them towards Pedro, whose cry they had immediately recognised. The boy took a hand of each, and rushed them with all his might into safety.

The incident was more like a terrifying dream than a reality, so quickly had the danger come and gone.

When Mr. and Mrs. Vernon heard the story, their gratitude to Pedro knew no bounds; as for Phil and Mollie they had effectually learnt one lesson—that safety lies in the path of obedience. And a proud and happy lad was Pedro the Kaffir, for his war-whoop had saved the situation, and had proved, moreover, he was not so ungrateful as his former master had declared.

WONDERS OF THE SEA.

VI.—SUCKING FISH.

WE have already given a short account of some very remarkable fishes, which contrive to find quarters within the bodies of other animals, whence they emerge at will, for the purpose of procuring food and exercise. These fishes, however, showed no very striking peculiarities of bodily structure which could be set down to their strange mode of life. But we are now to consider a very curious fish indeed, which, to spare itself as much trouble as possible in the hard work of capturing food, contrives to get carried about from one feeding-ground to another, by sticking, like some Old Man of the Sea, on to the body of some one or other of the monsters of the deep—and the shark seems to be generally selected as the victim! This fish is the remora, or sucking-fish (No. 1 in the illustration on page 188). It is, however, an outside and not an inside passenger—that is to say, it contents itself with hanging on to the outside of its host, instead of demanding a lodging within—which, under the circumstances, is surely prudent!

My readers have, doubtless, begun to wonder how this 'hanging-on' feat is performed; and when this has become clear to them I venture to think their wonder will have increased, rather than diminished!

The remora has a very remarkable apparatus, whereby a most tenacious hold can be maintained on any object which may afford a suitable anchorage. This apparatus takes the form of a long, oval sucker affixed to the head; in the main features of its construction it recalls the various suckers in the toes of those queer lizards known as geckos. Into the anatomical structure of this sucker we need not enter here; suffice it to say that, once fixed, the fish can only be dislodged with the greatest difficulty. Sharks, turtles, and whales are the commonest carriers of these strange fishes; they adhere so long as it suits them. When the shark or turtle, as the case may be, carries the remora into regions where the fish is not to its liking, it loosens its hold, and chooses another bearer!

The natives of the east coast of Africa have

devised a cunning plan, whereby they make the remora catch turtles for them! They attach a line to the tail of one of these fishes, which may be as much as three feet long, and the creature is released in the neighbourhood of the victim, which is soon sighted, and in a trice the sucker is attached to its shell. Then begins the tug of war, for the turtle is not taken without a struggle. But the fish is no less obstinate, and sooner or later the prize is drawn up over the side of the boat, and the fish is removed by sliding it forwards along the shell.

Quite commonly the remora is found attached to the sides of large steamships, and this, we must suppose, is because these mighty craft have been mistaken for whales, or unusually large sharks! So attached, these strange fishes have been carried to our own shores, and captured.

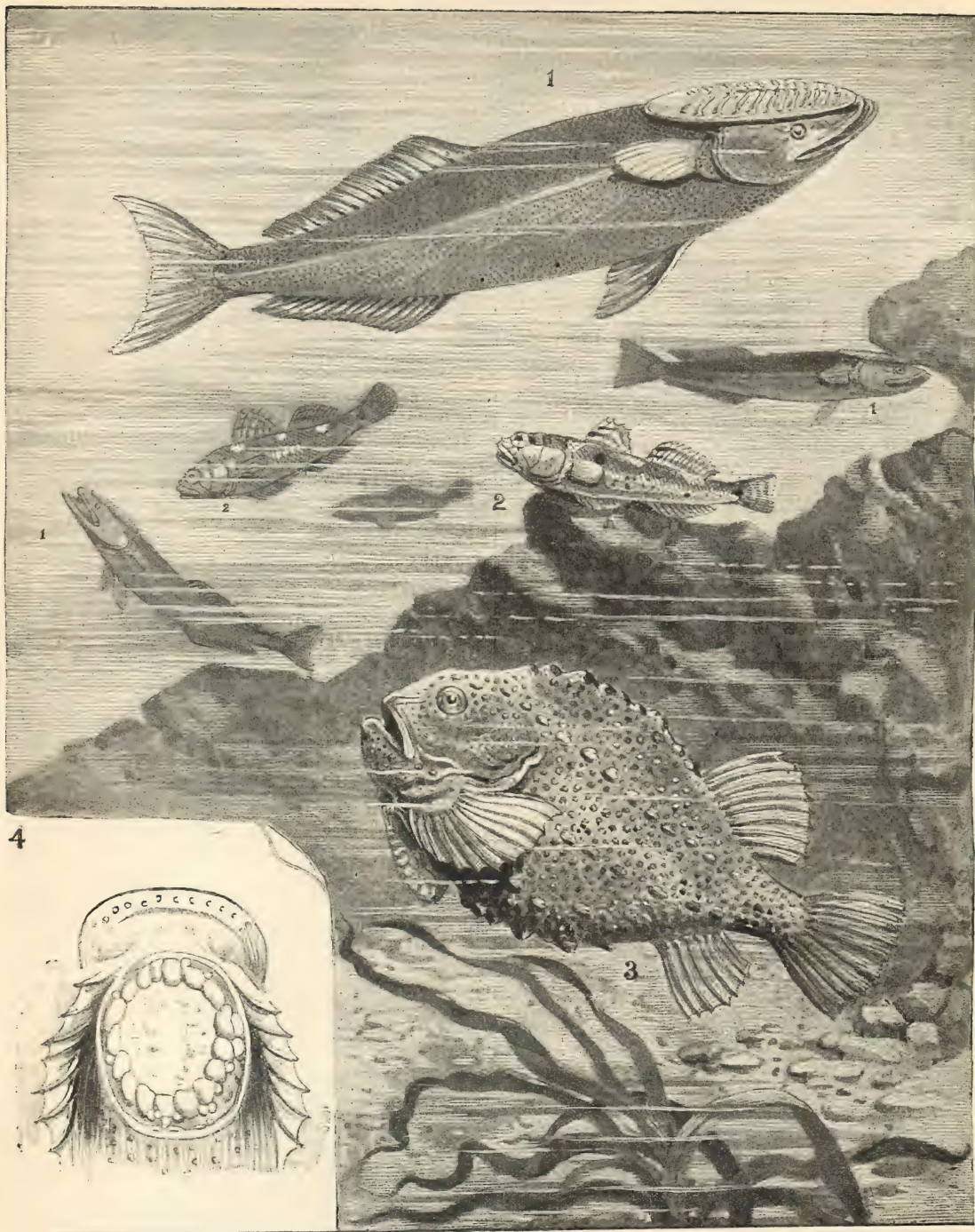
But besides the remora there are other fish provided with equally powerful suckers, which are used, however, for a quite different purpose, and are attached to the under surface of the body instead of the top of the head. These fish live in places where extremely strong currents prevail—some in the river, some in the sea—and to prevent themselves from being carried away they anchor themselves to the rocks, from which the strongest rush of waters cannot remove them.

The curious 'lump-sucker' (No. 3) of our own seas is one of the best known of these 'sucking-fish.' Here the sucker (No. 4) is rosette-shaped, and placed just behind the head. This rather ugly fish in the matter of the care of its young presents one or two points of interest. The mother of the family is shockingly neglectful, leaving all the responsibility to her mate, who is a model father. From the time that the eggs are laid he guards them most jealously, while the young, so soon as they are strong enough, mount upon his back, and cling there by means of the suckers that in after-life are to play so important a part.

In yet another particular the lump-sucker is peculiar—he has no skeleton worthy of the name, and may be cut through with an ordinary knife as easily as a piece of cheese.

But there are yet other sucking fishes which demand notice here. One of the most important of these is a small fish which is found in mountain-torrents in Borneo. The sucker in this case is of a quite different structure from that of the lump-sucker. In this fish it is formed by a pair of fins only, but in the Bornean fish, gastromozon, this adhesive surface is formed by the whole under surface of the abdomen enclosed between the fore and hind pairs of fins, the fins also taking a share in the work.

But there is no need to travel to far-distant seas to find fish whose fins have become transformed into suckers, for besides the lump-sucker just described, there are several other sucker-finned fishes to be found in our own seas. The gobies (No. 2) are the most interesting of these. The throat-fins in these little fish no longer serve their original purpose, but have taken up the work of an anchor whereby the fish may attach itself to rocks in places where the water flows swiftly, and so may secure both an abundance of food and an invigorating supply of



1. Sucking Fish.

2. Goby.

3. Lump Sucker.

4. Sucker of Lump Sucker.

pure water. Like the lump-sucker, the males among the gobies undertake the whole responsibility of the care of the young. The common sand-goby,

for example, scoops out the sand from beneath a scallop-shell, and, this done, he invites his mate to lay her eggs in the chamber thus formed. So



The Reckoning. By George Morland.

soon as they are safely stored away she leaves them in his charge. He then fastens himself down to the roof of the egg-chamber—the scallop-shell—and proceeds to drive a continuous stream of fresh water through the chamber till the eggs hatch out.

W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., A.L.S., &C.

PICTURES AND THEIR PAINTERS.

From the South Kensington Museum, London.

II.—GEORGE MORLAND.

THE pictures of George Morland take us straight back to the country life of England over a hundred years ago; real country life, not the

shepherds and shepherdesses of the French eighteenth century artists, whose sheep, with their pink ribbons and their rose garlands, were always white and clean and docile. Morland painted his country folk as he saw them, not as poets fancied them when they wrote about Arcadia, and he brings the England of twenty years before Waterloo vividly before our eyes. There is something very pleasant and restful about his pictures, with their soft, subdued colouring, and their record of daily tasks done in the open air, changing only with the changing seasons, from ploughing to sowing, from reaping to threshing, in a neighbourhood where everybody knew everybody, and son succeeded father without any desire to go further afield. They were surely never in a hurry, those good people. They had no trains to catch. No motor ever dashed along their quiet lanes, drowning the nightingales' song with its hooter, and quenching the scent of hawthorn with the smell of petrol. A humdrum life, perhaps, but there is a homely, pleasant flavour about it, like the fragrance of newly-turned earth or of burning autumn leaves.

Of course there was a darker side to the country life of those days, the side which the poet Crabbe, himself a country lad, has shown us in his writings. There was much coarseness and ignorance, sometimes sore poverty and privation, want of many things which we should call necessities, but which were expensive luxuries in those days. But Morland's pictures never show us that side. He gives us the farmer, in the days when farming was profitable, who jogged into town on market-days, took his leisurely dinner at his accustomed inn, and paid his reckoning in deliberate fashion, as we see him doing in our illustration, having first assured himself that his good friend and servant, the sturdy white horse, has had a satisfactory feed too. Or we see the sportsman coming home in the mild, misty, autumn evening, pausing to show his spoils to the old cobbler, who looks out from his stall, not a bit too busy for a chat. The children go out to meet the father as he comes home from work, proud to help to carry his tools. And the animals have their full share of attention, and are as lifelike as their masters. Not only the horses and dogs, but the humbler creatures of the farm, like the rough little calf, with his long legs and curly head, who stands, stolid and indifferent, while a hard bargain is being driven over him. The owner holds the end of the rope, and grows eloquent as he counts up all the animal's good points. The purchaser, in his heavy riding-coat and wide-brimmed hat, will pay the price by-and-by, but is not going to give in too easily. Both have plenty of time, they may go on haggling for an hour, while the friend who sits on the edge of the manger throws in a word from time to time.

And there is another animal, not generally considered picturesque, who figures in Morland's pictures. He painted pigs as few men ever painted them, as no man could paint them who had not studied them with keen interest and understanding, even with love and appreciation. There is such a knowing twinkle in those little eyes of theirs, that we begin to feel that it is not stupidity that makes them always run in the opposite direction to the one their driver chooses. Morland's pigs are quite equal to making fun of you, giving you an extra run and a trial of

breath and temper, while you wave and shout and get hotter and hoarser, until they turn suddenly, and run into you and send you sprawling, while they scuttle through the gate towards which you have tried in vain to guide them.

It is much pleasanter to linger over Morland's pictures than to talk about the painter's own life, for the story is a sad one. He was brought up carefully, perhaps a little too strictly, for, after making rapid progress in his painting and exhibiting at the Royal Academy before he was sixteen, he broke loose from home restraints, and went his own way. He fell into the hands of an Irish picture-dealer, for whom he painted a number of pictures, the money he earned slipping through his fingers in company that did him no good. He married, and kept straight for a time, then, after the death of his baby-child, ran wild again, drink doing its terrible part in dragging him down, and his companions finding plenty of use for the money he earned. He was always in debt, afraid to go about lest he should meet his creditors, living from hand to mouth, and paying his most pressing accounts by pictures of which others got the profit. The story is all the sadder because the unhappy artist was capable of such good things. He was a really hard worker, painting a hundred and ninety-two pictures in four years, pictures that should have made his fortune had he turned his earnings to proper account. He died when only forty-one, while under arrest for debt, leaving behind him a number of pictures so simple, so homely and pleasant, that the grievous story of the painter's spoilt life comes as a surprise to us. No trace of the coarse pleasures that ruined him is to be found in his works. There must have been much good in the man who so loved the simple country folk, the little children nutting and fishing, and the wise, patient beasts. Let us remember that part of George Morland's life, and forget the rest.

MARTIN HYDE.

(Continued from page 183.)

MR. JERMYN slowed down the horse, so that I could slip off unheard on to the turf by the roadside. When he had gone a little distance I laid my ear to the road. Sure enough, the noise of the other horse was faint but plain in the distance, coming along on the road, avoiding the turf, which was trenched with many drains, so as to make dangerous riding at night. I lay down flat on the turf with my pistol in my hand. I was excited, but I remember that I enjoyed it. I tried to guess the distance of this strange horse from me; it is always difficult to judge either distance or location by sound when the wind is blowing. The horse-hoofs sounded about a quarter of a mile away; I know not how far they really were. Very soon I could see the black, moving mass coming quietly along the road. The duffle-hoof wraps made a dull, plodding noise near at hand. Nearer the unknown rider came, suspecting nothing. I could see him bent forward, peering out ahead; I could even take stock of him, dark though it was. He was a not very tall man, wearing a full Spanish riding-cloak. It seemed to me that he

checked his horse's speed somewhere in the thirty yards before he passed me; then, just as he passed, just as I had a full view of him blackly outlined against the stars, his horse shied violently at me on to the other side of the road. The rider swung him about on the instant to make him face the danger. I could see him staring down at me as he bent forward to pat his horse's neck. I bent my head down so that my face was buried in the grass.

The stranger did not see me—I am quite sure that he did not see me. He turned his horse back along the road for a few snorting paces; then, with a sounding slap on his shoulder, he drove him at a fast pace along the turf towards me. I heard the brute whinny. He was uneasy; he was trying to shy; he was twisting away, trying to avoid the strange thing which lay there. I hid my head no longer. I saw the horse above me; I saw the rider glaring down—he was going to ride over me. I saw his face, a grey-blue in the dark. The horse seemed to be right on top of me. I started up to my feet with a cry. The horse shied into the road with a violence which made the rider rock; then, throwing up his head, he bolted towards the town half mad with the scare. Fifty yards down the road he tore past Mr. Jermyn, who was trotting back to pick me up. We heard the frantic hoofs pass away into the night, growing louder as the duffle-wraps were kicked off. Perhaps you have noticed how the very sound of the gallop of a scared horse conveys fear. That is what we felt, we two conspirators, as we talked together, hearing that clattering alarm-note die away.

'Martin,' said Mr. Jermyn, 'that was a woman. She chuckled as she galloped past me.'

'Are you sure, sir?' I asked, almost hoping that he might be right. I felt my heart leap at the thought of being in another adventure with the lady. 'Yes,' he said, 'I'm quite sure. Now we must be quick, so as to give her no time in the town.'

When I had mounted, we forced the horse to a gallop till we were within a quarter of a mile of the walls, where we pulled up at a cross-roads.

'Get down, Martin,' he said. 'We must enter the town by different roads. Turn off here to the right, then take the next two turns to the left, which will bring you into the square. I shall meet you there. Take your time; there's no hurry.'

About ten minutes later I was stopped in a dark, quiet alley by a hand on the back of my neck. I saw no one; I heard no sound of breathing. In the pitch blackness of the night the hand arrested me; it was like my spine stiffening to a rod of ice. 'Quiet,' said a strange voice before I could scream. 'Off with those Dutch clothes. Put on these. Off with those sabots.' I was in a suit of English clothes in a few minutes. 'Boots,' the voice said in my ear. 'Pull them on.' They were long leather knee-boots, supple from careful greasing. In one of them I felt something hard. My heart leapt as I felt it. It was a long Italian stiletto. I felt myself a seaman indeed—nay, more than a seaman, a secret agent, with a pair of such boots upon me. 'Go straight on,' said the voice.

As I started to go straight on, there was a sort of rustling behind me. Some black figure seemed to

vanish from me. Whoever the man was that had brought me the clothes, he had vanished, just as an Indian will vanish into grass six inches high. Thinking over my strange adventures, I think that that changing of my clothes in the night was almost the most strange of all. It was so eerie that he should be there at all, a part of Mr. Jermyn's plan, fitting into it exactly, though undreamed of by me. Would, indeed, that all Mr. Jermyn's plans had carried through so well! But it was not to be. One ought not to grumble.

A few steps further on, I came to a public square, on one side of which (quite close to where I stood) was a wharf, crowded with shipping; but, seeing it like that, I naturally stopped to look for the ship which was to carry me. I had hardly expected the sea to be so near, somehow. The only barquentine among the ships lay apart from the others, pointing towards the harbour-entrance. She seemed to be a fine, big vessel, as far as I could judge in that light. I lingered there for some few minutes, looking at the ships, wondering why it was that Mr. Jermyn had not met me. I was nervous about it; my nerves were tense from all the excitements of the night. One cannot stand much excitement for long. I had had enough excitement that night to last me through the week. As I stood looking at the ships I began to feel a horror of the wharf-side; I felt as though the very stones of the place were my enemies, lying in wait for me—I cannot explain the feeling more clearly than that. It was due probably to the loneliness of the great empty square, dark as a tomb. Then expecting Mr. Jermyn, but failing to meet with him, was another cause for dread. I thought, in my nervousness, that I should be in a fine pickle if any enemies made away with Mr. Jermyn, leaving me alone in that strange land, with only a few silver pieces in my pocket. Still, Mr. Jermyn was long in coming. My anxiety was almost more than I could bear.

At last, growing fearful that I had somehow missed him at the mouth of the dark valley, I walked slowly back in my tracks, wishing that I had a thicker jacket, since it was beginning to rain rather smartly. There was a great sort of inn on the side of the square, to which I walked. It had lights on the second floor. The great windows of that story opened on to balconies, in what is, I believe, the Spanish way of building. I remember feeling bitterly how cheery the warm lights looked inside there, where the people were. I stood underneath the balcony out of the rain, looking out sharply towards the alley, expecting at each instant to see Mr. Jermyn. Still he did not come. I dared not move from where I was lest I should miss him. I racked my brains to try to remember if I had obeyed orders exactly. I wondered whether I had come to the right square. I began to imagine all kinds of evil things which might have happened to him. Perhaps that secret fiend of a woman had been too many for him. Perhaps some other secret-service people had waylaid him as he entered the town. Perhaps he was even then in bonds in some cellar, being examined for letters by some of the usurper James II.'s men.

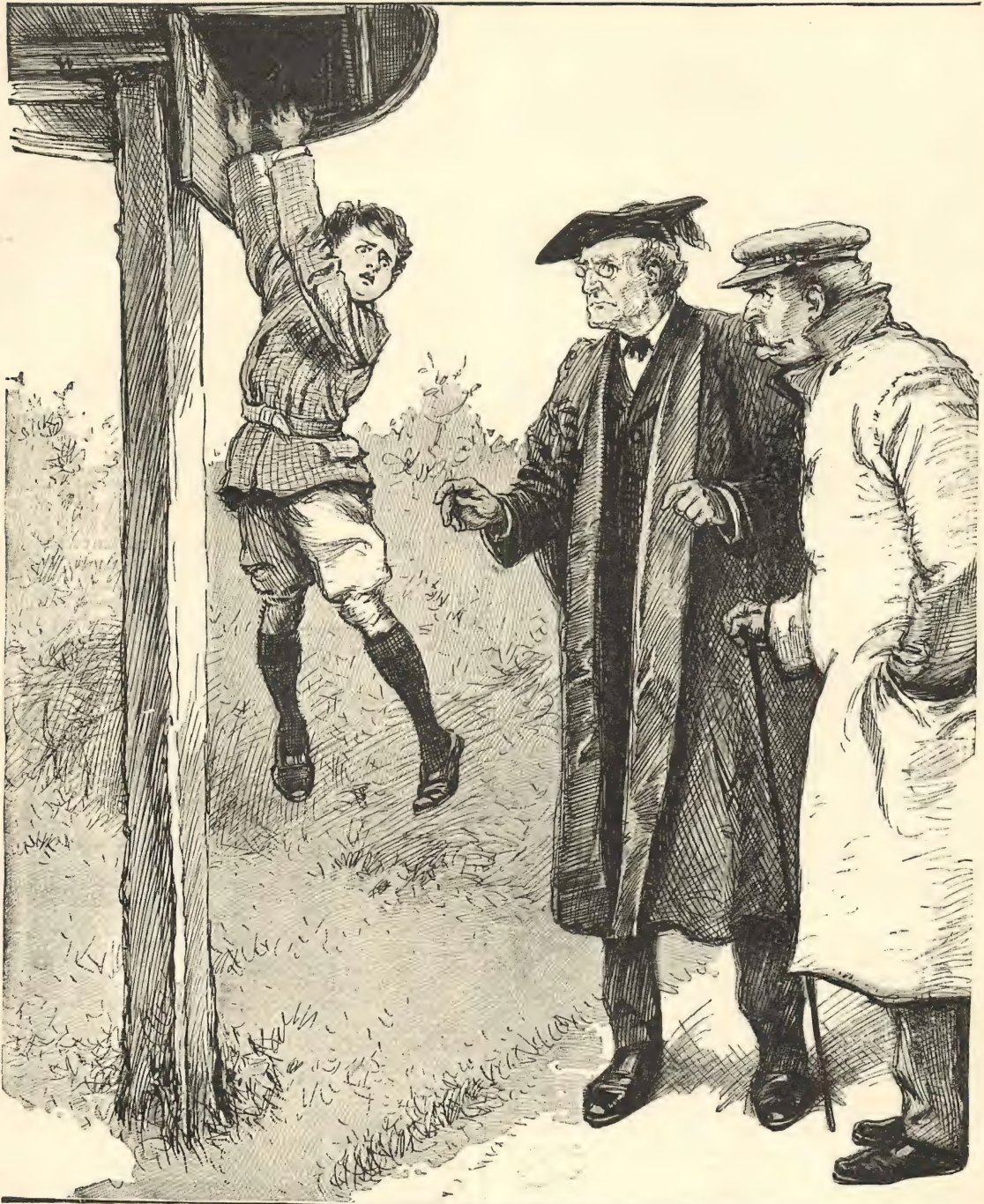
(Continued on page 198.)



"I started up to my feet with a cry."



THE ONE MAN BAND.



“ ‘Why didn’t you answer when you were called?’ ”

THE MISADVENTURES OF JACKSON.

IV.—THE SMALL BOARDER.

THE friendship between General Woodhouse and Jackson and Perkins grew and flourished. The old man was a widower; his children were all abroad, and he liked to have the two boys pottering about at the Priory. So, several times before the end of the summer term, his motor-car stopped at St. Olaf's early on a half-holiday afternoon, and Jackson and Perkins were taken by him to explore some old building or specimen-stocked bay.

Consequently, when, at the beginning of the autumn term, a young grandson was sent home from India, to be educated at St. Olaf's as his father and grandfather had been educated before him, General Woodhouse asked Jackson and Perkins to take him under their protection.

'He's a shocking little muff,' he explained. 'You boys must make a man of him.'

Cecil Woodhouse was a delicate, nervous boy of eleven, and though his two guardians did their best for him, his first weeks at St. Olaf's were weeks of misery. Two boys who belong to the Lower Fourth, and possess a study, cannot be always mounting guard over a small boy in the Second; and, unfortunately for him, Jackson and Perkins were at the moment engaged in a bitter feud with an older boy in the Third, named Roberts.

Roberts was both big and lazy. Nevertheless he had keenly resented the fact that the two younger boys had been promoted over his head. He had managed to keep a fairly high place by the help of numerous 'cribs' during the term, but when the summer examinations came, and it had been impossible to use them, he had slipped at once to the bottom of the class; and the thing that annoyed him most was that he knew that Jackson and Perkins were perfectly aware of his methods.

He hated them, therefore, with a jealous hatred, and he found a new way of showing his dislike by bullying Woodhouse. It was in vain that Jackson and Perkins threw down the glove in their *protégé's* defence. Each fought Roberts in turn behind the bicycle-shed, but neither could make a stand against an enemy of such size and weight.

In brains, however, they were more than his match, and by degrees an elaborate scheme was organized for enabling Woodhouse to keep out of his way, and Roberts began to find to his annoyance that his prey, if not fagging for a prefect, was either invisible altogether or else comfortably sheltered in the porter's lodge or the matron's room.

* * * * *

'I say, Jackson,' cried Perkins one day towards the middle of November, 'next Tuesday is Founder's Day, and if this weather lasts we ought to be able to go a tip-top excursion.'

'What a nuisance it is about the General's gout!' grumbled Jackson. 'He promised to take us to the Roman Baths at Canaster, the very next whole holiday, and now I suppose he won't be able to.'

'Not much chance of it!' answered Perkins. 'The kid told me to-day that he was going to spend Founder's Day at the Priory, but that his grandfather

had specially forbidden him to take any friends, or to arrive before half-past twelve.'

'Oh, well, he will be off our hands, any way. I'm getting pretty tired of Roberts calling me "Nursie darling!" I vote we make a day of it, and go to Droneham.'

'Right you are!' said Perkins, 'and I have thought of a first-class dodge for keeping Woodhouse out of the way till we start. It's a nuisance that he's not allowed in the studies. It would be so much easier to look after him if he were. We will turn him over to the matron last thing before starting.'

* * * * *

Founder's Day dawned in all the misty splendour of a sunny November, and at an early hour Jackson and Perkins were at work in their study, preparing the photographic apparatus with which they intended to take some views of Droneham. As usual, Jackson had mislaid some of his most necessary appliances, and the two boys only caught the ten-thirty train by the skin of their teeth.

There were many rival attractions that day at St. Olaf's, from football to fishing, and very few boys were left in the school grounds when, at eleven o'clock, the matron went down to the porter's lodge to take charge of the 'tuck-shop' while he took a day's holiday.

'Have you seen Master Woodhouse anywhere?' she asked of the first small boy who came in to buy sweets. 'It's time for him to start to the Priory if he means to walk the whole way, as he said he did.'

'No, I haven't seen him since breakfast,' was the answer. 'And I don't think he's anywhere about. Roberts began to hunt for him as soon as Jackson and Perkins went, and he's jolly angry because he hasn't been able to find him.'

'He must have slipped off early,' said the matron; 'and he has never remembered to come to me for a clean collar. Dear, dear, how tiresome!'

Then she thought no more about the matter, and only remembered it at three in the afternoon, when a motor-car drew up at the school gates, and General Woodhouse leaned out and shouted impatiently, 'Porter! porter!'

'The porter is away, sir,' said the matron, going forward; 'I hope nothing is wrong with Master Woodhouse?'

'I hope there isn't!' snapped the General. His gouty toe was giving him pain. 'I have come down here to find out.'

'But isn't he spending the day with you, sir?' she asked in surprise.

'No, he isn't; and I want to know *why* he isn't?' and the General glared at her fiercely.

'But he's not at school, sir. He didn't come in to dinner.'

'Then why didn't he come in to dinner? I pay for his dinner, don't I?' and the General left his motor-car, and hobbled across the playground as fast as his gouty foot would let him.

Fortunately, Dr. Peterson was at home, and the General found that he was quite ready to take the matter seriously. Inquiries were made at once, but no one had seen Cecil Woodhouse since breakfast-time. Jackson and Perkins, as several boys could

testify, had departed without him, and the awe in which he was known to stand of his grandfather made it unlikely that anything but a serious mishap would have prevented him from keeping an appointment with him.

The school-buildings were searched, but without result. Then the bigger boys who were available were organized into search-parties, the police were notified, and the whole of the little seaport town was set astir.

The General could not now complain of any lack of interest in his grandson; but as he sat all the afternoon in the head-master's study with his bad foot up on a chair, he gave vent to many explosions of wrath at what he called the 'previous neglect.'

But Dr. Peterson was too anxious to mind his irritability. As the afternoon wore on he began to fear that the boy had tumbled off the pier when no one was near to hear his calls for assistance.

More than two hours had already been spent in fruitless search when a small telegraph-boy was seen racing at full speed across the playground.

'The post-mistress told me to give you this and to be quick about it,' he cried breathlessly, handing the yellow envelope to the head master.

It was addressed to the porter, but Dr. Peterson tore it open and read, 'Please unlock Woodhouse from old pigeon-house. Key under clock on study mantelpiece.—JACKSON.'

So the mystery was solved, though still Dr. Peterson could not understand why, if Woodhouse were alive, he had not made any answer when his name was shouted again and again. And it was with a sigh of relief that he discovered him curled up, comfortably asleep, inside the large barrel-shaped pigeon-house at the bottom of the garden.

'Why didn't you answer when you were called?' he asked, as the small boy dropped down through the trap-door which had always been kept carefully padlocked since some boarders had kept rabbits there and forgotten them. 'You can't have slept through the whole of the shouting.'

But Woodhouse stood silent.

'Come, come, boy, speak up!' said his grandfather. 'A pretty dance you have led us, and now the least you can do is to explain.'

Then a light dawned on the head master. 'You need not be afraid of getting Jackson into trouble,' he said. 'It is thanks to a telegram from him that we have found you now. But why were you locked up at all?'

'To keep me out of the way, sir, till it was time to go to the Priory, and then, I suppose, Jackson forgot all about me.'

'But why did you have to be kept out of the way?'

But again Woodhouse made no answer, and the head master decided that it would be better to give him some dinner first, and get to the bottom of the matter afterwards.

So the procession returned to the school, and the General hobbled off to his motor-car, muttering to himself the while, 'More pluck than I gave him credit for! No sneak, anyway!' In fact, he was so distinctly pleased to find that his grandson was not altogether a muff, that Jackson and Perkins got off

much better than they had expected when they walked out on the following Sunday to apologise.

Dr. Peterson sifted the whole matter thoroughly that same evening, and though Jackson and Perkins received a severe reprimand for carelessness, it was reported in the school that a cane was worn out before the head master had finished with Roberts.

A. KATHARINE PARKES.

TURKISH CURIOSITY.

SOME time ago now, when the people in Turkey were more ignorant than at present, though they are still in many ways much behind other European countries, an English nobleman was travelling in one of the Turkish provinces. He spent a few days in a town, from which he went away suddenly, and, owing to his haste, left behind him a travelling dressing-case. The people of the inn, according to their custom, carried the case to the pasha of the town, who took possession of it as his property. The first thing he did, with a few friends, was to examine what was inside. Placed in the lid of the case, he discovered a bootjack and boot-hooks. What could these be? One of the bystanders looked at the boothooks, and thought they were for some purpose connected with astrology or magic, perhaps to measure star-distances. But this was not the pasha's idea; he thought both articles must be instruments of torture. By means of the two hooks, he supposed the nose or the ear could be pinched, and the bootjack he took to be an instrument resembling the old thumbscrew. Just to try he called his scribe, and ordered him to put a finger between the hinges of the bootjack. This he did reluctantly, and the pressure made him roar with pain, while a hearty laugh at his expense went round the party!

A shaving-brush was next discovered: this did not explain its connection with soap to Eastern minds, and they concluded it was meant to brush the moustache, though when tried it did not seem to answer very well. Near to the brush, one of the Turks, peeping into the case, saw a box made of glass, with a silver top, and took it out. 'Surely,' said he to himself, 'this must be something nice, a sort of sweetmeat.' So he took out a good-sized lump of the contents with his finger, and put it into his mouth. He was soon sorry for his experiment: he choked and sputtered, and twisted himself about, until presently a white foam came from his mouth, to the alarm of his friends. Thinking he had a fit, the others pushed him out of the room. The fact was, he had treated himself to a mouthful of shaving-soap.

The dressing-case also contained a number of bottles, which caused much curiosity. There were bottles of lavender-water and eau-de-cologne; these liquids were tasted and approved, being taken to be some choice cordials for drinking. Attracted by the pleasant golden tint of a bottle of tincture of myrrh, the pasha himself took a hearty sip from it. The effects were very evident, but none of those around him dared to laugh at his contortions and disgust.

J. R. S. C.

JUNE.

UP came the sun with a beautiful ray,
And shone through the shutters as much as
to say:
'I hope Master Johnny will wake very soon,
For no one should sleep on a morning in June.'

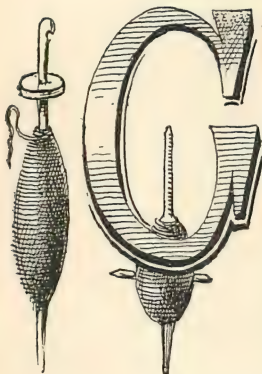
Then up came a swallow, and, passing the pane,
He chirped: 'What a pity!' again and again.
He chirped: 'Master John, what a pity it seems
To spend the June morning in slumber and dreams.'

Then up came a breeze, and it rustled the vine,
And said: 'Are you deaf to such music as mine?'
The clock has struck eight, and it's ticking away,
And many bright hours you have lost from the day.'

But John did not move, I am sorry to tell,
Till up to his room came the sound of a bell;
Then quickly he dressed, as a lazy boy would,
And ran down to breakfast as fast as he could.

JOHN LEA.

SPINDLES.



GARMENTS made of some kind of cloth are worn in almost every country. Cloth also serves many other purposes. Tents are made of it, houses are draped with it, chairs and other articles of furniture are covered with it. The quantity of cloth which is required for these and scores of other uses is enormous. If we reflect that all cloth, with the exception of felt, is made from thread, we cannot

fail to be impressed with the amount of labour which must be devoted to the manufacture of thread. It has been estimated that there are nearly two miles of thread in a yard of ordinary cloth, and that a man who is wearing a tweed suit and overcoat is wrapped in about twenty miles of closely interwoven woollen thread.

The greater part of this thread—or yarn, as it is sometimes called—is made by machinery, and its manufacture is one of the principal industries of the world, about which we all ought to know something. But if you were taken to see a 'spinning mule,' or a 'throstle,' as the machines which make thread are called, you would be bewildered by their complicated and rapid movements, and you would probably return home thinking that you had seen something which you could never understand.

Now, it is quite clear that many a savage, who knows little or nothing about any kind of machinery, contrives to make thread for himself. How does he accomplish it? The simplest means I have ever heard of is that which an Australian savage employs. He simply rolls the fibres, which are to make the

thread, between the palms of his hands, or between the palm of one hand and the flat of his thigh. The New Zealanders at one time used to do the same with the fibres of the native flax, and work them into a neat and regular thread.

Before we go further, let us make quite sure that we understand what the Australian or New Zealander once did. The fibres which he used are only



Old Spinning-wheel and Spindles.

short, and yet they are twisted into a long thread. This results from the fibres varying in length, so that some overlap the others. The fore-ends of succeeding fibres twist into the midst of those which have been already rolled, and the successive ranks are bound to each other by the screwing motion of the hand as effectually, for all practical purposes, as if the ends had been tied together. This binding action is aided by the natural twist which some fibres have, as a result of their growth, or by the hooks upon their surface, which are so small that they can only be seen with the aid of a microscope. The fibres which possess these peculiarities in the highest degree are those which have proved most useful in the manufacture of thread, but their usefulness was proved by practical trial long before it was explained by the microscope.

The Australian black, when he has made a certain length of thread, winds it upon a cross-shaped stick, which serves as a reel. An African black—a native of Angola, for instance, who ranks higher in

civilisation—could teach the Australian a useful little trick. In that country the women do most of the spinning, and cotton is the material which is used for the thread. When the woman has drawn out a few fibres from her bunch of cotton, and twisted them into a short length of thread, she ties it to the stick which serves as a winder. Now, the stick dangles by the thread as a fish dangles at the end of a fishing line, and the woman is quick to see that if she gives the stick a twirl with her fingers, it will, as it spins, twist the thread by which it hangs. She does that, and, while the stick is spinning, she draws out a few more fibres from the bunch without breaking the thread, and the stick twists them as they are drawn out. By-and-by the stick loses its momentum, and slows down, preparatory to reversing its movement; but before it stops, the woman seizes it in her hand, winds upon it that portion of the thread which is properly twisted, and fastens it for the moment by passing it through a hook or notch in



African Woman spinning Thread.

the stick. Then she spins the stick once more, and, drawing out new fibres from the bunch, twists a new length of thread, which is afterwards wound upon the reel like the first. This operation is repeated until the whole bunch of cotton has been 'teased' out and twisted into a slender thread.

A stick such as this, which serves not only to receive the thread when it is made, but also to twist or spin it, is known as a spindle, a word which is really only another name for a 'spinner.' If we except the various kinds of weapons, there is scarcely an implement which is more commonly used in all



Spindles in the East.

parts of the world. Not only do savages make use of them, but the peasant-women of Switzerland, Italy, and other European countries also employ them; and it is not long since they were used in England. Their shapes are numerous, but in every example we have some kind of short stick or rod, and generally a ring of some sort is put round it to act as a little flywheel to steady and prolong the motion of the spindle. These rings are known as spindle-whorls, and they are very frequently found upon the sites of ancient villages and towns, which long ago fell to ruin and were forgotten. They are usually made of metal, clay or pottery, and leather; but anything small which will give a balanced weight to the spindle will do, and I have known a potato serve as a spindle-whorl.

When the spindle is used, the wool, cotton, or

flax which is to be spun is usually wrapped about the end of a staff, known as a distaff. The peasant-girls of Switzerland, who spin while they tend the cows and flocks, stick the distaff in their girdle, so that they have both hands free to draw the fibres and twirl the spindle. The twirling is usually effected by rolling the spindle upon a piece of leather fastened to the spinner's waist.

W. A. ATKINSON.

THE FIRST WHITE WOMAN IN VICTORIA.

WHEN we realise the great prosperity of the province of Victoria, in Australia, and its apparent old establishment, it seems difficult to believe that the first white woman who ever landed upon its shores has only recently died.

Into the lonely little bay at Portland, one moonlight night in June, 1836, a small sailing ship dropped her anchor. Great caution on the part of the pioneers was necessary, for the natives were no less hostile against new-comers than the Indians of North America had been against the New Englanders. There was the additional danger, too, of attacks from lawless whites who had escaped from the prisons of New South Wales, whither England in those days transported her criminals. But in the face of these risks the company disembarked, and made their way through the shallow water, Mrs. Henty, the lady we have alluded to, being carried by one of the sailors. Two months later, an explorer, passing through the district, was surprised to find a comfortable little settlement where he had expected desolation.

How rapid and great has been the change since then! The towns of Melbourne, Ballarat, and many others, with the industry and commerce that they imply, have all 'appeared upon the scene.' In the ten years 1895-1905 the colony produced 32,000,000*l.* in gold, 26,000,000*l.* in wool, 22,000,000*l.* in wheat, and 18,000,000*l.* in butter. Thus, Mrs. Henty, in the seventy years that elapsed between that moonlight night in 1836 and the day of her death, saw the province of Victoria advance from a desolate land to an important commercial state—an experience that falls to the lot of few pioneers.

MARTIN HYDE.

(Continued from page 191.)

WHILE I was fretting myself into a state of hysteria, the catch of one of the great window-doors above me was pushed back. Some one came out on to the balcony just over my head. It was a woman, evidently in some great distress, for she was sobbing bitterly. I thought it mean to stand there hearing her cry, so I moved away. As I walked off, the window opened again. A big, heavy-footed man came out.

'Stop crying, Aurelia,' the voice said. 'Here's the stuff. Put it in your pocket.'

'I can't,' the woman answered; 'I can't.'

I stopped moving when I heard that voice. It was the voice of the 'Longshore Jack' woman who had had those adventures with me. I should have

known her voice anywhere, even choked as it then was with sobs. It was a good voice, of a pleasant quality, but with a quick, authoritative ring.

'I can't,' she said. 'I can't, Father.'

'Put it in your pocket,' her father said. 'No rubbish of that sort. You must.'

'It would kill me. I couldn't,' she answered. 'I should hate myself for ever.'

'No more of that to me,' said the cold, hard voice, with quiet passion. 'Your silly girl's scruples aren't going to outweigh a nation's need. There, it is in your pocket. Be careful you don't use too much. If you fail again, remember, you'll earn your own living. Oh, you bungler! When I think of—'

'I'm no bungler. You know it,' she answered, passionately. 'I planned everything. You silly men never backed me up. Who was it guessed right this time? I suppose you think you'd have come here without my help? That's like a man.'

'Don't stand there rousing the town, Aurelia,' the man said. 'Come in out of the rain at once. Get yourself ready to start.'

As the window banged too behind them, a figure loomed up out of the night—two figures more. I sprang to one side; but they were too quick for me. Some one flung an old flour-sack over my head. Before I was ready to struggle I was lying flat on the pavement with a man upon my chest.

'It's him,' said a voice. 'You young rip, where are the letters?'

'What letters?' I said, struggling, choking against the folds of the sack.

'Rip up his boots,' said another. 'Dig him with a knife if he won't answer.'

'Bring him in to the Colonel,' said the first.

'I've got no letters,' I said.

'Lift him up, quick,' said the man, who had suggested the knife. 'In with him. Here's the watch!'

'Quick, boys!' the leader said. 'We mustn't be caught at this game.'

Steps sounded somewhere in the square. Hearing them, I squealed with all my strength, hoping that somebody would come.

'Choke him,' said one of the men.

I gave one more loud squeal before they jammed the sack on my mouth. To my joy the feet broke into a run. They were the feet of the watch, coming to my rescue.

'Up with him,' said the leader among my captors. 'Quick! into the Colonel with him.'

'No, no! Drop it. I'm off. Here's the watch,' cried the others, hurriedly.

They let me drop on to the pavement after half-lifting me. In five seconds more they were scattering to shelter. As I rose to my feet, flinging off the flour-sack, I found myself in the midst of the city watch, about a dozen men, all armed, whose leader carried a lantern. The windows of the great inn were open; people were thronging on to the balcony to see what was the matter; citizens came to their house-doors. At that moment Mr. Jermyn appeared. The captain of the guard was asking me questions in Dutch. The guardsmen were peering at my face in the lantern-light.

Mr. Jermyn questioned me quickly as to what had happened. He interpreted my tale to the guard. I

was his servant, he told them. I had been attacked by unknown robbers, some of whom, at least, were English. One of them had tried to stifle me with a flour-sack, which, on examination under the lantern, proved to be the sack of Robert Harling, corn-miller, Eastry. Goodness knows how it came to be there, for ship's flour travels in cask. Mr. Jermyn gave an address where we could be found if any of the villains were caught; but he added that it was useless to expect me to identify any of them, since the attack had been made in the dark, with the victim securely blindfolded. He gave the leader of the men some money. The guard moved away to look for the culprits (long before in hiding, one would think), while Mr. Jermyn took me away with him.

As we went I looked up at the inn balcony, from which several heads looked down upon us. Behind them, in the lighted room, in profile, in full view, was the lady of the fierce eyes. I knew her at once, in spite of the grey Spanish (man's) hat she wore slouched over her face. She was all swathed in a Spanish riding cloak. One took her for a handsome young man. But I knew that she was my enemy. I knew her name now, too: Aurelia. She was looking down at me, or, rather, at us, for she could not have made out our faces. Her face was sad. She seemed uninterested; she had perhaps enough sorrow of her own at that moment without the anxieties of others. A big, burly, hulking, handsome person, of the swaggering sort which used to enter the army in those days, left the balcony hurriedly. I saw him at the window, speaking earnestly to her, pointing to the square, in which already the darkness hid us. I saw the listlessness fall from her. She seemed to wake up into intense life in an instant. She walked with a swift decision peculiar to her away from the window, leaving the hulking fellow—an elderly, dissolute-looking man, with the wild, puffy eyes of the drinker—to pick his teeth in full view of the square.

When we left off watching our enemies, Mr. Jermyn bade me walk on tiptoe. We scurried away across the square diagonally, pausing twice to listen for pursuers. No one seemed to be following. There was not much sense in following, for the guard was busy searching for suspicious persons. We heard them challenging passers-by with a rattle of their halberds on the stones to make their answers prompt. We were safe enough from persecution for the time. We went down a dark street into a dark alley. From the alley we entered a courtyard, the sides of which were vast houses. We entered one of these houses. The door seemed to open in the mysterious way which had puzzled me so much in Fish Lane. Mr. Jermyn smiled when I asked him how this was done. 'Go on in, boy,' he said. 'There are many queer things in lives like ours.' He gave me a shove across the threshold, while the door closed itself silently behind us.

He took me into a room which was not unlike a marine store of the better sort. There were many sailor things (all of the very best quality) lying in neat heaps on neat oak shelves against the walls. In the middle of the room a table was laid for dinner. Mr. Jermyn made me eat a hearty meal before starting, which I did. As I ate, he fidgeted about among

some lockers at my back. Presently, as I began to sip some wine which he had poured out for me; he put something over my shoulders.

'Here,' he said, 'this is the satchel, Martin. Keep the straps drawn tight always. Don't take it off till you give it into Mr. Blick's hands. His own hands, remember. Don't take it off even at night. When you lie down, lash it round your neck with spun yarn.'

All this I promised most faithfully to do. 'But,' I said, examining the satchel, which was like an ordinary, small, old, weather-beaten satchel for carrying books, 'where are the letters, sir?'

'Sewn into the double fold of the flap,' he answered. 'You wouldn't be able to sew so neatly as that, would you, now?'

'Oh, yes, I should, sir,' I replied. 'I'm a pretty good hand with a sail-needle. The Oulton fishermen used to teach me the stitches. I can do herring-bone stitch. I can put in a cringle into a sail.'

'You're the eighth wonder of the world, I think,' Mr. Jermyn said. 'But choose, now. Choose a kit for yourself. You won't get a chance to change your clothes till you get to Mr. Blick's if you don't take some from here, so just look round the room here. Take whatever you want.'

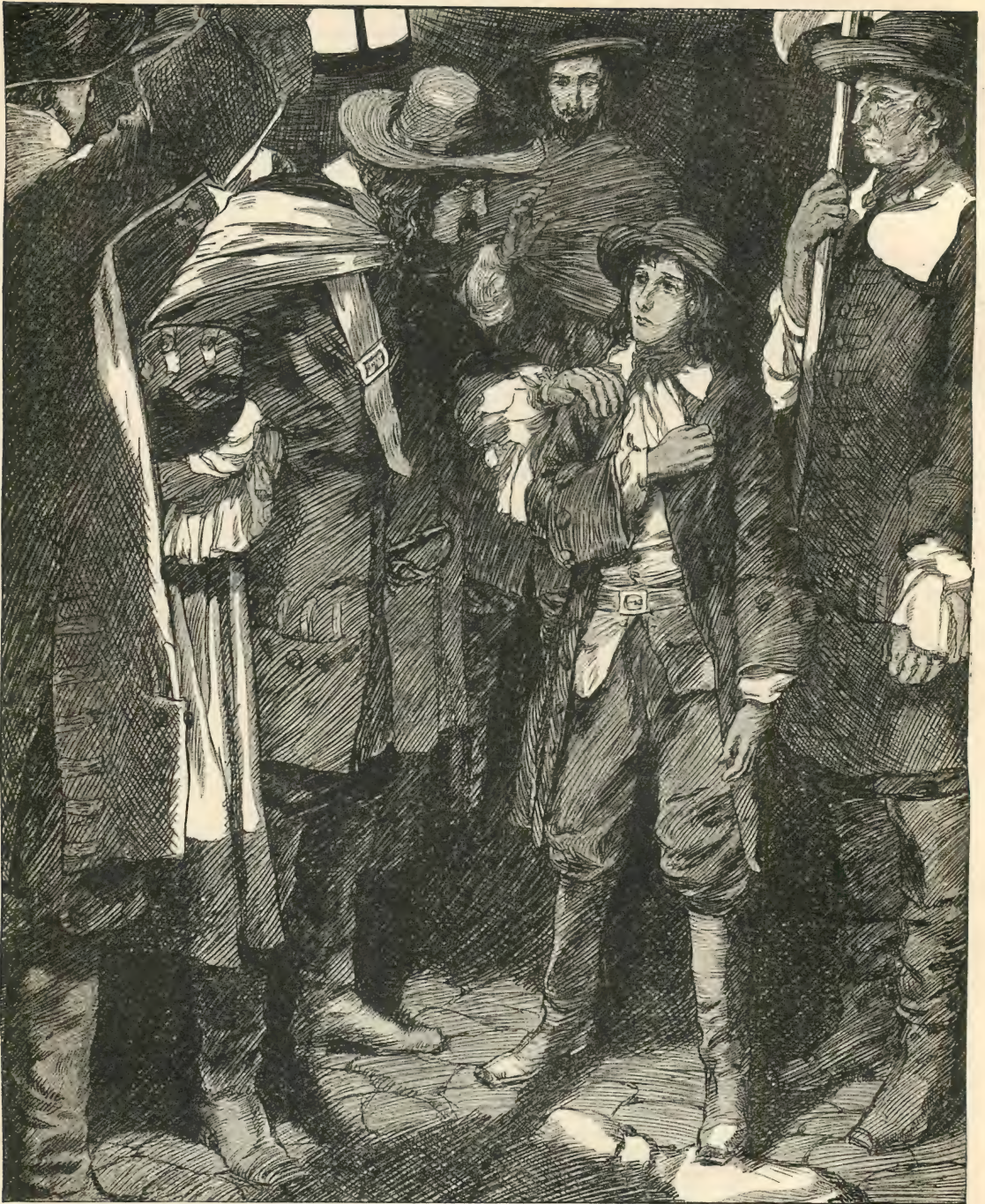
I felt myself to have been fairly well equipped by the stranger who had made me change my clothes in the alley. But I knew how cold the Channel may be even in June, so I chose out two changes of thick underwear. Weapons I had no need for with the armoury already in my belt; but a heavy tarred jacket, with an ear-flap collar, was likely to be useful, so I chose that instead. It was not more than ten sizes too large for me. That did not matter; at sea one tries to keep warm; appearances are not much regarded. Last of all, when I had packed my satchel, I noticed a sailor's canvas 'housewife,' very well stored with buttons, &c. I noticed that it held what is called a 'palm,' that is, the leather hand-guard, used by sail-makers for pushing the needle through sail-cloth. It occurred to me, vaguely, that such a 'housewife' would be useful in case my clothes got torn, so I stuffed it into my satchel with the other things. I saw that it contained a few small sail-needles (of the kind so excellent as egg-borers) as well as some of the strong fine sail-twine, each thread of which will support a weight of fifty pounds. I put the housewife into my store with a vague feeling of being rich in the world's goods with such a little treasury of necessities. I had really no thought of what that chance impulse was to do for me.

'Are you ready?' Mr. Jermyn asked.

'Yes, sir; quite ready.'

'Take this blank drawing-book,' he said, handing me a small pocket-book, in which a pencil was stuck. 'Make a practice of drawing what you see. Draw the ships; make sketches of the coast. You will find that such drawings will give you great pleasure when you come to be old. They will help you, too, in impressing an object on your mind. Drawing thus will give you a sense of the extraordinary wonders of the universe. It will teach you a lot of things. Now let's be off. It's time we were on board.'

(Continued on page 202.)



"The guardsmen were peering at my face in the lantern-light."



"I almost ran into Captain Barlow."

MARTIN HYDE.

(Continued from page 199.)

WHEN Mr. Jermyn and I went out of the house we were joined by three or four seamen, who carried cases of bottles. We struck off towards the ship together at a brisk pace, singing one of those quick-time songs, with choruses, to which the sailors sometimes work. The song they sang was that very jolly one, called 'Leave her, Johnny.' They made such a noise with the chorus of this ditty that Mr. Jermyn was able to refresh my memory in the message to be given to Mr. Blick.

The rain had stopped before we started. When we came into the square, we saw that cressets, or big, flaming port-fires, had been placed along the wharf, to give light to some seamen who were rolling casks to the barquentine. A little crowd of idlers had gathered about the workers to watch them at their job; there may have been so many as twenty people there. They stood in a pretty strong, but very unsteady, light, by which I could take stock of them. I looked carefully among them for the figure of a young 'man' in a grey Spanish hat, but she was certainly not there. The barquentine had her sails loosed, but not hoisted. Some boats were in the canal ahead, ready to tow her out. She had also laid out a hawser, by which to heave herself out with her capstan. I could see at a glance that she was at the point of sailing. As we came up to the plank-gangway which led to her deck, we were delayed for a moment by a seaman who was getting a cask aboard.

'Beg pardon, sir,' he said to Mr. Jermyn; 'I won't keep you waiting long. This cask's about as heavy as nitre.'

'What have you got in that cask, Dick?' said the boatswain, who kept a tally at the gangway.

'Nitre or bullets, I guess,' said Dick, struggling to get the cask on to the gang-plank. 'It's as heavy as it knows how.'

'Give Dick a hand there,' the boatswain ordered.

A seaman who was standing somewhere behind me came forward, jogging my elbow as he passed. In a minute or two they had the cask aboard.

'It's red lead,' said the boatswain, examining the marks upon it. 'Sling it down into the 'tween-decks.'

After this little diversion I was free to go down the gangway with Mr. Jermyn. The captain received us in the cabin. He seemed to know my 'Uncle Blick,' as he called him, very well indeed. I somehow did not like the look of the man: he had a bluff air, but it seemed to sit ill upon him. He reminded me of the sort of farmer who stands well with his parson or squire, while he tyrannises over his labourers with all the calculating, cowardly cruelty of the mean mind. I did not take to Captain Barlow, for all his affected joviality.

However, the ship was sailing. They showed me the little trim cabin which was to be mine for the voyage. Mr. Jermyn ran ashore up the gangway after shaking me by the hand. He called to me over his shoulder to remember him very kindly to my uncle. A moment later, as the hawsers were cast off, the little crowds on the wharf called out,

'Three cheers for the *Gara* barquentine,' which the *Gara's* crew acknowledged with three cheers for Pierhead, in the sailor fashion. We were moving slowly under the influence of the oared boats ahead of us, when a seaman at the forward capstan began to sing the solo part of an old capstan chanty. The men broke in upon him with the chorus, which rang out in its sweet clearness, making echoes in the city. I ran to the capstan to heave with them, so that I too might sing. I was at the capstan there, heaving round with the best of them, until we were standing out to sea beyond the last of the fairway lights, with our sails trimmed to the strong northerly wind. After that, being tired with so many crowded excitements, which had given me a life's adventure since supper-time, I went below to my bunk to turn in.

I took off my satchel, intending to tie it round my neck after I had undressed. Some inequality in the strap against my fingers made me hold it to the cabin lamp to examine it more closely. To my horror I saw that the strap had been nearly cut through in five places. If it had not been of double leather, with an inner lining of flexible wire, any one of those cuts would have cut the thong clean in two. Then a brisk twitch would have left the satchel at the cutter's mercy. It gave me a lively sense of the craft of our enemies to see those cuts in the leather. I had felt nothing; I had suspected nothing. Only once, for that instant on the wharf, when we stopped to let Dick get his barrel aboard, had they had a chance to come about me. Yet, in that instant of time they had suspected that that satchel contained letters. They had made their bold attempt to make away with it. They had slashed the leather in five places with a knife as sharp as a razor. But had it been on the wharf that this was done? I began to wonder if it could have been on the wharf. Might it not have been done when I was at the capstan, heaving round on the bar? I thought not; I must have noticed a seaman doing such a thing. It would have been impossible for any one to have cut the strap there, for the capstan was always revolving. The man next to me on the bar never took his hands from the lever—of that I was certain. The men on the bar behind me could not have reached me. Even if they had reached me, the mate must have noticed it. I knew that sailors were often clever thieves, but I did not believe that they could have been so clever under the mate's eye. If it had not been done at the capstan, it could not have been done since I came aboard, for there had been no other opportunity. I was quite convinced, after a moment's thought, that it had been done on the wharf before I came aboard. Then I wondered if it had been done by common shore-thieves, or 'nickers,' who are always present in our big seaport towns, ready to steal whenever they get a chance. But I was rather against this possibility, for my mind just then was much too full of Aurelia's party. I saw their hands in it. It would have needed very strong evidence to convince me that they were not at the bottom of this last attack, as they had doubtless been in the attack under the inn balcony.

Thinking of their cunning with some dismay, I went to my door to secure it. I was in my stockinged

feet at the moment, as I had kicked my boots off on coming into the cabin. My step, therefore, must have been noiseless. Opening the door smartly, half-conscious of some slight noise on the far side, I almost ran into Captain Barlow, who was standing without. He showed a momentary confusion, I thought, at seeing me thus suddenly. It was a bad sign. To me, in my excited, nervous state, it was a very bad sign. It convinced me that he had been standing there, trying to spy upon me through the keyhole, with what purpose I could guess only too well. His face changed to a jovial grin in an instant, but I felt he was searching my face narrowly for some sign of suspicion.

'I was just coming in to see if you wanted anything,' he said.

'No; nothing, thanks,' I answered. 'But what time's breakfast, sir?'

'Oh, the boy will call you!' he answered. 'Is that your school-satchel, hey—what you carry your books in? Let's see it?'

'Oh,' I said, as lightly as I could, feeling that he was getting on ticklish ground, 'I've not unpacked it yet. It's got all my things in it.'

By this time he was well within my cabin. 'Why,' he said, 'this strap's almost cut in two. Does your master let you bring your satchel to school in that state? How did it come to be cut like that, hey?'

I made some confused remark about its having always been in that state, as it was an old satchel which might have been used for a shooting-bag. I had never known boys carry books in a satchel. That kind of school was unknown to me.

'Well,' he said, fingering the strap affectionately, as though he was going to lift it off my head, 'you let me take it away with me. I've got men in this ship who can mend a cut leather strap as neat as you've no idea of. They'd sew up a cut like this so that you'd hardly know it had been cut.'

I really feared that he would have the bag away from me by main force; but I rallied all my forces to save it. 'I'm fagged now,' I said. 'I haven't undone my things. I'll give it to you in the morning.'

It seemed to me that he looked at me rather hard when I said this; but he evidently thought, 'What can it matter? To-morrow will serve just as well.' So he just gave a little laugh. 'Right,' he said. 'You turn in now. Give it to me in the morning. Good night, boy.'

'Good night,' I said, as he left the cabin, adding, under my breath, 'Good riddance too. You won't find quite so much when you come to examine this bag by daylight.'

After he had gone—but not at once, as I wished not to make him suspicious—I locked my cabin-door. Then I hung my tarred sea-coat on the door-hook so that the flap entirely covered the keyhole. There were bolts on the door, but the upper one alone could be pushed home. With this in its place I felt secure from spies. Yet not too secure. I was not certain that the bulkheads were without crannies from which I could be watched. The crack by the door-hinge might, for all I knew, give a very good view of the inside of the cabin. Thinking that I might still be under observation, I decided to put off

what I had to do until the very early morning, so I undressed myself for bed. I took care to put out the light before turning in, so that I might not be seen lashing the satchel round my neck with a length of spun yarn. I slept with my head upon it.

(Continued on page 214.)

THE HORSE AS A HELPER.

V.—GENERAL USES.

THE chief value of the horse in England, and other civilised countries, lies in its physical strength, its capacity to pull and carry. We breed and train our horses with a view to making them strong, or swift, and obedient; and we treat their intelligence as a matter of less importance.

In countries where the horse lives a more natural sort of life, its capabilities are allowed more play, and it proves useful in a great variety of ways. Like nearly every other quadruped, it swims well. A little while ago, I was talking to a traveller who had spent many months in Central America. We were near a ford, and he was reminded of what he had seen abroad. He remarked that the fords in that country were usually the only means by which the rivers could be crossed, and they were often rather dangerous. 'But,' he said, 'the horses are good swimmers, and they pull you through.'

The North American Indians and half-breeds rely very much upon their horses as camp-watchers. If the animals are uneasy, and stare about, or sniff the air, instead of feeding quietly, the men will often set a watch for wolves, or bears, or hostile Indians, knowing well that there is some reason for the horses' unusual behaviour, even though the men themselves are not able to discover it. When flies are troublesome, the horses will gather round the camp-fires, and stand with their heads in the smoke, which drives away the flies. But if at other times the horses suddenly gather up to the fires and the tents in the dead of night, the watchers know that there is something dangerous lurking near the camp, and, since the horses always turn their heads towards the danger, the men know in which direction to expect the attack.

In common, too, with many other animals, horses seem to have an instinct which tells them where they are, and which is the proper way home, a 'sense of direction,' as scientists sometimes name it. Any one who has lived much in the country will sometimes have seen horses jogging along the quiet roads, while the driver in the cart behind has slept or drowsed, quite unconscious of the way which the horse was taking. Sometimes, too, by their 'sense of direction' they are able to pick out the right way when their master is utterly lost. A farmer on horseback, who was out collecting cattle with his men, left the party, and rode on alone for many miles. He suddenly discovered that he was lost and had not the faintest idea in which direction the camp lay. The horse, however, persisted in taking a certain course, and the rider let it have its way. It went straight on, through a rough, trackless country, and reached the camp after a journey of about ten miles. The horse was not guided by its remembrance

of the way, but rather by a sort of instinctive feeling that the camp lay in a certain direction. This was proved by its taking a straight course, instead of



Fording an American Stream.

following the various turns along which it had been ridden on the outward journey. Many similar incidents have been recorded.



Horses getting rid of Flies.

A few examples will show how horses may be trained for special purposes. In some countries the horses which are ridden are taught to amble. A horse walking in a natural way, having moved one fore foot, next moves the hind foot on the other side

of the body. In ambling, it is taught to move the fore foot and the hind foot on the same side together. The movement is unnatural to the horse; but it is very easy and comfortable for the rider.

We have seen how carefully the Indians of North America trained their horses to give them every help when hunting the buffaloes. Centuries ago, when arrows shot from bows or cross-bows



Fire!

were the chief weapons of the English hunter and fowler, trained horses were exceedingly useful in fowling. As the range of bows was not great, and as the wild-fowl took fright at the approach of a man, the fowler had great difficulty in getting within shot of them. Fortunately, the birds were not so easily alarmed by the approach of a horse. The fowler, therefore, trained his horse to draw near the birds slowly and quietly, and walked behind him out of sight of the birds. In order to hide himself more effectually, he covered the horse with long trappings or cloths, which reached nearly to the ground. Such a trained horse was known as a stalking-horse. In course of time it was superseded by a light model, made of wood and canvas, which was carried in front of him by the fowler. This model was also called a stalking-horse.

Nearly every horse receives some special training for the work it has to do, and adapts itself with more or less intelligence to its duties. Fire-brigade horses afford a good instance of this. They are taught to run from their stalls to their places in front of the engine as soon as they hear the ringing of the fire-alarm. The harness hangs over them, and, being released from a catch, it falls into its place, and is adjusted in a few seconds. The horses are nearly as quick and skilful as the men, and, by their intelligence and activity, they help to save the minutes and the seconds which are sometimes so precious in going to a rescue.

MAGIC SQUARES.—IV.

THE SQUARE OF NINE.

AS this number is divisible by 3 it is not possible to use the same method which was employed for the prime numbers 5 and 7; the rows and columns would come right, but not the diagonals. We must, therefore, adapt the system used in constructing the

10	80	33	46	8	69	55	44	24
50	3	70	59	39	25	14	75	34
63	40	20	18	76	29	54	4	65
15	73	35	51	1	71	60	37	26
52	5	66	61	41	21	16	77	30
56	45	22	11	81	31	47	9	67
17	78	28	53	6	64	62	42	19
48	7	68	57	43	23	12	79	32
58	38	27	13	74	36	49	2	72

Magic Square of Nine.

square of eight: dividing, however, the numbers into groups of three instead of groups of two.

In this manner we have obtained the foregoing square, in which every row and every column may be

70		39		14
35		1		60
22		81		47

Magic Peephole in Square of Nine.

20		76		54
35		1		60
66		41		16

Another Magic Peephole.

divided into three equal sets of three numbers adding up to a total of 123.

The diagonals, however, are not so accommodating; the middle portion amounts to 123, but the deficiency in the part to the left hand is made up for by an excess in the part to the right.

The nine numbers in the middle of the square form a magic square, and a group of nine adjacent numbers, forming a square taken *anywhere* in the large square, gives the same total of 369. Sets of nine numbers visible through holes in a card in many different arrangements will give the same total; we print two of them as specimens—space would fail us to give them all. W. S. J.

WHO WAS 'OLD PARR?'

HE was 'the old, old, very old man,' who, when he died in 1635, at the age (it is said) of one hundred and fifty-two, was buried in Westminster Abbey. John Taylor, 'the Water Poet,' wrote his 'Life.' Part of this work is in prose, but the author 'drops into poetry' as the fancy takes him. The dedication to King Charles I. begins thus:—

'Of subjects, my dread Liege, 'tis manifest
You have the oldest, greatest, and the least:
That for an old, a great, and a little man,
No kingdom, sure, compare with Britain can.'

The oldest, of course, was Thomas Parr; the greatest was William Evans, one of the King's guard, who was of 'extraordinary stature;' the least was Jeffrey Hudson, the dwarf, of whom some amusing stories are told.

If the record be true, Old Parr was born at Winington, in Salop, in 1483, and if, as Wordsworth says, 'We live by admiration, hope, and love,' it would seem that Thomas Parr did not have much of a life, in spite of its unusual length, for—

'He ne'er knew history, nor in mind did keep
Ought but the price of corn, hay, kine, or sheep;
Day found him work, and night allowed him rest,
Nor did affairs of State his mind molest.
His highest ambition was a tree to lop,
Or, at the furthest, to a maypole's top:
His recreation and his mirth's discourse
Hath been the piper and the hobby-horse.
And in this simple sort he hath, with pain,
From childhood lived to be a child again.'

When, in 1635, the Earl of Arundel visited Shropshire, he found this old, old man, and brought him to London. Old Parr had a luxurious journey, for the Earl provided a litter and two horses to convey him, a horse for his daughter-in-law to ride beside him, servants to arrange for his comfort as they went along, and a jester to keep up his spirits! He was presented to King Charles, and died within two months afterwards at Lord Arundel's house in the Strand. There is a picture of this wonderful old man in the National Portrait Gallery.

THE FAIRY PUNT.

YOU ought to come and see us on a calm and sunny day;

Father has made a famous punt for boating in the bay.

We've a skipper and a stewardess, a mate and engineer,

Though what the latter has to do is not exactly clear.

The stewardess, I'm glad to say, is also out of work,
For we move along so slowly that we scarcely roll
or jerk;

But if a storm arises, she has promised to be quick
In handing out the life-belts and attending to the
sick.

We visit all the fishing-boats at anchor in the bay,
And, climbing up the sloping sides, pretend to sail
away;

But if the skipper pushes off, we yell out, 'Boat
ahoy!'

And feel, perhaps, it's better to be anchored to a
buoy.

We have the greatest fun of all on days the tide is
low,

In paddling round the rocky isles where the longest
sea-weeds grow;

Where the limpets think themselves secure, and
rarely hold on tight,

And the prawns are so enormous that they're quite
a startling sight;

Where the shoals of baby-fishes swim in hundreds
round the punt

(Though the bigger ones are frightened, and go
scuttling on in front);

And the pools and tiny inlets are as full as full
can be

Of the strange mysterious creatures that you scarcely
ever see.

Sometimes we paddle by ourselves while the skipper
takes a rest,

But our course is rather wobbly; for it has to be
confessed

That the stewardess is rather young, and though she
tries to steer

She cannot keep the balance 'twixt the mate and
engineer.

Our mother sits and watches us; she says she's far
too old

To venture on the ocean when the water feels so
cold.

And certainly when breezes blow, and our paddles
raise the spray,

There's a dampness in the party that goes home
across the bay.

Then the skipper smokes his pipe, and laughs. He's
just as wet as us,

And mother tries to scold him, and pretends to make
a fuss;

But if you have a father who can use a plane and
saw,

You'd better let him make a punt for paddling round
the shore.

A. KATHARINE PARKES.

GIANTS OF OLD TIMES.

TO many boys and girls, one of the most fascinating books of childhood has been the story of *Jack the Giant-killer*, once read, never forgotten. In the world-famous *Pilgrim's Progress*, both young and old linger over the pages that tell of Christian

and Giant Despair. It is not difficult to find real giants nowadays; it is a usual thing for a showman to bring to some fair either a giant or a dwarf. These giants may be seven feet high, or even more than that; they are generally not very strong, nor are they fierce, like the giants of the old time. Indeed, it appears that giants in civilised countries are apt to be less powerful than their bulk might lead us to expect.

Giants are mentioned in the Bible, as we know. Goliath, with whom David fought, was six cubits and a span, that is, eight feet high, or more. Later on we read that four relations of Goliath, who had lived in Gath, were slain by David and his servants; they, too, were giants, but their height is not told us. Several old writers mention traditions of men having reached a still greater height—twelve, fourteen, or fifteen feet.

Certainly we must think some of the stories about big skeletons being dug up rather doubtful. Thus, in Greece, near Athens, two skeletons were said to be discovered, one thirty-six feet long and the other thirty-four. In Sicily a skeleton measuring thirty feet was said to be found; one at Valencia was alleged to be twenty-two feet long; but the longest of all (forty-one feet) was reported from Crete! Pliny asserts that during the reign of Augustus there were in Italy two giants, well known, both over ten feet high, and the Emperor Maximilian was nearly nine; another Emperor, Jovianus, was a man of great stature. Later in history we have a tale about a giant named Ferragus, who was slain by Roland, nephew to Charlemagne; he must have been a dangerous enemy, if he really was seventeen feet high!

There is no doubt whatever about Walter Parsons, a lad of Staffordshire, first a smith's apprentice, then porter to James I. He had a good character, being strong, brave, and kindly; his height was seven feet four inches; he could lift at the same moment two tall yeomen of the guard. His successor at Court was William Evans, two inches higher, but he was knock-kneed and splay-footed. He managed, though, to perform in a dance before Charles I., when he drew the King's dwarf, Jeffrey Hudson, out of his pocket.

A gentleman who travelled about Switzerland in the eighteenth century saw at Lucerne a remarkably tall man, clad in loose robes, who went through a variety of performances, before a large assemblage of people. At last he gave himself a shake, and out of the folds of his clothes dropped eight boys, who sang several melodies, and then retired with the giant.

J. R. S. C.

THE PEACEMAKER.

(Concluded from page 174.)

ON the opposite roadside a pony was quietly grazing, though already saddled, as if for the use of some messenger. The boy went over to it, stroked its mane, found it a gentle beast, and finally hauled himself up into its saddle. The pony would travel faster than his own mule.

As he gathered up the reins he said, aloud, 'Which

way, I wonder, which way?' After a minute's reflection he decided: 'To the east it must be.'

Urging the pony into a gallop, he sped away towards the eastern hills. He raced along at a good rate, till he had left the people in the fields behind, and was presently out in the open country. Further along there were monkeys, sunning themselves in the centre of the track, but they scampered away at his approach. From under the rocks alongside creeping things peeped at him as he passed, and there were lizards lying out here and there in the sun. A chameleon, brown in colour as it rested on a stone, crawled across to a bunch of moss, and swiftly changed to a green hue as the galloping of the horse disturbed it.

He had ridden many miles when the day began to draw to a close. In an hour or two the moon would rise, the full moon of harvest, under the bright light of which the two chiefs had agreed to settle their quarrel. Suddenly, as he turned a corner in the hills, he heard the blast of a cow's-horn trumpet. He listened intently, and knew it for a military call. The hill-warriors were on the warpath. Judging by the distance of the sound, the boy concluded they were not more than a mile ahead of him.

Yet he had no fear. He was riding straight into the arms of his father's enemies, yet he went on without misgiving. His one desire was to meet the hostile chief, and he felt he was not afraid of him.

Then on the road in front he suddenly saw men marching; they were coming on four abreast, stalking along with great strides: stalwart men, who had the air of being anxious to make an end quickly, and get back to their fields.

The boy brought his pony to a halt in the middle of the track. His mouth was twitching nervously, for the oncoming warriors were in warlike garb, and the silent determination with which they marched alarmed him. What if they should disregard him? What if they should break by, and go on to burn his father's house?

He reined aside to allow the foremost to pass him. Several ranks of men had gone by, apparently without noticing him, when suddenly a man broke from the throng, and laid a hand on the pony's mane. Looking up curiously into the boy's face in the gathering gloom, he carefully scanned his features.

'Ah, ha!' he cried, a moment later. 'We have a hostage here, surely! 'Tis the chief's boy!'

The column of marching warriors came to a halt. Some of them lifted the boy from his pony, and passed him on to the rear of the company with much laughter. 'Make way for the first prisoner!' they cried. 'Ho, ho! what have we here? It is the young chief! Our lord will be highly pleased with this capture. With this boy in our hands we shall be able to make good terms with the enemy!'

The rumble of a waggon grew along the road behind, and, indeed, the boy was glad of the sound. The teasing and horseplay were breaking his spirit, and he felt he would soon be weeping. In the waggon rode the chief of the hill-people, and the lad was hoping to meet him with a composed face.

The waggon rattled into view, and men were running to meet it, crying out the news. At length it

halted, and the boy was led alongside. A giant of a man leaned over, staring down on him with astonishment. After a full minute's scrutiny he swooped down, and lifted up the boy bodily into the vehicle by the collar of his smock. As easily as if he were lifting a dog he swung him over.

'Now, boy,' he said, 'give an account of yourself.'

The lad stumbled to his feet, and looked round on the heads of the tribe as they sat with their lord in the waggon. They were all smiling, he saw, and the big chief was smiling, too. 'I was coming to tell you,' he explained, 'that my father's men will not fight for him.'

This news startled the giant chief, and aroused his anger. 'What,' he roared, 'are we chasing shadows, then? Are we marching to meet—not flesh and blood, but thin air? And yet,' he added, in a softer tone, 'it does not surprise me.'

'You will not go on,' the boy pleaded. 'You cannot go on, for brave men do not war against defenceless villages.'

'But I can punish!' the big chief snapped out, holding the lad at arm's length, and looking threateningly into his face. 'I can punish the chief who is responsible for this rising. It was he who forced this quarrel—not I. Your father, boy, is a seeker after strife. I shall burn his roof over him this night—to teach him the lesson he badly needs.'

'Then—you will release me, please,' the captive implored, 'that I may be in time to give my father warning.'

'You shall go!' the giant roared, his grip on the boy's shoulder tightening till it hurt him. 'You shall carry this message: Tell your father that the hill-people are coming quickly, with faces of steel and with hands impatient to take hold. Tell him what you have seen: the road thick with warriors, and the trumpet of war sounding!'

'It is frightful,' the boy muttered, as he hung his head.

'Thank him especially,' continued the chief, 'for the trouble he has given us in taking five hundred men from the crops in time of harvest. And—tell him that his eldest son is a boy to be proud of.'

The lad looked up quickly; on the giant's face there was now a kindlier expression.

'Boy,' the chief went on, 'one day you will rule in your father's shoes—just as my boy at home will rule when I am gone. You and he are of about the same age, and each a youth of much promise. You and he will be neighbours then. Shall you ever forget this day, do you think?'

'Never!' answered the boy, solemnly, looking down the road, over the heads of the hesitating warriors.

'Then you shall go back to your father, and tell him there is peace.'

The big chief snatched a trumpet from the hands of an attendant, stood up in the waggon, and sounded a long, clear note. It rang out into the gathering night, and those who heard it were not unthankful. Gradually the road emptied, the waggon was turned back, and before the moon rose up most of the men were back on their farms. On the morrow weapons of war were laid aside, giving place to sickle and threshing-flail.

J. W. H. H.



"He lifted up the boy bodily."



“They found it impossible to stand upright on the iceberg.”

AFLOAT ON AN ICEBERG.

TWO sailors were adrift in an open boat on the Atlantic. One of them was asleep in the bottom of the boat; the other was leaning over the prow, dreaming of solid shore and good brown earth, and wondering whether he would ever see land again. He was keeping a sharp look-out, however, across the tossing water, his eyes on the far horizon in search of any vessel that might appear. Suddenly he started—started and stood upright; then he gave a cry which awoke the sleeping man behind him.

What he had seen was a great floating ice-field drifting slowly into view, a towering mass of ice that rose from the water, as it drew nearer, like a mountain of crystals, flashing in the sun.

The sailor who had been sleeping scrambled to his feet; he stared hard for a minute at the approaching iceberg, and then suggested that they should row up to it, and try to find a landing-place. He had grown tired of the restless sea, and longed for something that should be steady and solid under-foot.

His mate agreed, and the pair of them took up the oars, and rowed hard. Their boat hissed through the water, and as they drew nearer to the iceberg they found the sea smoother; tiny waves were falling on the ice-cliffs with something of the sound they make on an actual seashore, and flocks of seagulls were circling round the towers and pinnacles of ice that rose sheer from the water's edge. Presently the sailors found a landing-place, and one of them leaped on to the ice, with a length of rope in his hand; the other flung him the boat-hook, which he drove firmly into a fissure of the ice, thus making the boat fast to the berg.

They next proceeded to climb the ice, intent on reaching the top of the berg, upon which they proposed to light a fire, and thus, if possible, attract the attention of any ship that might be passing. There were hills and valleys everywhere, clefts, pinnacles, and ravines all glistening in the thaw, tiny rivers of melting ice trickling down here and there with an eerie sound, and pools of water high up above the sea-line. Near the top they found a flat stretch of ice, upon which they decided to light their fire, and one of them climbed down again to the boat for a case of provisions, so that they might have a meal.

The case, when broken up, served for a bonfire, and when it was well alight they fetched up blankets from the boat, and spread them on the ice, intending to spend the night on the berg. As it grew dark they cooked their supper over the fire, after which they agreed that one should watch and the other sleep, alternately, until daybreak.

About dawn, when it was very dark out across the sea, the sailor who was on watch was startled by a sudden great crash. A huge mass of ice had broken off from the top of the iceberg, and had fallen into the sea. The shock of the fall shook the berg from end to end. The sailor then realised that the iceberg was breaking up; it was floating into seas that were much warmer than the northern ocean whence it came, and its break-up would only be a matter of time. He was thinking about this when it suddenly struck him that the

surface of ice on which he had spread his blanket was not now so flat as it had been; it distinctly tilted to one side.

The fire had burnt out a hole for itself in the ice, and could only be kept alight with difficulty, since it was burning in a hollow that rapidly filled with water from the melting ice; the watchman now saw that this hollow was overflowing—the water was running out and trickling away in a mimic stream. He looked aloft, and saw that the ice-cones, which had pointed straight up, were now slightly stooping. Then the truth flashed upon him—the iceberg was *toppling over!*

Icebergs sometimes fall bodily forward into the sea, where they lie flat; the sight has occasionally been seen from the decks of distant vessels. The water beneath the berg is usually warm, and the under part of the great mass of ice melts away at a greater rate than the upper part; in the course of a few days the berg becomes top-heavy, gradually loses its balance, and slides over.

The watchman aroused his companion, but they now found it impossible to stand upright on the iceberg; it was dipping to its fall, and the ice that had been flat was now as steep as the roof of a house. Just then, indeed, the fire fell out of its hollow, slid in a burning mass down the incline, and dropped with a hiss into the sea below.

The sailors' first thought was for their boat. Would it be where they had left it? They climbed over the ridge of ice above them, and made their way hurriedly towards the spot, but everything around them seemed to have changed its position in a manner that was most confusing, and it was some time before they could find their way. In their hurry and alarm they tumbled from one boulder to another, sliding down in places, and once or twice falling headlong. At the brink of the ice they found the boat-hook, still firmly fixed in its place, but much higher above the water-line; the rope, they saw, had broken with the strain of the lifting ice, and their boat had drifted away. They looked across the dark sea, and saw at some distance a floating speck on the water: this they knew to be their boat adrift. The ice beneath them was lifting higher, and with a greater speed, every minute. They consulted together, and decided to climb down to the water's edge, and leap off into the sea, with the object of swimming to their boat. For a space they stood on a jutting crag of ice just above the water, calculating the exact whereabouts of their craft, and its distance from them; then they flung themselves into the sea, and after a short battle with the waves succeeded in reaching it. Seated in the boat they looked back: the tall towers and pinnacles of the iceberg had disappeared; they had dipped into the sea, and all that now remained above water was a flat expanse of ice that looked something like a desert island. In the faint early morning glow in the heavens the moving ice-field shone with a pale-green shimmering light, as it slowly floated down to warmer seas—a light that sailors know well. The man on the look-out on any passing ship can read the meaning of that glistening light in a moment, and consequently be on his guard against any possible collision with the ice.



'CHATTERBOX' PRIZE COMPETITIONS, JULY, 1909.

The subject for the CHATTERBOX Prize Competitions for July, 1909, for all classes is 'The Best Story or Anecdote of True Courage.' The Editor of CHATTERBOX leaves it to his readers to decide for themselves what true courage is. Stories and anecdotes (which should themselves be true) must be posted to the Editor of CHATTERBOX on or before July 31st, 1909, and not before July 1st.

A Prize is also given monthly for the best Letter to the Editor of CHATTERBOX on any subject. The July, 1909, letter must be posted on or before the 31st, and not before the 1st, of July.

Rules, results, and all other particulars are given on the cover of the monthly parts of CHATTERBOX.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

8.—WORD REARRANGEMENT PUZZLE.

In the following sentence, five four-letter words are represented by dashes. Each word is composed of the same four letters arranged in different order. Can you fill in the blanks correctly?

Brightly coloured flowers in — grow round the — that — the mound, and cause many a passer by to — at the — to admire their luxuriant beauty.

(Answer on page 251.)

ANSWER TO PUZZLE ON PAGE 179.

7.—Checkmate.

PICTURES AND THEIR PAINTERS.

From the South Kensington Museum, London.

III.—FREDERICK TAYLER.

FREDERICK TAYLER, the painter of the picture which forms our illustration, was born at Barham Wood, in Hertfordshire, in the year 1802. He was closely connected with the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, of which he was President for some years. In his youth he studied at the Royal Academy school, and afterwards went abroad, working in Paris and in Italy. Ruskin speaks highly of his brilliant, vigorous style. 'Every dash tells,' he says, as he describes the striking effects which the painter produced, apparently with very little work.

Taylor's chief fancy was for hunting and hawking scenes, such as the picture 'Weighing the Deer,' now at South Kensington, and 'Returning from Hawking,' sold during the painter's lifetime for four hundred and sixty-five pounds. But in our illustration, though we have the grand, watchful dog keeping guard instead of the sleepy attendant, he takes us within the walls of some sixteenth or seventeenth century palace. There is a touch of fun about the title; we feel that somebody else is likely to be 'waiting' when our young gentleman happens to be wanted. We should like to know what was the painter's idea of the story. Was there a state function yesterday, lasting far into the night, when the royal pages had to stand at attention for interminable hours behind her Majesty's chair, yawning and blinking for lack of the sleep necessary to growing boyhood; or was the young gentleman making holiday on his own account, breaking bounds when he should have been in bed, and so is obliged to make up to-day for wasted sleeping-time; or is he like the famous Fat Boy in *Pickwick*, who invariably dropped off to sleep when not actually on the move? Let us hope that the master behind the closed door is as gentle and considerate as that 'noblest Roman of them all,' the Brutus whom Shakespeare shows us refusing to rouse his sleepy page to beguile his own wakeful, anxious hours with music.

Perhaps we may be allowed to connect with the picture a well-known little story told of Frederick the Great, King of Prussia.

The great king, on one occasion, rang and rang again and again in vain for the page who should have been in attendance outside his private apartments, and at last opened the door, meditating, no doubt, the severest form of punishment or immediate dismissal. In the lobby outside, he came upon just such a picture as we have before us, the boy fast asleep in the big chair, far too comfortable a waiting-place for keeping careful watch. Perhaps the great soldier, like the noble Brutus, remembered leniently that 'young bloods look for a time of rest,' for he did not box his page's ears; he only looked him over critically, and noticed a paper sticking out of his pocket. Even kings have no business to pick pockets or to read other people's correspondence, but Frederick seems to have considered that those who go to sleep while on duty deserve to have their secrets investigated, for he drew out the paper, and went back to his room to read it. It was a letter from the boy's widowed mother, such a wise and loving letter as has kept many a lad straight among difficult surroundings, a letter full of pride in her only son and of gratitude for the help he had been able to send her, bidding him do his duty and trust in the Father of fatherless children. Perhaps a memory of his own unhappy childhood came across the mind of the great Frederick, and with it the thought that to make simple folks happy is pleasanter work than conquering kingdoms. At any rate, he rang his bell until its peal broke even the dreams of the lad outside his door, bringing him to his feet in mighty trepidation and wonder as to how many times it had rung already.

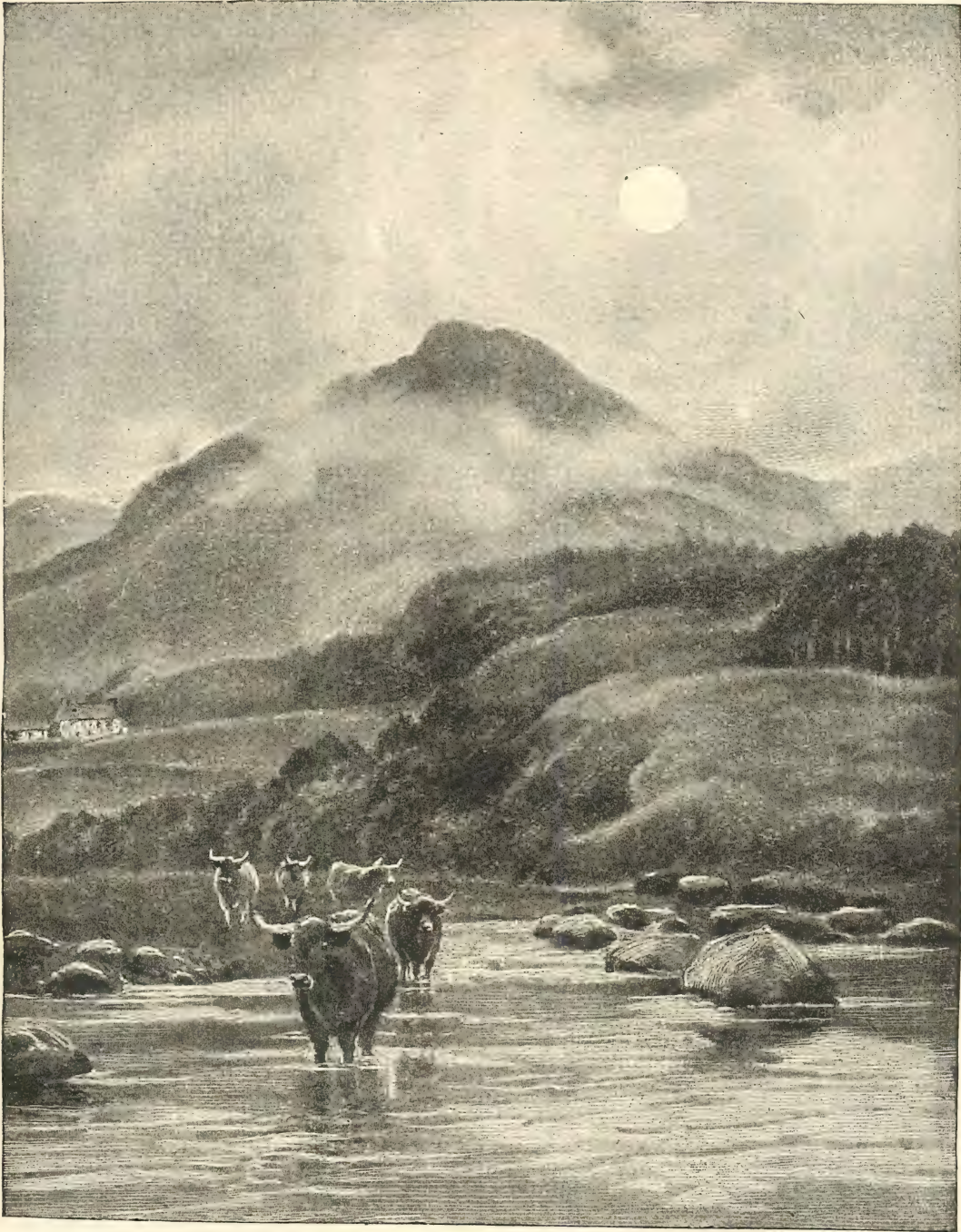
And it is pleasant to think of the warlike King of



The Page in Waiting. By Frederick Tayler.

Prussia, who seized upon Silesia and helped to partition Poland, asking kindly questions about the poor home and the mother who had brought up a dutiful son. And the boy's next letter, carrying

with it a substantial present, must have been full of the kindness and bounty of the master to whose heart he had found his way during that lucky nap.
M. H. D.



MY HIGHLAND HOME.

UNDER Ben Lomond, where mists gather low,
Lie the white walls of a farmhouse I know;
Heather glows purple and water shines blue
Down by a ford where the cattle wade through.

Land of my childhood and home of my race,
Deep in my heart is thy memory's place;
Many the years since I saw thee, but yet
Can I thy loveliness ever forget?

Often in dreamland your beauties arise,
 As long ago, for my wondering eyes.
 Lost to all else, I am standing again
 Where the sun smiles on that well-beloved glen,
 Hearing the wind in the fir-trees at morn
 Sing round the house where my fathers were born;
 Watching the cloud-wreaths, like ensigns, unfurl
 Glories of amethyst, opal, and pearl.
 Far have I strayed from the land of my birth,
 Much have I seen of the kingdoms of earth,
 Yet I discover, wherever I roam,
 Nothing so fair as the hills of my home.

A WONDERFUL ESCAPE.

A True Anecdote.

IT seems impossible that any one can fall six thousand feet through the air and escape death or serious injury; yet a short while ago such an event, incredible as it may seem, actually occurred.

Recently a well-known German aeronaut made an ascent in his airship, taking with him one passenger and two chauffeurs. The air-vessel was a small one with one motor surrounded by a balloon, the hull of the ship being constructed of aluminium.

In the presence of thousands of interested spectators the ship flew up into the sky. Suddenly, when the ship was almost out of sight, and little more than a mere speck in the sky, the balloon was seen to burst, and the horrified spectators saw the airship dropping like a stone. Some fled in any direction, unable to endure the sight, whilst others gazed fascinated by the spectacle. As the rent in the balloon increased with the fall, however, its envelope spread out automatically, taking the form of a parachute, and checking its downward flight. To this cause the occupants owed their lives, for the airship landed in some trees, and the aeronauts suffered nothing worse than a severe shaking.

MARTIN HYDE.

(Continued from page 203.)

VERY early the next morning, at about half-past four, a little before sunrise, I woke up with a start, wondering where I was. Looking through my little scuttle-port, I could see the flashing of bright waves, which sometimes dowsed my window with a shower of drops. The ship was apparently making about three knots an hour under all her sails. Directly I woke, I turned out of my bunk to do what I had to do. After dressing, I took my sail-making tools from my housewife. I had resolved to cut the letters from their hiding-place so that I might make them up into tiny rolls, small enough to hide in my pistol cartridges. Very carefully I cut the threads which bound the leather flaps of the satchel together. I worked standing up, with the satchel in my bunk. I could hardly have been seen from any point. In a few moments the letters were in my hands. They were small sheets of paper, each about four inches square. They were nine in number, all different. They were covered with a neat cipher, very different from the hand of the Duke himself. What

the cipher was I did not know. It was one of the many figure ciphers then in use. I learned long afterwards that the figures 36, which frequently occurred in them, stood for King James II. Such as they were, those cipher letters made a good deal of difference to many thousands of people then living contentedly at home.

As soon as I had removed them, I rolled them up very carefully into my pistol-cartridges, from which I drew the charges. I was just going to throw away the powder, when I thought, 'No; I'll put the powder back. It will make the fraud more difficult to detect.' So I put the powder back with great care. Then I searched my mind for something with which to seal up the cartridge-wads over the powder. I could think of nothing at all till I remembered the tar-seams at my feet. I dug up a fragment of tar-seam from the dark corners of the cabin under my bunk. Then I lit my lamp with my little pocket tinder-box, so that I could heat the tar as I needed it. It took me a long time to finish the cartridges properly, but I flatter myself that I made neat jobs of them. I had been trained to neat habits by my father. The Oulton seamen had given me a taste for doing neat work, such as plaits, or pointing, so that I was not such a bungler at delicate handicraft as most boys of my age. I even took the trouble to hide the tar-marks on my wads by smearing wetted gunpowder all over them. When I had hidden all the letters, I wrote out a few pencilled notes upon leaves neatly cut from my pocket-book. I wrote a varying arrangement of ciphers on each leaf in the neatest hand I could command. I always made neat figures, but, as I had not touched a pen for nearly a month, I was out of practice. Still, I did very creditably. I am quite sure that my neat ciphers gave the usurper James II. a very trying week of continual study. I dare say the whole Privy Council puzzled over those notes of mine. I felt very pleased with them when they were done.

I had not much more than a half-hour left me when I finished writing them out. The ship's bells told me that it was seven o'clock. Cabin breakfast, as I knew, would be at eight. I could expect to be called at half-past seven. I put the two flaps of the satchel evenly together, removing all traces of the thread used in the earlier sewing. Then I very trimly sewed the two flaps with my sail-needle, using all my strength to make secure stitches. I used some brown soap in the wash-hand-stand as thread wax, to make the sewing more easy. 'There,' I thought, 'no one will suspect that this was sewn by a boy.' When I had finished, I thought of dirtying the twine to make the work look old; but I decided to let well alone. I might so easily betray my hand by trying to do too much. The slight trace of the soap made the work look old enough. But I took very great care to remove all traces of my work in the cabin. The little scraps of thread which I had cut out of the satchel I ate, as I could see no safer means of getting rid of them. I cannot say they disagreed with me, though they were not very easy to get down. My palm, being a common sea-impliment, not likely to seem strange in a ship's cabin, I hid in a locker below my bunk. My sail-needles I thrust, at first, into the linings of the

pockets of my tarred sea-coat. On second thoughts, I drove them into the mattress of my bunk. My hank of twine I dropped on deck later, when I went out to breakfast. Having covered all traces of my morning's work, I washed with a light heart. When some one came to my cabin-door to call me, I tried out that I would be out in a minute.

When the breakfast bell rang I walked aft to the great cabin, with my satchel over my shoulder. The captain asked me how I had slept, so I said that I had rested well, until a few minutes before I was called.

'That's the way with you young fellows,' he said. 'When you come to be my age you won't be able to do that.' Presently, as we were sitting down to breakfast, he began his attack upon the satchel. 'You still have your satchel, I see,' he said. 'Do you carry it about with you always? Or are you pretending to be a military man with a knapsack?'

I looked a little uncomfortable at this, but not from the reason which flashed through his mind. I said that I liked carrying it about, as it served instead of a side coat-pocket, which was perfectly true.

'By the way,' he said, 'you must let me take that beloved satchel after breakfast, so that I can get the strap sewn up for you.'

It came into my mind to look blank at this. I stammered as I said that I didn't mind the straps being cut, because there was a wire heart to the leather, which would hold till we got to England, when I could put on a new strap for myself.

'Oh, nonsense,' he said, serving out some of the cold bacon from the dish in front of him. 'Nonsense. What would your uncle say if you landed slovenly like that? Besides, now you're at sea you're a sailor. Sailors don't wear things like that at meals any more than they wear their hats.'

After this, I saw that there was no further chance of retaining the satchel, so I took it from my neck, but grudgingly, as though I hated doing so. I heard no more about it till after breakfast, when he made a sudden playful pounce upon it, as it lay upon the chair beside me, at an instant when I was quite unprepared to save it.

'Aha!' he cried, waving his booty. 'Now, then! Now!'

I knew that he would expect a passionate outcry from me, nor did I spare it; because I meant him to think that I knew the satchel contained precious matters.

'No, no!' I cried. 'Let me have it? I don't want it mended.'

'What!' he said. 'Not want it mended? It must be mended.'

At this I made a sort of playful rush to get it. He dodged away from me, laughing. I attacked again, playing my part admirably, as I thought, but taking care not to overdo it. At last, as though fearing to show too great an anxiety about the thing, I allowed him to keep it. I asked him if he would be able to sew the leather over the wire heart.

'Why, yes,' he said. I could see that he smiled. He was thinking that I had stopped struggling in order to show him that I set no real value on the satchel. He was thinking that he saw through my cunning.

'Might I see you sew it up?' I said. 'I should like to learn how to sew up leather.'

He thought that this was another sign of there being letters in the satchel, this wish of mine to be present when the sewing was done.

'Why, yes,' he said, 'I'll do it here. You shall do it yourself if you like. I will teach you.' So saying, he tossed me an orange from his pocket. 'Eat that,' he said, 'while I go on deck to take the sights.'

He left the cabin, swinging the satchel carelessly in his left hand. I thought to myself that I had better play anxiety; so, putting the orange on the table, I followed him into the tween-decks, halting at the door, as though in fear about the satchel's fate. Looking back, he saw me there. My presence confirmed him in his belief that he had got my treasure. He waved to me. 'Back in a minute,' he said. 'Stay in the cabin till I come back. There's a story-book in the locker.'

I turned back into the cabin in a halting, irresolute way, which no doubt deceived him as my other movements had deceived him. When I had shut the door, I went to the locker for the story-book.

Now the story-book, when I found it, was not a story-book, but a little thick book of sermons by various good bishops. I read one of them with much pleasure, though I did not understand it. Then I put the book down with the sudden thought, 'This Captain Barlow cannot read. He thinks that these sermons are stories. Now, who is it in this ship to whom the letters will be shown? Or can there be no one here? Is he going to steal the letters to submit them to somebody ashore?'

I was pretty sure that there was somebody in the ship who was concerned in the theft with Barlow. I cannot tell what made me so sure. I had deceived the captain so easily that I despised him. I did not give him credit for any intelligence whatsoever. Perhaps that was the reason. Then it came over me with a cold wave of dismay that perhaps the woman, Aurelia, was on board, hidden somewhere, but active for mischief. I remembered that scrap of conversation from the inn-balcony. I wondered if that secret mission mentioned then was to concern me in any way. What was it, I wondered, that was put into her pocket by her father as she stood crying there, just above me? If she were on board, then I must indeed look to myself, for she was probably too cunning a creature to be deceived by my forgeries. The very thought of having her in the ship with me was uncomfortable. I felt that I must find some more subtle hiding-place for my letters than I had found hitherto. I may have idealised the woman, in my alarm, into a miracle of shrewdness. At any rate I knew that she would be a much more dangerous opponent than plain Captain Barlow, the jocular donkey, who allowed himself to be fooled by a schoolboy who was in his power. I knew, too, that she would probably search me for other letters, whether my ciphered blinds deceived her or not. She was not one so easily satisfied as a merchant skipper; besides, she had now two scores against me, as well as excellent reason to think me a sharp young man.

(Continued on page 218.)



“‘Aha!’ he cried, waving his booty.”



“Do let me take the boots away, sir.”

MARTIN HYDE.

(Continued from page 215.)

PRESENTLY, after half-an-hour's absence, the captain came back with the satchel, evidently very pleased with himself. He seemed to find pleasure in the sight of my pretended distress. 'Why,' he said, with a grin, 'you've not eaten your orange.'

'No, sir,' I said; 'I'm not very hungry after breakfast.'

'Why, then,' he answered, 'you must keep it for your dinner. Look how nicely I've mended your strap for you.'

'Thank you very much, sir,' I said. 'But I thought you were going to do it here. You were going to teach me how to do it.'

'Well, it's done now, isn't it?' he replied. 'It's done pretty well, too. I'll teach you how to sew some other time. I suppose they don't teach you that where you go to school?'

'No, sir,' I said, 'they don't.'

'Ah,' he said, picking up the book, 'you're a great one for your book, I see. There's very good reading in a book like that.'

'Yes,' I said, looking at the mended strap, 'there is. How very neatly you've mended the strap, sir. Thank you very much.'

He looked at me with a look which said, very plainly, 'You've got a fine nerve, my lad, to pretend in that way.'

I could see from his manner during the next few minutes that he wished to keep me from examining the satchel flap. No doubt he thought that I was on tenter-hooks all the time, to look to see if the precious letters had been disturbed. At last, in a very easy way, after slinging the strap round my shoulder, I pulled out my handkerchief, intending to put it into the satchel as into an extra pocket.

'I'm going upon deck, sir,' I said. 'May I take the book with me?'

As he said that I might, I swiftly opened the satchel, to pop the book in. I could feel that he watched my face mightily narrowly all the time. No doubt I looked guilty enough to convince him of his cleverness. I had no more than a second's peep at the flap, but that was quite enough to show me that it had been tampered with. I had finished off my work that morning with an even neatness. The bold Captain Barlow had left two ends of thread sticking out from the place where he had ended his stitch. Besides, my thread had been soaped, to make it work more easily. The thread in the flap now was plainly not soaped; it was evidently fibrous to the touch, not sleeked down, as mine had been.

When I went on deck I found the ship driving fast down Channel, making an excellent passage. I took up my place by the mizen-rigging, near which there were no seamen at work, so that I could puzzle out a new hiding-place for my letters. I noticed, as I stood there, that some men were getting a boat over the side. It seemed a queer thing to be doing in the Channel, so far from the port to which we were bound; but I did not pay much attention to it at the time, as I was very anxious. I was wondering what in the world I could do with the pistol cartridges which I had made that morning. I feared

Aurelia. I did not know. For all that I could tell, she was looking at me as I stood there, guessing, from my face, that I had other letters upon me. It did not occur to me that my evident anxiety might be taken for grief at having the satchel searched. At last it came into my head that Aurelia, if she were in the ship, would follow up that morning's work promptly, before I could devise a fresh hiding-place. At any rate, I felt pretty sure that I should not be much out of observation until the night. It came into my head that the next attack would be upon my boots; for in those days secret agents frequently hid their papers above a false boot-sole, or stitched them into the double leather where the beackets, or handles, joined the leg of the boot at the rim.

Sure enough, I had not been very long on deck when the ship's boy appeared before me. He was an abject-looking lad, like most ship's boys. I suppose no one would become a ship's boy until he had proved himself unfit for life anywhere else. Personally, I had rather be a desert savage than a ship's boy. My experience on *La Reina* was enough to sicken me of such a life for ever. This barquentine's boy came up to me, as I have said.

'Sir,' he said, 'can I take away your boots to black, please?'

'No,' I answered. 'My boots don't want blacking. I grease them myself.'

'Please, sir,' he said, 'do let me take the boots away, sir.'

'No,' I said, 'I grease them myself, thank you.'

I thought that this would end the business, but no such matter.

'Please, sir,' he said, 'I wish you would let me take them away. The captain will beat me if I don't. He gave me orders, sir.'

'Don't call me "sir,"' I said. 'I'll see the captain myself.'

I walked quickly to the companion-way, below which (listening to us, like the creature he was) sat the captain, carving the end of a stick.

'Please, sir,' I said, 'I have already greased my boots this morning. I always grease them. If I blacked them, they'd get so dry that they would crack.'

'All right, all right, boy,' he answered. 'I forgot you wore soft-leather boots. They're the kind they buy up to make salt beef of at the Navy yard.' He grinned in my face, as though he were pleased; but a few minutes later, when I had gone forward, I heard him thrashing the wretched boy, merely because he had failed to get the boots from me for him.

I soon found that I was pretty closely watched. If I went forward to the fo'c's'le, I found myself dogged by the ship's boy, who was blubbering from his whipping, poor lad! as though his heart would break. In between his sobs he tried to tell me the use of everything forward, which was trying for me, as I knew more than he knew. If I went aft, the mate would come rolling up to ask me if I could hear the dog-fish bark yet. If I went below, the captain got on to my tracks at once. He was by far the worst of the three—the other two were only obeying his orders. I went into my cabin, hoping to get rid of him there; but no, it was no use. In he came too, with the excuse that he wished to see if I

had enough clothes on my bunk. It was more worrying than words can tell. All the time I wondered whether he would end by knocking me senseless, so that he might search my boots at his ease. I had the fear of that strongly on me. I was tempted, yet feared, to drive him from me by threatening him with my pistol. His constant dogging of me was intolerable. But had I threatened him, he would have had an excuse for maltreating me. My duty was to save the letters, not to worry about my own inconveniences. Often since then I have suffered agonies of remorse at not giving up the letters meekly. Had I done so I might—who knows!—have saved some two thousand lives. Well, we are all agents of a Power greater than ourselves. Though I was, it may be, doing wrong then, I was doing wrong unwittingly. Had things happened only a little differently, my wrong would have turned out a glorious right—the name of Martin Hyde would have been in the history-books.

The captain watched me narrowly as I took off my waistcoat (pretending to be too hot), nor did he forget to eye the waistcoat.

'See here,' he said; 'do you know how a sailor folds a waistcoat? Give it to me; I'll show you.'

He snatched it from my hands with that rudeness which, in a boorish nature, passes for fun; he only wished to feel it over, so that if any letter were sewn within it he might hear the paper crackle. The sailor's way of folding a waistcoat, as shown by him then, was just the way which bent all the cloth in folds. He seemed to be much disgusted at hearing no crackling as he folded it. I could have laughed outright at his woeful face had I been less anxious. Had he been worth his salt as a spy he would have lulled all my suspicions to sleep before beginning to search for letters. Instead of that, he went to work as crudely as a common footpad.

(Continued on page 226.)

THE STRENGTH OF THE BEAR.



WE are all of us familiar with bears; we see them in Zoological Gardens, and sometimes about the streets, led for exhibition, when they perform a clumsy dance, looking rather miserable. Boys, if asked for their opinion about a bear, would probably answer that he is a fat, lazy, ill-tempered animal. Indeed, there is a popular saying, 'As cross as a bear.'

Many people do not realise the great strength most bears have, because in captivity the animals often appear dull and dispirited. To see a bear at his best, you must go and visit him in his native haunts. Perhaps the finest and strongest of the family is the Scandinavian bear, which inhabits cold countries amongst the hills and

forests. Generally dark brown, he is sometimes black, and occasionally there is one of a curious silvery colour. Big as he is, and able to devour a quantity of flesh, if so inclined, this bear makes his food chiefly of vegetable substances, with a few insects. He is fond of juicy plants and the berries of trees, and he will walk into a cornfield and clear off bushels of ears. The peasantry, who frequently come across a bear, tell many stories of his wonderful strength. They complain about their cattle, because, when they are in a place where bears are lurking, they bellow at them and run after them. This often enrages a bear, and even a full-grown ox has no chance in a fight, but is sure to be killed and devoured. A bear can soon eat up a whole cow, except the head and hoofs. In its natural state, the animal walks with his weight well upon his hind legs, and can carry a heavy burden in his fore-paws. One was observed along a path through a forest bearing a dead horse to some retreat, and he did not seem tired. There is a saying among the Swedes that the bear has the sense of one man and the strength of ten. Owing to this strength, the bear's hug is deadly, and the hunters avoid coming near one they are chasing. A partially-blind bear once seized a tree, thinking he had hold of an enemy, and tugged till the tree was torn up by the roots. Bears have been known to climb up cow-houses, remove the roof, and then drag out one of the cattle within. The bear makes nothing of climbing; he is a good swimmer, and a quick runner too, till he becomes old and fat.

WAKING SONG.

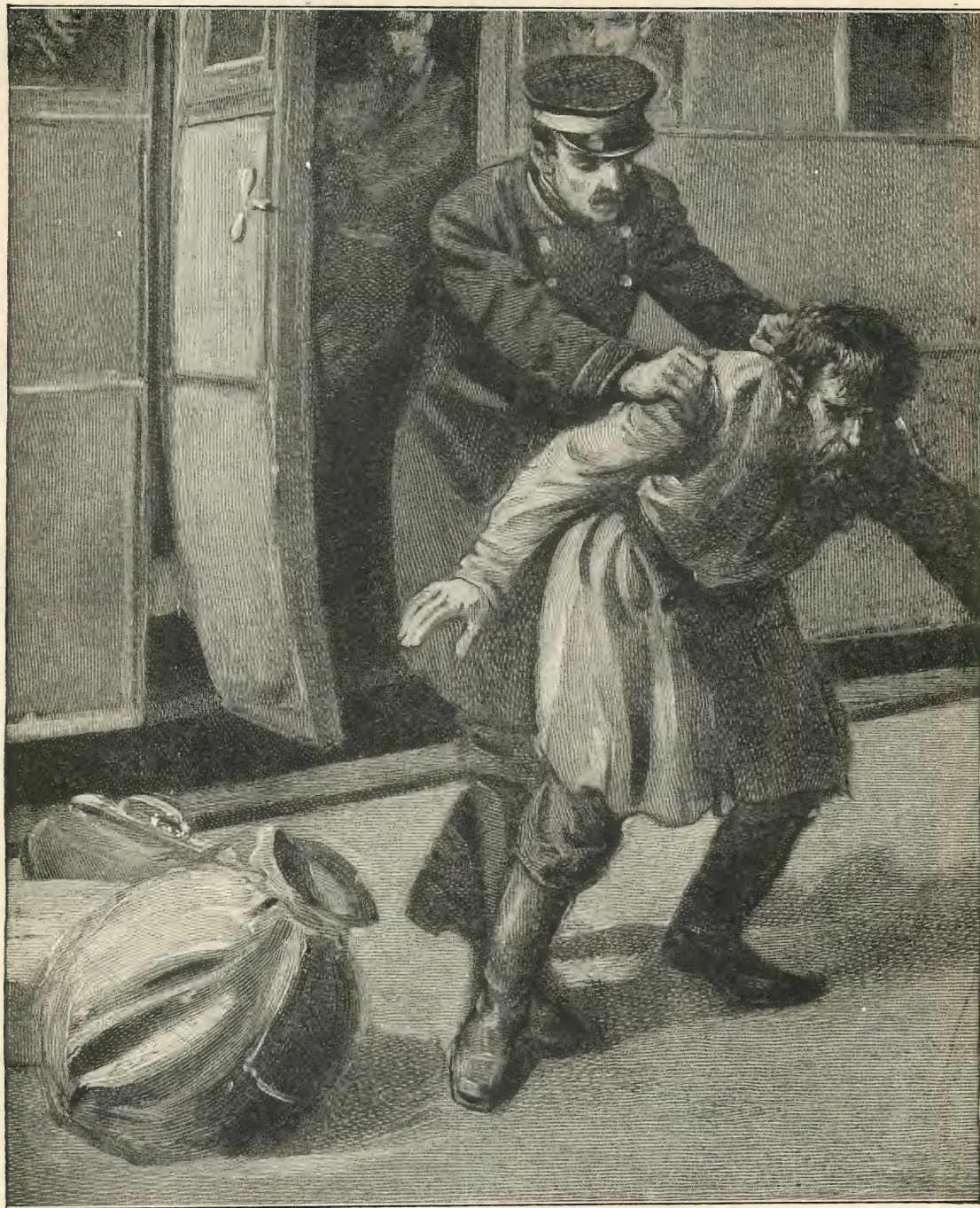
DARLING, open now your eyes!
Sunshine floods the morning skies,
Song-birds blithe on bush and tree
Fill the air with melody;
Breezes blow from far away,
Whispering gaily, 'Come and play,'
Softly whispering, 'Come and play.'

In the meadows, full of glee,
Lambs are frisking merrily;
Sings the tumbling mountain rill
To the music of the mill;
Children's laughter fresh and clear
Bids the sleep-mists disappear,
Bids you waken, Baby dear!

'IF!'

A VERY poor Russian peasant greatly desired to go to St. Petersburg, but, unfortunately, he had not sufficient money to purchase a railway ticket. An ingenious idea, however, entered his head, and one morning he cheerfully took his seat in a train at Moscow.

Tickets were not collected or examined at the starting-point. But at the first stopping-place the guard came along to inspect them. The poor peasant, having no ticket to show, was forthwith bundled out of the carriage by the wrathful guard, who gave him, in addition to much abuse, several vicious digs in the ribs.

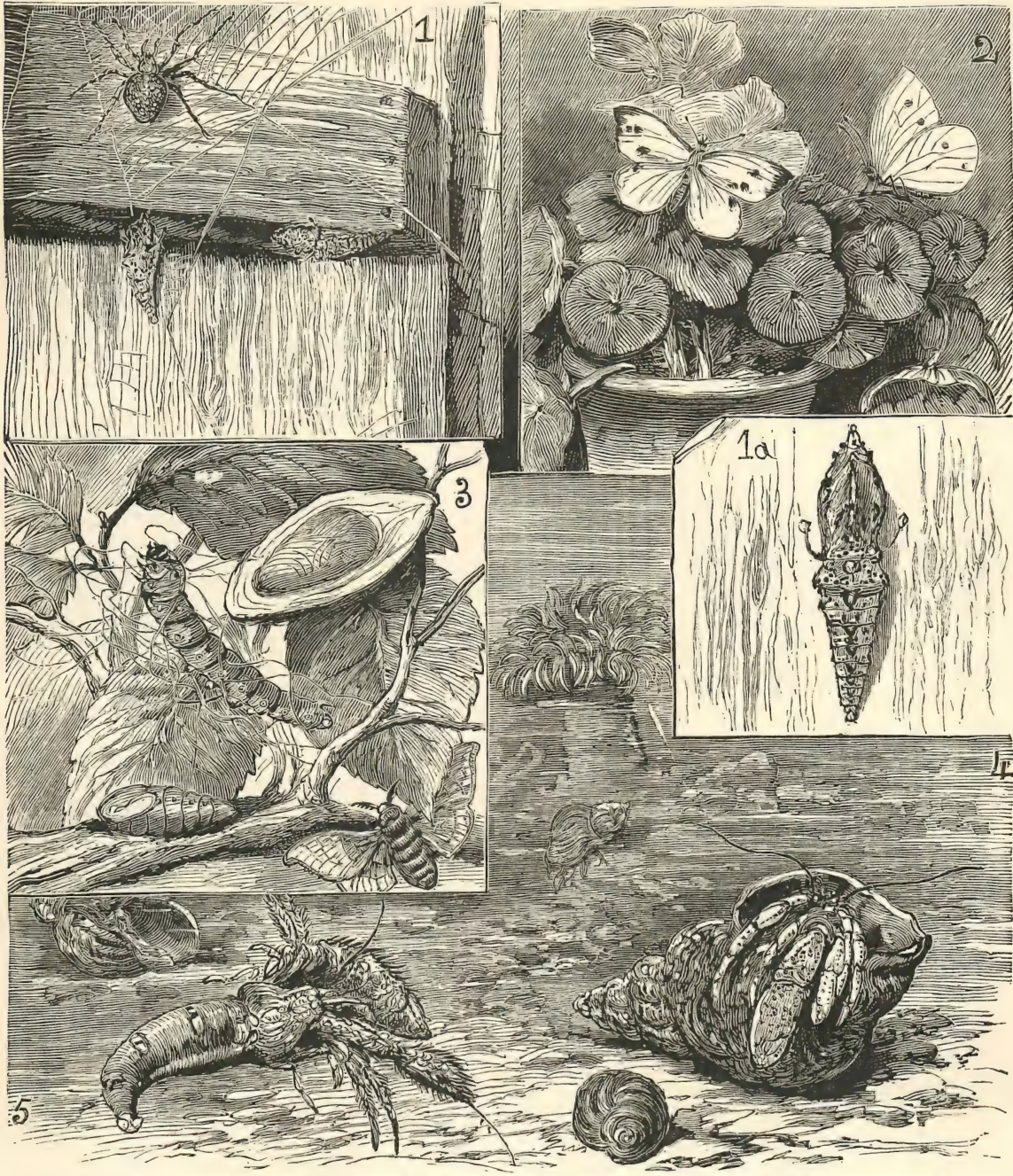


“The poor peasant was bundled out.”

The undaunted peasant waited for the next train, and was by it conveyed a little farther on his way, the same performance being repeated at the next station. As the man entered his third train, a

fellow-passenger inquired how far he was going. ‘To St. Petersburg, I hope,’ replied the peasant; ‘that is,’ he added, ‘if my poor ribs will stand it!’

E. DYKE.



1. Cocoons, Spider, and Web.

3. Puss-moth, Cocoon and Butterfly.

1a. Cabbage Butterfly's Cocoon.

2. Cabbage Butterfly.

4. Hermit Crabs and Shell.

ANIMAL INSTINCT AND INTELLIGENCE.

I.—UNREHEARSED PERFORMANCES.

IN this and succeeding chapters, we propose to give a brief outline of one of the most difficult

of all the problems which confront the earnest student of animal life—the problem of Instinct.

What is 'instinct'? Though the word is in every-day use, in such phrases as 'He does it "instinctively,"' few of us, probably, have ever asked the question 'What is instinct?' As often as not,

indeed, actions supposed to be instinctive are really not so at all. Without entering into long and technical details, we may say, briefly, that 'Instinct' is the inborn faculty which living creatures have of performing actions which they have never learned, actions which are often called into play but once in a lifetime!

I have a tame magpie, which I reared from the nest. It was brought, in a keeper's pocket, to a house where I was staying some two years ago, and offered for sale—a tiny, bare, blind, little atom, which could never have seen its own mother! I bought it to save it from a worse fate. And for a long time I had to feed it with my own hands.

One day, however, it began to pick up food for itself. This was an instinctive action. Later, a shallow dish of water was placed on the ground, and 'Piggles,' as my wife named him—on account of the muddle he made his cage in—was stood in it. For a moment he ruminated, not understanding the feeling of cold water round his feet. Then he pecked at the water, and—stepped out; but a minute or two later he returned, and started to bathe vigorously, in exactly the way all the crow-tribe bathe: that is to say, sending the water up in showers of spray all over him, then rushing about, and returning again and again for another plunge, till he was dripping wet. Then he started to preen his feathers. Here again was a series of 'instinctive' actions. For he had certainly never seen another bird, of his own or any other species, bathe, and so could not have learned how to do this by imitation. Similarly, he loves to steal and hide objects of all kinds, dull or bright. And this is an 'instinctive' trait, for he could have had no lessons in this!

Of wild birds it is difficult to say which of their traits are instinctive, and which the result of parental training or example. But there is, happily, one group whose young never know the fostering care of parents, but which come into the world unaided, and from the moment they see the light must fend for themselves. This is represented by the Megapode family, of which there are several different kinds or 'species.' The megapode is hatched from an egg which is left by its parent in the middle of a huge mound of decaying vegetable matter, heaped up for the purpose of forming a natural incubator. The egg, once laid, is left by the parent to be the sport of chance. In size this egg is relatively huge, and on this account the growing chick which it contains is enabled to pass through what answers to the 'nestling' stage while still in the shell, and so to emerge with a clothing of feathers and well-grown wings. On hatching, this youngster, unaided, 'instinctively' forces his way upwards to the light and air, and the top of the heap being gained, straightway flies off and begins the battle of life. It is taught nothing, for it has no teachers. In time, of course, it learns how to avoid enemies, and a hundred other things, but all its actions are at first entirely 'instinctive.'

The lower animals are almost, if not entirely, guided by instinct, for they can have no instructors. Take the case of the caterpillars, of moths and butterflies, for example. The caterpillar of the

common cabbage white butterfly, with which all my readers must be familiar, when the period of its caterpillar life has been reached, hangs itself up by its claspers, and girds its body with a silken thread band; across, like a girdle, it runs from one side to the other, each end fastened securely to the bough or wall which has been selected for the winter sleep, so as to support the weight of the body during that long period of rest which is to end in such a wonderful transformation. It can never have learned this by imitation. It is an act performed but once in its life, and is 'instinctive.' Even more wonderful are the cocoons of many moths. Many of these are made of fine silken threads, and beautifully constructed, though the weavers thereof can have no lessons in this architecture; yet they build each to the pattern peculiar to its species, and build but once in a lifetime. These threads are slowly woven by the caterpillar just before it passes into that strange, death-like sleep, during which it changes to the perfect insect. Thread by thread this shroud is made, till it forms an oval case strong enough to resist the wind and storms of winter.

As a rule, such cases have no outlet whatever, and, since the moth has no biting jaws, curious devices are often resorted to, in order to effect an escape from the prison. The common puss-moth, for instance, softens the end of the cocoon immediately in front of the head by means of a fluid squirted from the mouth. This fluid is strongly alkaline, and to escape injury, therefore, the head of the moth is protected with a shield formed by a portion of the old chrysalis case. Thus it is enabled to pass through the opening without injury. The caterpillar of another moth, related to the lobster moth, not only softens the end of the cocoon with a corrosive fluid, but it also cuts off the end when softened by means of a pair of spines, which have been likened to tin-openers! One of the 'emperor' moths leaves a way of escape from the cocoon, but guards this by means of a circle of spines, which, while preventing the entrance of enemies, afford an easy escape. As a rule, these cocoons are not beautiful externally, but another species of emperor moth builds a cocoon which has the appearance of filigree silver-work.

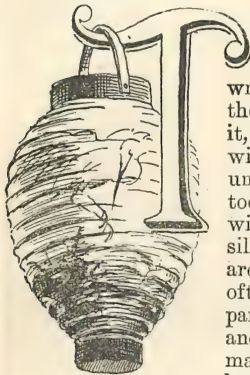
Instances of this kind might be multiplied a hundredfold. But think, for a moment, on all the mystery represented by the few examples here given. The caterpillars know nothing of parents, for these died long before the caterpillars saw the light. Yet, when the time comes, without guidance, without models of any kind, what wonders of architecture they perform! Throughout their whole life instinct is their only guide.

Let us, in conclusion, take one more illustration from a quite different group. The little hermit crab, when it leaves the egg, has no sort of likeness to its adult form, but swims freely. Later, it settles down, and takes on the adult shape, wherein the greater part of the body is long and soft, and consequently needs protection. Without any parental guidance, the little creature seeks out the empty shell of a whelk, and thrusts into it the unprotected portion of its body. Now here, again, the creature acts 'instinctively,' by an inborn perception of what is to be done, and not by remembrance of past

experience, for this it can, in the nature of things, never have had.

Instinct, it is to be remembered, is quite apart from intelligence. For intelligence implies reasoning, and this must have experience for a basis. The caterpillars and the hermit crab can have had no experience in the particular actions here discussed; but this point will become plainer as we proceed. Suffice it to say here that intelligence does not make its appearance till we come to study the higher animals. W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., A.L.S., &c.

JAPANESE PAPER-MAKERS.



THE Japanese put paper to a great many uses. Not only do they employ it for wrappers of all kinds, but they make hats and cloaks of it, and these are often tied on with paper strings. Their umbrellas are made of paper too—a kind of oil-paper which will turn off the rain as our silk umbrellas do. Not only are the screens in the houses often made of paper, but the partitions between the rooms, and even the windows, are made of it. Lanterns, pocket-handkerchiefs, cords, tents,

and teacups are all made of paper in this strange country. If any one burns or cuts himself, the injury or sore is wrapped in paper, and tied with paper bandages. In fact, it is scarcely possible to name all the articles which are made of paper in Japan.

In order that paper may be put to so many various uses, there must be many kinds of it. The paper which will serve as a tent-cover will hardly be suitable for a window or for dressing a wound. The Japanese make more than sixty kinds of paper, and on one occasion they sent sixty-seven different sorts to an English exhibition. Their rain-proof cloaks and umbrellas are made, as I have said, of a kind of oil-paper. The paper for windows, though not transparent and clear, admits a great deal of light, and is really very strong. Their finest paper is soft and delicate as silk, and yet it can only be torn with difficulty.

In the last few years the condition of the people in Japan and their methods of industry have changed very much. But most of the paper is still made by hand, and this is the old and native way of paper-making.

In most of the countries of Europe and Asia, and in some other parts of the world, mulberry-trees grow abundantly. There are various kinds of them, and they are valued chiefly because their leaves form the food of silkworms. But there is one species, known as the paper-mulberry, which, besides supplying food for the silkworm, provides the raw material from which the Japanese make their paper and from which some other peoples make a kind of bark cloth, which is far more like paper or

parchment than like true woven cloth. This tree is cultivated in the fields around the Japanese villages, and when it has grown to a height of five feet or more, it is cut down, in order to supply the paper-makers with bark. The trunks or logs are steeped in water for several days and the bark is stripped off. The bark divides itself into two kinds, an outer or true bark, and an inner one, which is whiter, and ought perhaps to be called bast. Both bark and bast are used by the Japanese in the manufacture of their paper, the finer kinds of paper being made from bast, and the coarser kinds from the outer bark.

Whichever of these barks is used, it is boiled in water, and beaten with clubs until it forms a creamy kind of pulp, varying in colour with the bark which is used. The paper-maker takes a frame or tray made of matting or bamboo, places a little of the pulp upon it, and shakes it evenly over the surface. The water in the pulp drains through the interstices of the matting which forms the bottom of the tray, and leaves a thin layer of fine bark-pulp, like a sheet of mud, behind it. The frame and the pulp are placed on edge in the sun, and the latter is soon dried into a sheet, which is sufficiently strong to bear handling. It is then taken out of the frame, and laid upon a board until it is thoroughly dry, when it is ready for the market. The paper-maker has many frames, and goes on loading each with its sheet of pulp in turn, so that by the time the last one is set up to dry, the sheet which was first made is ready to be removed from its frame. By using a number of frames, the industrious workman avoids any delay in waiting for the sheets to dry. The sheets made in this way are about the size of two open pages of *Chatterbox*, and three or four of them are sold for a farthing.

A peculiar plant helps to make the paper tougher, and another, having some of the properties of glue acts as a size, and gives it a smoother surface. Many paper-makers are also employed in making up anew the torn and waste paper which is collected in the streets by the native dustmen. These scraps are steeped in water until they are again reduced to pulp, from which the new paper is manufactured, in the way just described.

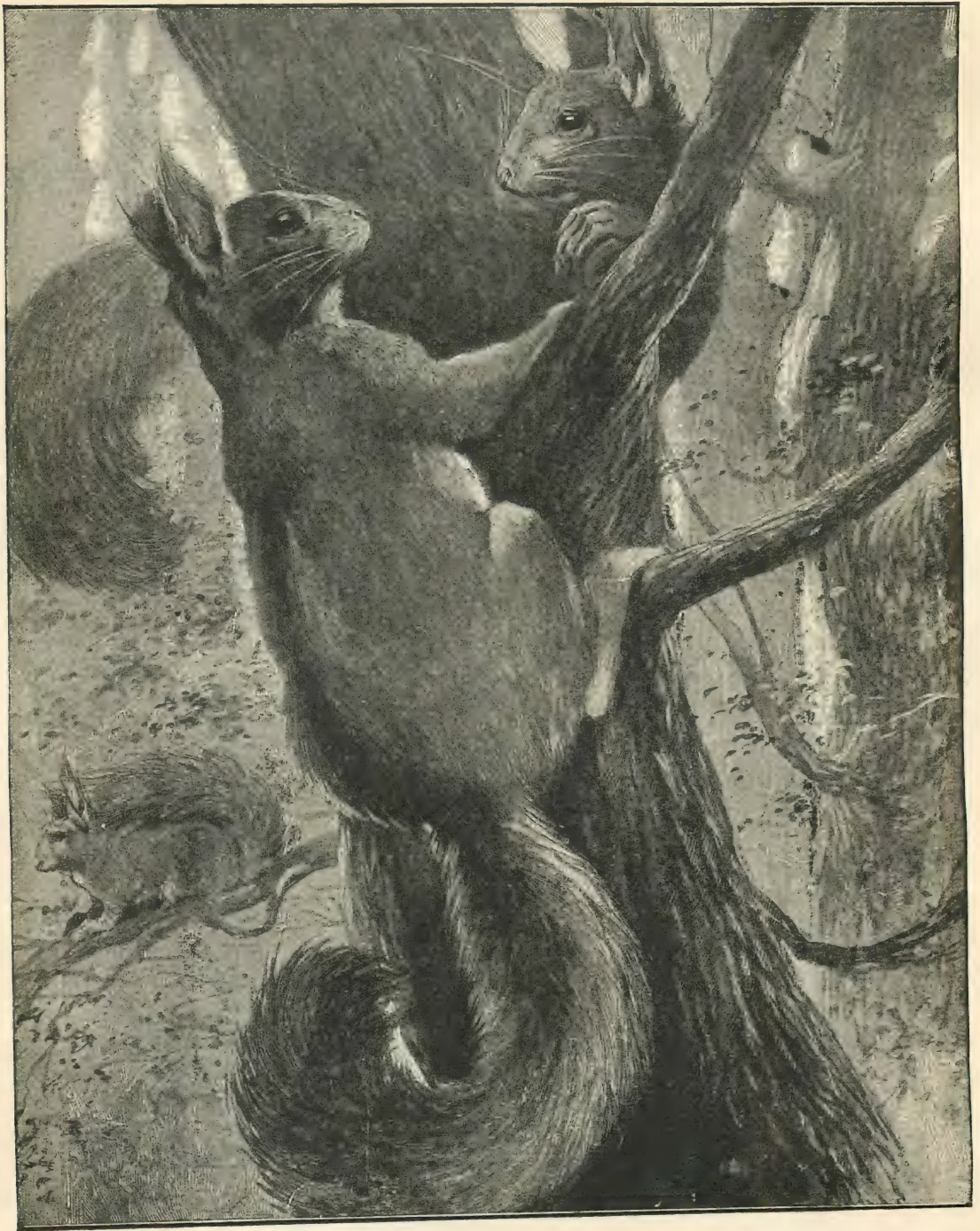
IN SQUIRREL LAND.

GREY pilgrims of the leafy ways,
I mark your chattering companies
Pass and repass in rapid grace
Along the green lanes of the trees.

Among your sober fellowship
A coat of russet, burnished bright,
I see appear, and shining slip
From bough to bough, a flash of light.

Perhaps you, too, look down and see
Red coats and grey, swift feet and slow,
A strange race threading busily
The green lanes of the world below,

And wonder, and in passing guess
What are the thoughts of such as these,
Whose ways to you are meaningless,
O little pilgrims of the trees!



In Squirrel Land.



“He was examining everything.”

MARTIN HYDE.

(Continued from page 219.)

AFTER I had taken off my waistcoat, I went out into the 'tween-decks, then into the grand cabin, then into the space below the booms. The captain followed me everywhere, keeping me under observation, till I was tempted to tell him where the letters were, so as to have a little peace. At first he kept telling me stories, or making bad jokes; but very soon he grew weary of pretending—he became surly. At this point I asked him which was his cabin. He glowered at me for asking such a question, but he pointed it out to me. It was a cabin no larger than my own, on the opposite (that is, the left) side of the 'tween-decks. I took the opportunity—it was a bold stroke, evidently displeasing to him—of looking in, for, to tell the truth, I had a suspicion that he slept in the grand cabin on the top of the locker. I thought that the state-room had another inmate. When I looked into it I expected to find myself in Aurelia's presence. I did not want to see her, but I wished very eagerly to know if she were in the ship or not. The state-room was empty, but the bunk, which had been slept in, was not yet made up.

I do not know how much longer he would have dogged me about the ship. To my great joy, he was called from me by the mate, who cried down the hatchway, bidding him come up at once, as there was 'something in sight.' Captain Barlow evidently wanted me to come on deck with him, but I was resolute. I said I would stop below to have another try at his sermons. He went on deck surlily, saying something about 'You wait,' or 'You whelp'; I could not catch his exact words. He turned at the hatchway to see where I had gone. I had expected this move; so, when he looked, he saw me entering the grand cabin, just as I had said. I watched him through the crack in the hinge; for I fully expected him to return suddenly. As he did not return on the instant, I darted into my own cabin, just long enough to drop the letter-cartridges into an old tin slush-pot which was stowed in the locker below the bunk. I had noted it in the early morning when I had done my sewing. I pressed the cartridges into the slush till they were all hidden. In another instant of time the pot was back in the locker among the other oddments, while I was back in the grand cabin, hard at work at my sermons. I was conscious that the captain glanced through the skylight at me. No doubt what he saw reassured him. For the moment I felt perfectly safe.

About half an hour later I heard a great noise of hauling on deck, followed by the threshing of our sails, as though they had suddenly come aback. I knew enough of the sea to know that if we were tacking there would be other orders, while if the helmsman had let the ship come aback by accident I should have heard the officers rating him. I heard neither oaths nor orders; something else was happening. A glance out of the stern-windows showed me that the ship was no longer under way. She was not moving through the water. It struck me that I had better go on deck to see what was the matter. When I reached the deck I found that the barquentine

was hove-to (that is, held motionless by a certain arrangement of the sails) about half a mile from a small, full-rigged ship, which had hove-to likewise. The barquentine's boat was rapidly pulling towards this full-rigged ship, with Captain Barlow sitting in the stern-sheets. The ship was a man-of-war, for she flew the St. George's banner, as well as a pennant. Her guns were pointing through her ports—eight bright brass guns to a broadside. She was waiting there, heaving in huge, stately heaves, for Captain Barlow's message.

Now, I had had alarms enough since I entered the Duke's service; but I confess this sight of the man-of-war daunted me worse than any of them. I knew that Captain Barlow had stopped her so that he might hand over my letters to her captain—that was easily guessed. The next question was, would the captain insist on taking the messenger to be examined in person? It was that which scared me worst. I had heard frightful tales about political prisoners. They were shut up in the Tower dungeons, away below the level of the Thames. They were examined there by masked magistrates, who wrung the truth from them by the 'bootkins,' which squeezed the feet, or by the thumbscrews, which twisted the thumbs. My feet seemed to grow red-hot when I thought of that horror. I knew only too well that my youth would not save me. I watched the arrival of the boat at the ship's side with the perspiration pouring down my face. I began to understand now what was meant by the words High Treason. I saw all the majesty of the English Navy, all the law, all the noble polity of England arrayed to judge a boy to death for a five-minutes' prank. They would drag me on a hurdle to Tyburn as soon as torture had made me tell my tale.

But enough of my state of mind. I saw Captain Barlow go up the ship's gangway, where an officer no doubt received him. Very soon afterwards he came down the gangway again, half-followed by some one who seemed to be ordering him. His boat then shoved off for the barquentine. The man-of-war got under way again by swinging her great mainyard smartly about. The smother at her bows gleamed whiter at the very instant as she gathered way. It was a blessed sight to me, after my suspense, I assure you; but I did not understand it till later. I learned later on that Captain Barlow was one of a kind of men very common in those troublous times. He was hedging, or trimming. He was quite willing to make money by selling the Duke's plans to the King; but he had the sense to see that the Duke's party might succeed, in which case the King's favour would not be worth much. So his treason to the Duke stopped short of the betrayal of men attached in any way to the Monmouth party. He would betray letters, when he could lay his hands on them unobserved; but he was not going to become an open enemy to the Duke until he knew that the Duke's was the losing side; then he would betray men fast enough. Until then, he would receive the trust of both factions, in order to betray a portion of the confidence received from them.

The day dragged by for me somehow, uncomfortably, under the captain's eye. It was one of the longest days I have ever known. It sickened me

utterly of the life of adventure to which I now seemed pledged. I vowed that if I had the chance I would write to my uncle from Mr. Blick's house, begging to be received back. That seemed to be the only way of escape possible to me. It did not seem hopeful, but it gave me some solace to think of it. I longed to be free from these terrors. You don't know what an adventurous life is. I will tell you. It is a life of sordid unquiet, pursued without plan, like the life of an animal. Have you seen a dog trying to cross a busy street? There is the adventurer. Or the rabbit on the cliff, in his state of continual panic? He, too, lives the adventurous life. But, there! I become impatient. One patient hero in his garret is worth all these silly fireworks put together.

One thing more happened on that day. The breeze grew all the afternoon, till by bed-time it blew what is called a fresh gale. Captain Barlow drove his ship till she shook to her centre, not because he liked (like many sailors) to show his vessel's paces, but because he sat at his bottle too long after dinner. We drove on down Channel, trusting to the goodness of the gear. There would have been a pretty smash-up if we had had to alter our course hurriedly. As it was, we were jumping like a young colt, in a welter of foam, with two men at the tiller, besides a gang on the tackles. I never knew any ship to bound about so wildly. I passed the evening, after supper, on deck, enjoying the splendours of that savage leaping rush down Channel, yet just a little nervous at the sight of our spars buckling under the strain. The mate, who was on the poop with me, kept glancing from the spars to the skylight; he was getting frightened at the gait we were going.

'Young man,' he said, 'do you know the "sailor's catechism"?''

'No, sir,' I answered.

'Well,' he said, 'it's short but sweet. What is the complete duty of a sailorman? You don't know? It's this: *Obeys orders, if you break owners.* My orders are not to take off sail till Captain Barlow sees fit. You'll see a few happenings aloft just now if he does not see fit soon.'

Just at that instant she gave a lurch which sent one of the helmsmen flying. The mate leaped to his place with an angry exclamation. 'Another man to the helm!' he cried. 'You, boy, run below! Tell the captain she will be dismasted in another five minutes.'

He was in the right. A blind man could have told that the ship was being over-driven. I ran down, as eager as the mate to put an end to the danger.

When I went below, I found the captain in my cabin, rummaging everywhere. He had flung out the contents of the lockers, my bedclothes, everything, in a jumble on the deck, which, in an aimless way, he was examining by the light of a couple of dip-candles, stuck to the edge of the bunk. It was not a time to mind about that.

'Sir,' I said, 'the ship is sinking. Come on deck, sir—take the sail off. The mate says the ship is sinking.'

'Eh?' said the captain, furiously. 'You young

spy! I command this ship; what's the sail got to do with you?' He glared at me in stupid anger. 'You young whelp!' he cried, grabbing me by the collar, 'where are your letters, eh? Where have you hidden your letters?'

(Continued on page 238.)

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

True Tales of the Year 1809.

III. — JOSEPH HAYDN.

IN the little Austrian village of Rohrau, a few miles south of Vienna, lived a poor but worthy wheelwright of the name of Haydn, and to him was born, in 1732, a son, whom he named Joseph, and who was in after years to win great renown as a musician.

There is no doubt that the little Joseph inherited much of his genius from his parents, who both loved music. Every Sunday evening the wheelwright would bring out his harp, and he and his wife would sing hymns and psalms for hours together. The children soon learned to join their little voices to their parents', and Joseph's sweet treble would rise clear and shrill above the others.

One evening, when Joseph was about five years old, he sat in his little chair, watching intently his father, as he played on the old harp. At last the child caught up two sticks, and began sawing away on them, in imitation of the village schoolmaster, who played the violin.

'Look! Look, Maria!' said the father, in a delighted aside to his wife. 'Look at our little Joseph! That child will be a musician!'

There seemed little chance of it just then, for Joseph's parents were very poor, and could do nothing themselves to push the boy on in life. His musical talents, however, attracted the attention of a distant relative, called Frankh, who was schoolmaster at Hainburg. 'Let the boy come to me,' he said. 'I will see that he has a good education.'

So at six years of age little Joseph left home. But though his uncle kept his word as regards teaching, the little fellow had a very hard life at Hainburg, and was 'better flogged than fed.'

His sweet voice, however, soon came under the notice of the parish priest, and by his interest Joseph was admitted to the famous choir school of St. Stephen's at Vienna. This, indeed, was promotion! The Vienna choir school was renowned all over Europe, and eight-year-old Joseph felt that now he was on the highway to fortune.

But harder days than he had yet known were before him. With the exception of Latin and singing, the choristers were taught nothing and poorly fed, and Joseph, who was yearning to learn something of the theory of music, so that he might be able to write down correctly the many themes that were simmering in his brain, received in all the eight years that he was in the choir but two lessons from his master. He saved a few pence to buy books, but could not afford many. At the age of sixteen his voice broke, and he was turned out of the choir into the street, 'with a threadbare coat and three bad shirts.'

How the poor lad contrived to keep body and soul together for the next year or so was a marvel. Often and often in the hard Austrian winter he was foodless and fireless, and but for the kindness of a man nearly as poor as himself, who let him sleep on the floor in his attic room, he would have been homeless, too.

Through all these hardships, however, Haydn never lost heart. 'I have made up my mind to sup-



"The child began sawing away on two sticks."

port myself by music,' said the brave boy, 'and I will never give in!'

So he sang in the snowy streets for chance coppers; he played the violin at village dances; he gave lessons for a few pence the hour; and he was glad at one time to act as valet and shoeblack to Porpora, the most eminent music teacher of his day, hoping to learn something of composition from the great man. Porpora did eventually take some notice of his clever servant, and helped Haydn to correct some of his compositions, till at last he found the sort of employment he longed for.

Kurz, the manager of the chief theatre in Vienna, had lately married a young and beautiful wife, and, according to the fashion of that day, Haydn and two of his friends resolved to serenade the lady. The trio were standing in the street just below Kurz's window one evening, playing one of Haydn's best compositions, when the street-door suddenly opened, and Kurz appeared in a flowing dressing-gown.

'Whose music have you been playing?' he asked.

'Mine,' said Haydn, looking straight at Kurz.

'Come and see me to-morrow,' said Kurz. 'I think I have some work for you.'

The tide had turned. The foodless, fireless, homeless days for Haydn were now for ever past, and fame and fortune were soon to be his. The first thing he did when possessed of sufficient means was to master the science of music, and he gave much time to study, whilst composing his own works. His *Toy Symphony* is well known; it was composed after a visit to a village fair, where he purchased all the toy musical instruments sold in the booths; and then it occurred to him to make his orchestra play upon them. The musicians laughed so much that it was with difficulty the symphony could be got through. The *Creation*, which was his favourite oratorio, was suggested by the words of Milton's *Paradise Lost*

Haydn visited London in 1791, and was rapturously received, being invited to Buckingham



"He saved a few pence to buy books."

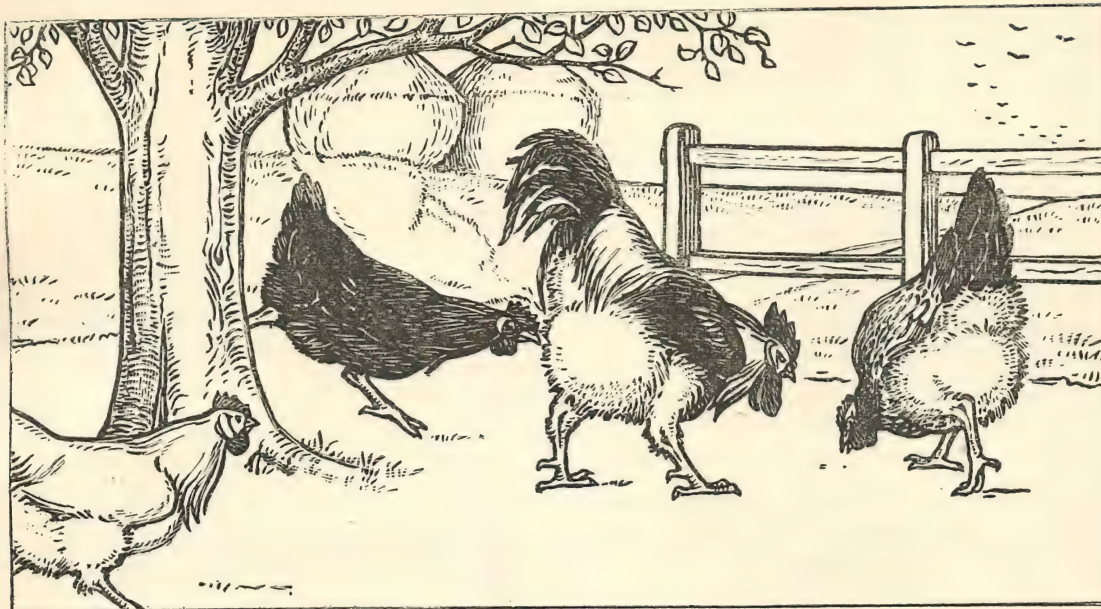
Palace to visit the King and Queen, who pressed him to settle in England.

When in London, Haydn first lodged in Golden



"'Whose music have you been playing?' he asked."

Square, but, finding it too noisy, he moved to *country* quarters, in Lisson Grove, 'amid lovely scenery.' It is sad to think that Lisson Grove is now one of the most crowded parts of our great London.



Picture Puzzle: Find the Wicked Fox.

Haydn was much impressed by the dignified music of our 'God save the King,' and regretted that Austria had no National Anthem of her own. He regretted this still more when, on his return to Vienna, war broke out with the French, and some song was needed by the Austrians to express their loyalty. So Haydn composed the now well-known 'Emperor's Hymn' (Hymn 292 in the 'Ancient and Modern' collection), which was first played simultaneously in the principal theatres of the country on the Emperor's birthday. This hymn was always a great favourite with the composer, and on his deathbed he had himself carried to the piano, and, summoning his household, solemnly played this hymn three times over.

This was his farewell. A few days later, on May 26th, 1809, the great summons came, and Haydn died full of years and honours, and deeply mourned by all who had come in contact with him.

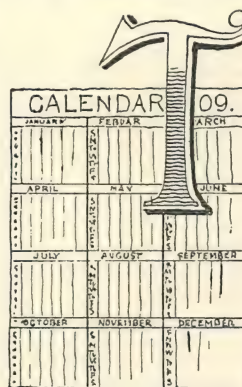
MATCH PUZZLE.

A GOOD puzzle game can be played with matches. It will cause a great deal of amusement. The questions to be solved are these:—

1. Arrange ten matches so as to make a man out of them.
2. Out of eleven matches make one.
3. Arrange ten matches so as to make a monkey out of them.
4. Take nine matches and make a donkey out of them.
5. Turn eleven matches into seven dozen.
6. Make a boat out of eight matches.
7. Arrange ten matches so as to make only two.
8. Make a tub out of seven matches.

(For solutions see illustration on page 236.)

A GOSSIP ABOUT ALMANACS.



HE word 'almanac' is derived from two Arabic words, *al* and *manah*, which signify 'the reckoning.'

Our Saxon forefathers used Log Almanacs. These were square pieces of wood, horn, or metal, about a foot in length and two inches in diameter, on the fronts of which was graven a kind of table for the current year. They were usually of very rude workmanship. Several of these curiosities are still to be

seen in the British and other Museums. They appear to have existed as early as the second century, and are believed to have had an Eastern origin.

The earliest written almanacs were either ecclesiastical or astronomical. The former, which were frequently added on to Latin manuscripts of the Scriptures, contained lists of Church festivals, and other matters of religious interest; the latter were astronomical calculations. Perhaps the most interesting of these written calendars, as well as the most ancient, are the 'folding-almanacs' of the British and Oxford Museums. Some of these are in Latin; others, which date from the middle of the fifteenth century, are in English. Not a few are of an astrological character; amongst them is one by the famous Roger Bacon.

In 1472, the first printed almanac made its

appearance on the Continent. It was prepared by a certain Johannes de Monte Regio. From Germany and Holland the printed almanacs found their way into France, and in 1497 one was printed in our own country. These publications contain a lot of nonsense, such as prophecies, and most wonderful astrological predictions which never 'came true.' But it is rather interesting to find in some almanacs of the sixteenth century the original of the well-known lines giving the number of days in each month. They are slightly different from our modern version. Here they are:—

'April, June, and September,
Thirty days have, as November;
Each month also does never vary
From thirty-one, save February,
Which twenty-eight doth still confine,
Save on Leap-year, then twenty-nine.'

The familiar rhyme beginning with 'Multiplication is vexation' first appeared in one of the early almanacs, about the middle of the sixteenth century.

THE KITE.

IT flew so high it seemed to reach
The limits of the summer sky,
And all the little clouds it met
And kissed, as they went sailing by.

It tugged so hard upon the string,
I let it slip right through my hands,
And it went sailing up the wind
And far away to other lands.

Perhaps it still sails through the sky
And drifts along from star to star;
I wish that I could see it now,
But it has gone so very far!

I wish that I had climbed the string,
And with my kite sailed far away
Above the tall, dull trees, and reached
The stars where it is always day.

HOW OLD TOM AND YOUNG BOBBY BECAME CHUMS.

THE gallant members of the St. Barnabas Fire Brigade, in the great Northern Metropolitan district of London, had had a busy night. They had performed heroic deeds at a fire in Tottenham, saving many lives and behaving, every man of them, in the usual splendidly courageous fashion which has raised the brigade so high in the estimation of the British public.

But one of the younger members of the Brigade appeared to have been put out by something or some one. He was evidently in a bad humour, and he made certain remarks at the supper-table which rather surprised his companions, and also gave offence in at least one quarter.

'There are one or two in this corps,' he said, 'who are getting beyond their work and ought to retire. It's we younger chaps that do the work and run all

the risk; one can't afford to be slow and over-cautious in our job.'

Several men looked up at Bobby Andrews, the speaker, with surprise. As he spoke the words, he had fixed his eyes upon old Tom Clasper, one of the veterans of the brigade, a man whose reputation was of the highest: a quiet person, but brave as a lion and very popular among his fellows. There could be no doubt that Bobby, in his remarks, had referred to 'old Tom,' as the brigade affectionately called him.

'Those who make remarks of that kind,' said a man, 'should mention names.'

'Oh, there's no need for that,' said Bobby, lightly. 'If the cap fits any one, he can wear it.' He continued to gaze at old Tom as he said these words, thus making the situation very embarrassing.

Old Tom laughed good-naturedly, however. 'If you had had the rheumatics I have, sonny,' he said, 'perhaps you wouldn't have been quite so active as you certainly were to-night, and always are. I'm getting old, no doubt about that; but age and experience can generally hold their own against young and active limbs without an experienced head to guide them—in our job, too, as much as any other!'

Bobby laughed derisively. 'Rheumatic joints are not much use at a fire,' he said. 'If I was getting old and suffered from rheumatics, I'd retire of my own free will before they chucked me out as useless.'

'Oh, I think I'm fit for a bit of work yet, most days,' said old Tom, still keeping his temper. 'Maybe I was more useful to-night than it seemed to you I was; I can tell you, one needn't be idle though one isn't running about saving lives.'

'Maybe,' said Bobby, persisting in his offensive tactics; 'one man thinks one way and another a different way. I shouldn't be content to know my work ever so well, and be too old to do it! Can't have much pride, I should say, a man who takes money for a job he's too old to do properly.'

Then old Tom lost his temper at last, and retaliated with a remark that was not polite; neither was it quite deserved, for Bobby was as plucky and unselfish a young fireman as the brigade had ever possessed.

'I think I'm worth my pay,' he said, 'even though I don't show off as some chaps seem to like to do.'

Most of those present considered the remark well deserved. Bobby flushed and was about to reply hotly, but his nearest companion roughly bade him be quiet.

'We have had quite enough of this,' he said, 'and you deserved all you got!'

After this there was a feeling of coldness between Bobby and old Tom—they did not speak to one another. Bobby made the ridiculous assertion that he would not take any notice of his senior until Tom apologised. And so the matter remained.

Mrs. Brierly, a widowed lady with two small children, was fast asleep in her room on the third floor of a house near Stamford Hill, when she was roused from her slumbers by loud cries. She instantly realised a strong smell of smoke in the room; at the same instant she realised another

fact—that the cries which had awakened her were shouts of 'Fire!'

Mrs. Brierly was not one to lose her head; her youngest little girl slept with her, her elder girl, Maud, shared a room opposite with her nurse: Baby was but two years old, Maud five. Mrs. Brierly's thoughts instantly flew to Maud—was she safe? Where was the fire? Leaving Baby still asleep in bed, she hastily put on a few garments; then she hurried across the passage, which was full of smoke, and flung open the door of Maud's room—it also was full of suffocating fumes. The nurse lay snoring, Maud tossed restlessly in her bed, but was not awake. Rapidly and roughly Mrs. Brierly awoke the nurse, then Maud: both seemed half dazed.

'Dress the child quickly,' she said. 'I think the house is on fire.'

Then she banged upon the doors of each room upon the landing—this was a boarding-house, and all the sleeping apartments were occupied; lastly she returned and dressed little Sybil as quickly as she could. When this was done, the two women and the two little children ran to the stairs in order to make their escape. The whole process of preparation for departure had occupied only a few minutes, yet they found their retreat cut off.

Mrs. Brierly ran to the window of her room, baby Sybil in her arms, crying with fright, the nurse with Maud close at her heels. She flung the window wide open, and cried aloud for help. A crowd had already collected below, and men shouted to her to keep her courage up. 'There's a chap bicycled off for the fire-escape!' they cried. 'And the brigade will be here directly. Listen—they're coming now!'

But the fire had reached the stairs, and was creeping upwards, inch by inch, foot by foot, seizing the banisters with its red tongue, gloating over the wooden steps, as it caught and devoured them one by one. Dense clouds of smoke came swaying into the room, half-choking them; the baby coughed and screamed with fright, and Maud joined in chorus.

'Oh, what shall we do, ma'am?' groaned the nurse, growing frightened and desperate.

'We must trust in God's mercy, Ellen; there is nothing else we can do. I can hear the galloping of the brigade horses, and—yes—yes, here comes the fire-escape!'

In an instant the fire-escape was fitted up and ready for use; another, and the brigade dashed up with all the din of ringing bells and clattering hoofs. Out came the hose, and the pump worked; a young fireman sprang up the fire-escape. Within a minute of the arrival of brigade and engine, baby Sybil was in his arms and half-way down the ladder. Then came Maud's turn; she, too, was swept from the nurse's arms, and carried into safety, half-swooning with terror.

'You shall go next, Nurse!' said Mrs. Brierly. 'You are choking. I can stand the smoke better!'

The nurse protested, but her mistress insisted. Lastly, Bobby came flying down the ladder, with Mrs. Brierly fainting in his arms. The fire had reached the bedroom door before her turn came, and the rush of heat and smoke had been more than she had been able to stand.

'There's an old man in the next room on the right!' cried some one. 'I saw him look out of the window a few minutes ago!'

In a moment the escape was moved along to the window, and Bobby, not yet satisfied with his efforts, sprang once more upwards, carrying a hose in his hand, in case the fire should have forced its way into the room. With the nozzle he smashed in the glass; a volume of lurid smoke gushed out. Undaunted, Bobby broke his way in, and disappeared.

It was now seen that the room he had entered was a cauldron of fire and smoke. Then some one shrieked, 'A woman here says, "The old man escaped some time ago—got down stairs and away." Tell the young fireman not to risk his life for nothing!'

Some one was rushing up the ladder before the words had been uttered—an elderly fireman; he reached the top, climbed in at the window, and disappeared into the lurid flames and vapours beyond—it was 'old Tom.'

The crowd below gasped with anxiety; men shouted aloud—women prayed. Would either of them appear alive again? So dense was the hot smoke pouring from the window that it seemed not possible that men should be in the midst of it and yet remain alive.

Old Tom, blinded by the black smoke, waved the little lantern he carried. 'Bobby, lad, where are you?' he called. A groan was the only reply. With difficulty Tom found and dragged the younger man to the window; himself half-suffocated and only semi-conscious, he raised the insensible form to the sill. A great shout from the crowd below greeted his appearance; half-a-dozen firemen were upon the ladder, the top man reached and seized Bobby's body, and handed him to the next.

'Pass him on, and be ready to receive Tom. I think he's bad!' he cried. Old Tom, however, dragged himself over the sill; his head was buzzing, his eyes saw nothing; he staggered, and would have fallen, but strong arms caught him, and bore him safely to earth.

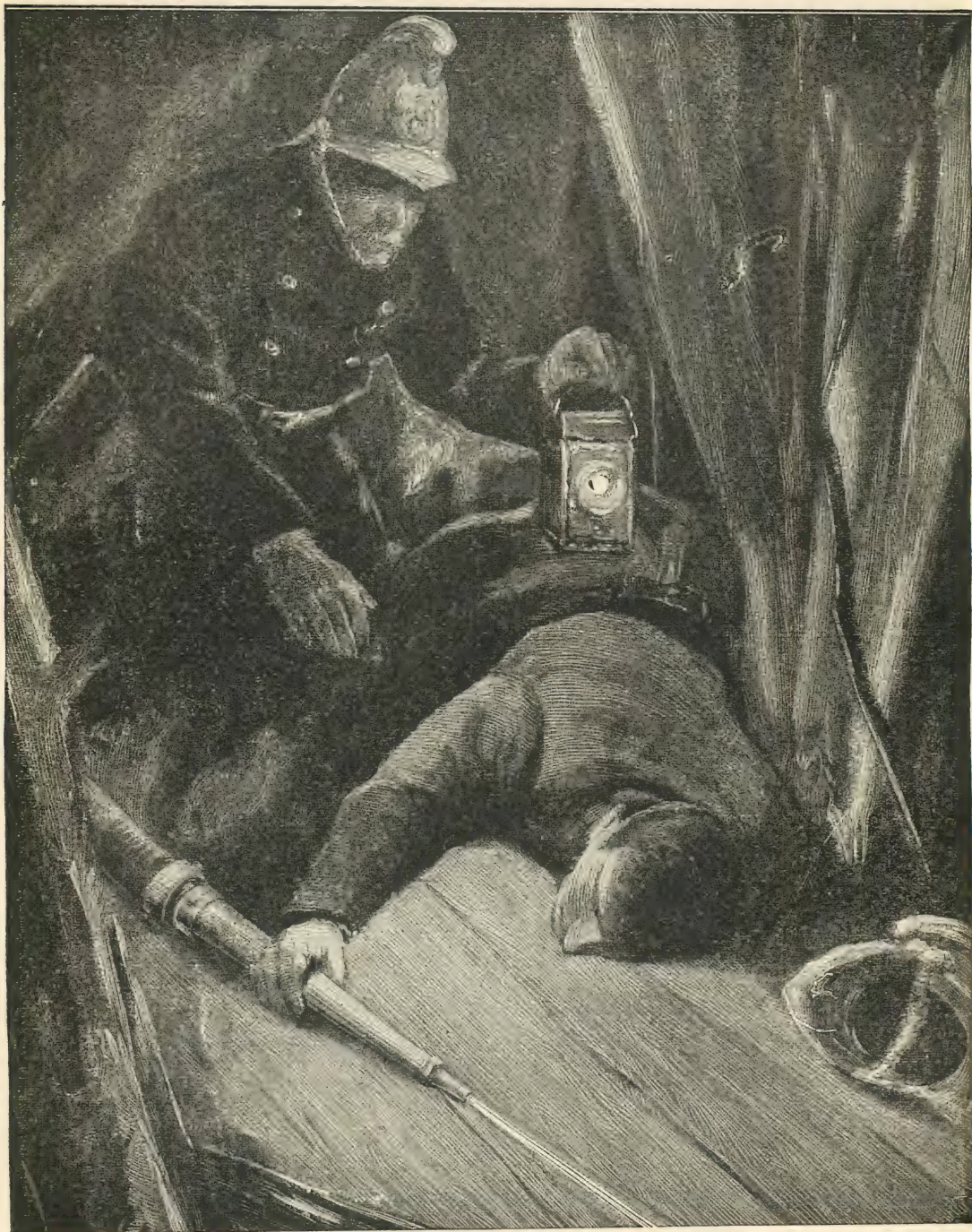
The two men met, after a spell of hospital, three weeks after the exciting episode which had almost ended fatally for both. Bobby was suddenly conscious that old Tom had seized his hand, and seemed to wait for him to speak. Bobby flushed and hung his head. 'I'm ashamed to speak to you, Tom,' he murmured. 'I behaved like a cad, saying what I did: and you went and saved my life after—'

'What I said was worse than what you said, lad,' replied old Tom. 'At my age I ought to have known better. Shake hands.'

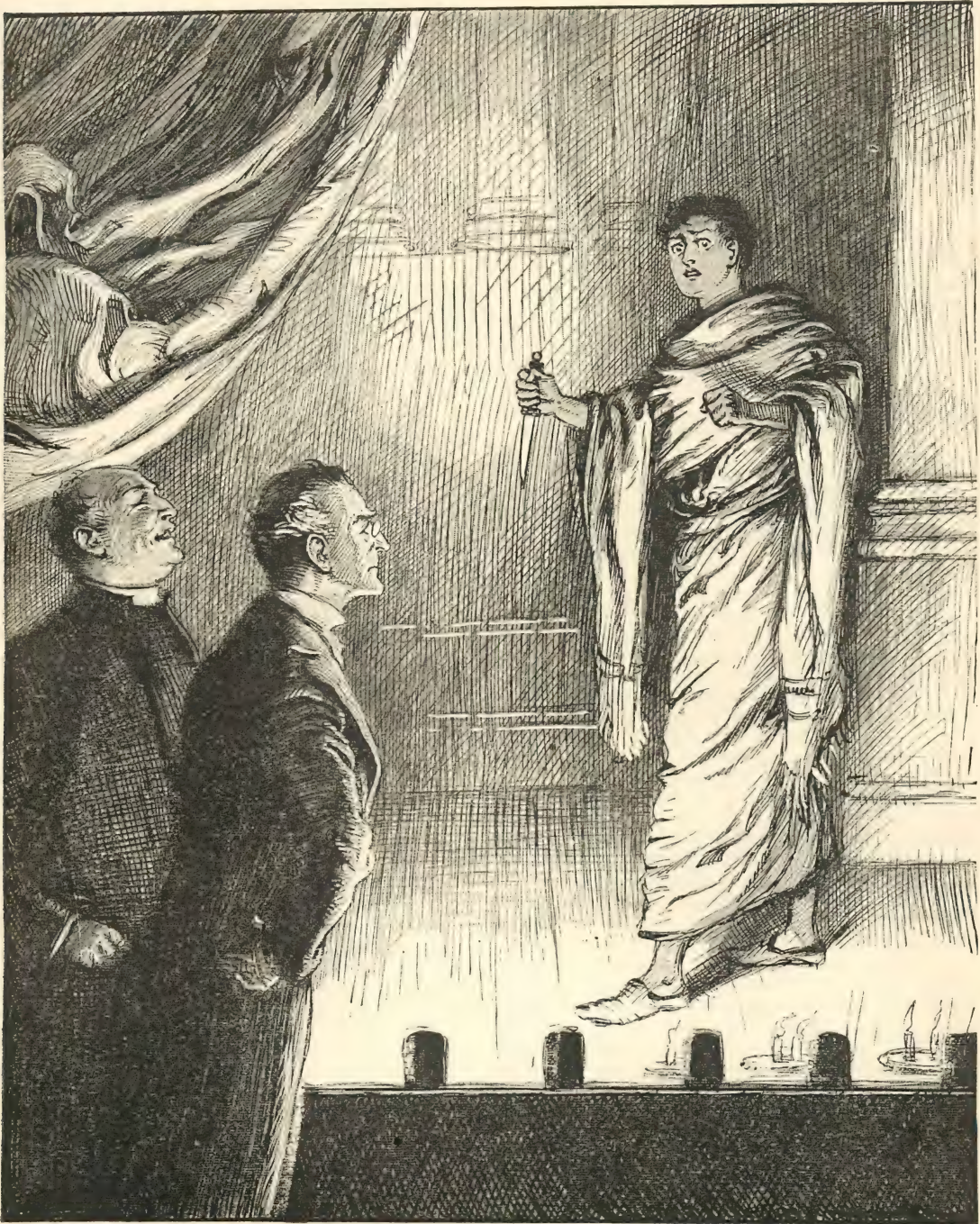
This Bobby did, with vigour. 'I think I was riled about something that night, else I couldn't have said such a thing,' he said. 'There's no one in the brigade admires you more than I do, Tom, and that's truth.'

Tom wrung the lad's hand, but his heart was too full to speak. At this moment there are no two men in all the London Brigade who are better friends than the youngest and the oldest members of the St. Barnabas Corps, nor do any two firemen in the metropolis work better together than these two.

F. WHISHAW.



“With difficulty Tom found the younger man.”



“‘This is an unexpected pleasure, Jackson.’”

THE MISADVENTURES OF JACKSON.

V.—AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

JACKSON and Perkins spent the Christmas holidays together, first at one home and then at the other, but they spent them in both places in a whirl of theatricals. They began by taking the parts of the wicked uncle and the robber in the *Babes in the Wood*, which Perkins's younger brothers and sisters were getting up. Then they were gallant knights in a grand historical drama held at the village hall, near Jackson's home. And when they were not rehearsing either of these things, they were getting up characters on their own account, till, as Mrs. Jackson remarked, it would be an unexpected treat to see either of them enter the room without striking an attitude and exclaiming, 'Odds-bodikins! where is my trusty sword?'

It was an ancient custom at St. Olaf's for the sixth form, assisted by some of the juniors, to act one of Shakespeare's plays early in the New Year. The parts were taken home to be learnt during the Christmas holidays, and rehearsals began as soon as the school re-assembled. The play chosen for that particular year was *Julius Caesar*, and Jackson and Perkins found that they were to appear on the stage as Roman citizens. Jackson, however, after having taken a principal part on various occasions during the holidays, was anything but pleased at having to walk on to and off the stage without saying a word.

So, to relieve the dullness of the whole business, he amused himself with learning some of the longest speeches by heart, and by reciting them before select audiences in his study. As a matter of fact, though the school authorities had not yet discovered it, Jackson was a born actor, and many of his renderings of the principal parts were great improvements on the way they were rendered by the sixth, to whom they were given by the custom of the school, whether they could act or not.

That year the acting was weaker than usual; there was not a redeeming feature anywhere. Mark Antony looked as if he had been cut out of a block of wood, and Brutus was so little better that Dr. Peterson's despair grew deeper and deeper as the time drew near, and he was almost tempted to wish that both play and players were at the bottom of the harbour.

But if he groaned inwardly whenever he saw the carpenters at work upon the stage, there were always plenty of boys in the hall, in play-time, eagerly discussing the laying of the planks and the arrangement of each separate piece of scenery. On the last day but one before the performance the stage was practically finished, and Jackson strolled up to a group of boys who were inspecting it while the workmen were absent at dinner.

'Come on, Jacko!' cried one of them. 'You can have the platform to yourself and give us a good old speech! You haven't room to spread yourself on the study table.'

'I dare say I haven't!' answered Jackson, with withering scorn, 'but you don't catch me holding forth on the stage when one of the sixth may come in at any moment and whack my head for cheek.'

'Oh, never mind your head, Jacko,' called out an

impertinent small boy named Darrell. 'It isn't worth much, anyway!'

'It's worth a good deal more than yours will be when I have finished with you, if you're not careful,' replied Jackson. 'But I'll tell you what I will do, you fellows! There's no rehearsal to-night, because the Head has the Bishop coming to dine and sleep. That means he will be safe in his own part of the house all evening, so any chaps who like to come down here at ten o'clock shall witness a new and splendid performance of Mark Antony's funeral oration!'

The daring proposal was received with acclamation on account of its very danger. The bell for 'lights out' rang at ten o'clock, and Dr. Peterson's wrath was great if any boy was caught out of his dormitory after that hour.

'The price of tickets,' continued Jackson, 'is two candle-ends and one saucer. Any member of the audience leaving before the end is requested *not* to remove his contribution.'

* * * * *

The 'lights out' bell rang as usual, and the matron, who was enjoying a well-earned rest in her room, listened indulgently to the sounds that went on outside her door. She had nothing to do with the discipline of the school, and unless the disturbances at night grew too rampant she did not interfere. So she only smiled when a plaintive voice exclaimed, 'I'll be Caesar's body as much as ever you like, Jackson, when we're downstairs, but I won't be tied up in a sheet and carried down. I won't! I won't! I tell you I won't! I'll scream!'

She did not catch the words of the gruff response, but in a minute or two all sounds ceased, and she began to wonder what had become of the inhabitants of her corridor.

Meanwhile the curtains had been drawn which shut off the stage from the rest of the hall, and in front of the real footlights was arranged a row of saucers, each containing two guttering candle-ends. In the centre of the stage lay a small figure rolled up in a sheet; behind it stood Jackson, clothed in an elaborate arrangement of bath-towels, with a toy dagger hanging meaningly in his pyjama-belt; and in the wings sat various small boys in strangely assorted garments.

'Shut up, Darrell!' cried Mark Antony, savagely, when 'Caesar's body' suddenly threw its legs up in the air. 'If you don't lie still, I'll give you a jab with my dagger!'

'If you do I'll squeal, and some one will hear,' piped a small voice from inside the sheet.

'You'll catch it afterwards, my young friend, if we hear another sound,' whispered some one in the wings, and there was so much determination in Perkins's voice that Darrell decided that it would be better not to ignore its warning. So Caesar's body being now placid, Jackson began, in an impressive whisper—

'Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears; I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him!'

'If you wave your arms like that, the fringe of the bath-towel will get into the footlights,' said one of the audience.

But it was the last interruption. Jackson glanced so furiously at the offender that from that minute he was allowed silence. In fact, the boys were soon thoroughly interested in the strange, dimly-lighted scene, and in catching every accent of Jackson's voice, which never rose above a whisper.

And, for the time being, the actor had forgotten his audience. He was Mark Antony in the Forum, trying to rouse the fickle Roman populace to avenge the friend who lay dead on the ground in front of him.

So absorbed was he in the words he was saying that he never heard a warning hiss from Perkins, 'Shut up, Jackson! There's some one coming!' With cutting sarcasm he continued to refer to Brutus as an 'honourable man,' while his shadowy audience dropped off the edge of the platform at the sides and concealed itself among the trestles.

Only Mark Antony was left with Cæsar's body, when a voice exclaimed on the other side of the curtain, 'Look, my lord: this is an ingenious little device for turning up the footlights and drawing the curtains at the same moment.'

The curtain flew back, the electric light blazed up, and it would be difficult to say which was the most astonished, Jackson or Dr. Peterson, when they found themselves face to face. And while they stared at each other, the Bishop went off into a peal of laughter, and Cæsar's body wriggled away unnoticed.

'This is an unexpected pleasure, Jackson,' said the head master. 'May I ask what you are doing, and who you are supposed to be?'

'I'm Mark Antony, sir,' answered Jackson, with a feeble grin. 'I was just trying to do the funeral oration.'

'You have an enthusiastic actor here, Dr. Peterson,' said the Bishop. 'I remember learning that speech as a boy, but I certainly never got up to recite it at dead of night. Let the boy say it through. I should like to hear it.'

'Begin, Jackson,' said the head master, shortly. He had a reason of his own for wishing to find out whether Jackson really knew the part.

'May I have Cæsar's body back?' asked Jackson. 'I can't do the part properly without it.'

'The body may return!' said Dr. Peterson, gravely. 'And it will be distinctly understood that it has no other name but Cæsar!'

Jackson began hesitatingly, but in a little while he warmed to his work. His voice took on a new ring, and when at last he finished, the head master and the Bishop applauded heartily.

'Very good indeed, Jackson! Excellent!' said Dr. Peterson. 'You will just be able to help me out of a difficulty. I have heard this evening that the real "Mark Antony" has sprained his ankle. You will kindly be prepared to take the part at the dress rehearsal to-morrow night.'

'But I don't quite know the whole of it, sir!' gasped Jackson.

'I shall expect you to know it to-morrow evening,' said Dr. Peterson, in the voice that no one ever dreamed of disputing. 'Now, as this impromptu performance has really been of some use to me, I

will turn my back for five minutes before I proceed to lock up the hall.'

There was a scuttling of many slipped feet and a sound of suppressed laughter; but when Dr. Peterson and the Bishop faced the stage once more, even Cæsar's body had vanished, and left no trace.

'That boy, Jackson, is a bit of a genius!' remarked the head master, as they left the hall.

'Do you think he will ever know the part by to-morrow evening?' asked his companion, doubtfully.

'My dear Bishop!' laughed Dr. Peterson. 'Don't you remember from youthful experience the enormous amount of work you could get through in a day when you were expecting trouble with your head master if it wasn't finished?'

'Perhaps so! Perhaps so!' said the Bishop.

And Dr. Peterson was not mistaken. Jackson made very few mistakes at the dress rehearsal, and when the real performance took place on the Saturday he managed to instil such life and energy into it that even the head master was satisfied.

A. KATHARINE PARKES.

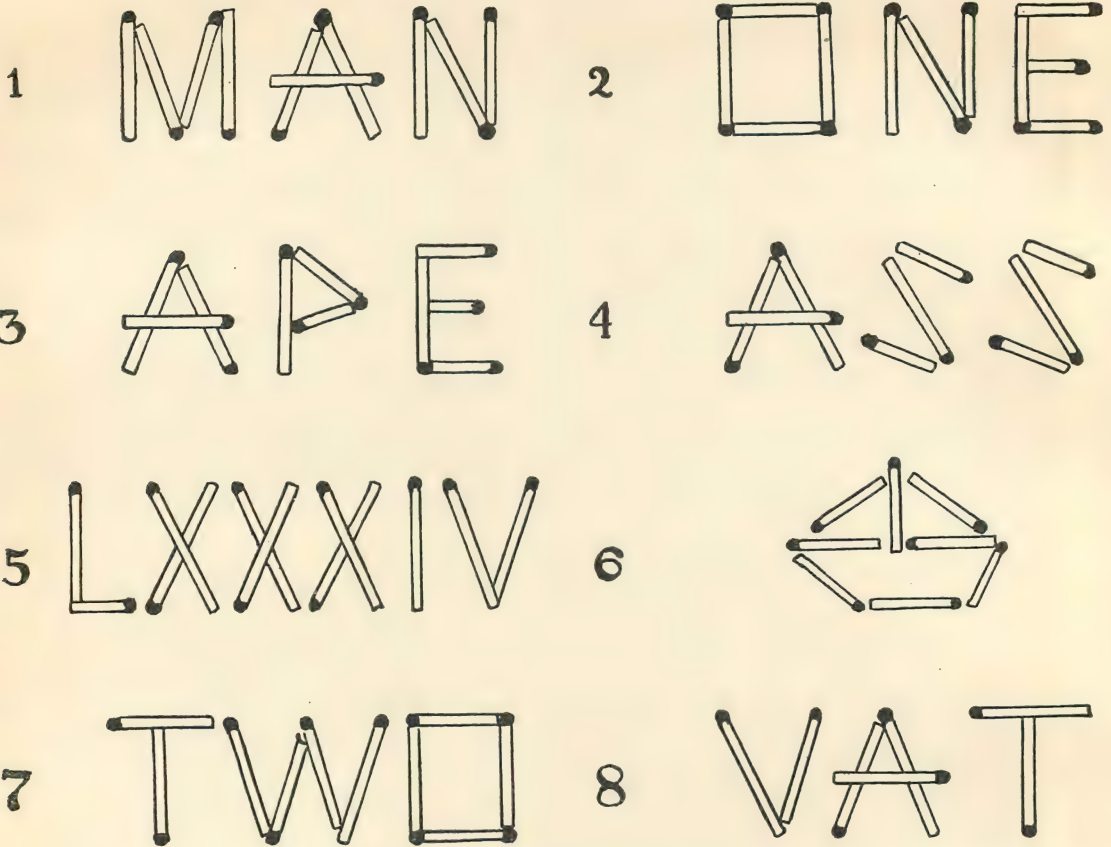
A GREAT DISCOVERER.

'O H, I'm a great discoverer,'
Says Willie Wilfred Way,
As down the garden path he runs
Upon a summer day.
'Oh, I'm a great discoverer,
Who does not danger mind,
And far from home
I mean to roam.
Adventure wild to find.'

A meadow path he gallops down
To reach the river's brim,
And there a monster water-rat
Looks shyly up at him.
'Begone, begone, you savage bear,'
Cries Willie Way with pride,
And, full of fright,
As swift as light
It slips beneath the tide.

On, on goes William Wilfred then,
New countries to explore,
And terrifies a harvest mouse
By calling it a 'boar,'
He climbs a tree two feet from ground
And says it is a mast,
'Land, land!' says he,
'Far off, I see
A welcome shore at last.'

Then down he jumps upon a beach
Where no man trod till now,
And boldly takes an unknown path
With one hand o'er his brow.
But suddenly an awful fear
Makes tremble every limb—
Two beasts immense
Beside the fence
Are staring straight at him.



Answers to Match Puzzle on page 229.

Then Willie turns; and Willie flies
For fifty yards or more,
And only stops to catch his breath
Inside the garden door.

'I don't mind bears and boars at all,'
Courageously he vows,
'But when from home,
I chance to roam,
I draw the line at *cows*.'

JOHN LEA.

THE SAVING OF ARAMINTA.

IT was the saving of Araminta from a watery grave which brought about the difference, and turned a pair of quarrelsome cousins into first-rate friends. But this event did not take place till the middle of the holidays, and in the meantime many and frequent were their foolish squabbles. Sometimes it was Norah who was to blame, and sometimes Archie, but generally it was a case of six of one and half-a-dozen of the other.

The quarrel which seemed likely to last longer than the others arose over a piece of poetry, one of little Norah Willey's own compositions, which

Archie had chanced to discover in an old exercise-book in the nursery. The poem he read was as follows:—

'Froggie's ill, caught a chill,
Stayed too long out in the mist;
Doctors three all agree
He must have a specialist.

'Mother cries, Father sighs,
Baby Tadpoles sob and weep;
Froggie may (so they say)
Die unless he falls asleep!

'Comes from town quickly down
Clever Taddy Frog, M.D.;
'He will live, if you give
Soothing syrup, ma'am,' says he.

'Froggie sleeps, no one weeps,
For he now is on the mend—
When you're ill, with a chill,
Mind for Taddy Frog you send.'

In his heart, Archie thought the verses very clever for a little girl of Norah's age, but he was not going to let her imagine such a thing. In round



"He managed to effect the rescue."

schoolboy writing he inscribed on a blank page
opposite these words:—

'You may think you are a poet.
You are *not*, so now you know it,

I can tell it by the rubbish in your book.
You are a downright little silly,
Yes, you are, Miss Norah Willey,
You're a bigger little silly than you look'
(Which is saying a good deal). A. W.

When Norah discovered what he had written, there *was* a scene.

'You horrid boy!' cried she, almost in tears, for she felt terribly hurt; 'I wish you had gone to India with your father and mother, and had never come here for the holidays at all. I wish Father would send you straight back to school!'

And Norah sulked for the rest of the day.

* * * * *

'There, Araminta, you shall go to sleep like the baby on the tree-top. You mustn't move, my dear, or you will tumble into the water.'

So saying, Norah placed her treasured doll on a comfortable branch where the leafy shade was thickest. The sun was hot, and played havoc with Araminta's complexion; hence Norah's idea of the sheltering tree for her doll's cradle.

After placing her securely (as she thought) Norah strayed along the banks of the stream looking for forget-me-nots.

'Hi, there, Norah!' It was Archie who called from the further end of the meadow, in rather a 'croaky' voice, for somehow he had managed to catch a bad cold. 'I wish you'd come and play cricket. The Stanford boys are out, so I have no one to play with.'

'No, thank you,' Norah shouted back; 'I'm picking forget-me-nots.'

It was a few minutes after this that a bitter cry rent the air—so bitter, indeed, that Archie (knowing it came from Norah's lips) raced towards her as fast as his legs could carry him.

The cause was soon apparent — Araminta had tumbled from her leafy cradle into the stream beneath.

'All right, old girl,' said Archie, 'don't distress yourself' (he was really a good-natured boy); 'I will soon fish her out.'

Forthwith he very quickly took off his shoes and stockings.

'Oh, Archie,' cried poor Norah, 'you will make your cold worse. Mother said you were to be careful, you know.'

What with fears from her doll and anxiety on Archie's behalf, Norah's state of mind was not a happy one.

'My cold's nothing!' said Archie, intent on the matter in hand.

By dint of clinging on to the tree, and reaching out a long stick, he managed to effect the rescue. But it was not done all at once. Twice Araminta eluded his touch, Norah watching anxiously meanwhile, but the third time was successful, and the poor, dripping, half-drowned doll was safely brought to the bank.

The result of Archie's 'heroism,' as Norah called it in her heart, was an increased cold; indeed it was so bad that he had to spend the whole of the next day in bed.

Norah, when sent by Mother to take up his tea, also took the opportunity of telling Archie how 'splendid' she thought his conduct had been.

'I will never be nasty to you again,' she finished, 'never any more.'

'Not till next time,' said Archie with a laugh. 'I say,' cried he, just as Norah was about to go, 'those verses of yours were fine, really—I couldn't have done them better myself.'

'Really?' said Norah, looking highly pleased.

'Yes, you aren't half bad for a girl, you know.'

It was rather qualified praise, but strange to say, Norah was quite content, and the two were the best of friends ever after.

MARIAN ISABEL HURRELL.

MARTIN HYDE.

(Continued from page 227.)

AT that instant there came a more violent gust in the fierceness of wind which drove us. The ship gave a 'yank'; there is no other word to express the frightful shock of her movement. She lay down on her lee beam-ends with a crash of breaking crockery. Casks broke loose in the hold, gear fell from aloft, the captain was flung under me against the ship's side. The deck beneath us sloped up like a roof. In the roar of water rushing down the hatch I remember thinking that the Day of Judgment was come. Yells on deck mingled with all the uproar; I heard something thud like a sledge-hammer on the ship's side. The captain picked himself up holding his head, which had received a tremendous crack against the ship's side.

'Beam-ends!' he said, stupidly. 'Beam-ends! Yes, yes.' He was dazed; he did not know what he said; but some sort of sailor's instinct told him that he was wanted on deck. At any rate he went out, pulling himself up the steep deck with a cleverness which I had not expected. He left me clutching the ledge of the bunk, staring up at the door away above me, while the wreck of my belongings banged about at my feet. I thought it was all over with the ship; but I was not scared at the prospect of death; only a little sickish from the shock of that sudden sweeping over. I found a fascination in the horrible open door, the black oblong hole in the air through which the captain had passed. I waited for the sea to pour down it. I expected to see a clear mass of water, with fish in it; something quite calm, something beautiful; not the noisy horror of the sea outside.

I suppose I waited like that for a full minute before the roar of the squall grew less. Then I told myself that I must go on deck; that the danger would be less, if looked in the face, than down there in the cabin. It was not pleasant to go on deck, any more than it is pleasant to go downstairs at two in the morning to look for burglars, but it was better to be moving than staying still. I clenched my fist upon the only dip which remained alight; the other was somewhere in the jumble under my feet. Then, catching hold of the door-hook I pulled myself up to the door, where I steadied myself for a moment. While I stood there I had a horrible feeling of the ship having died under my feet. She had been leaping so gallantly only five minutes before. Now she lay with her heart broken, while the seas beat her with great thumps.

Two battle-lanterns lit the after 'tween-decks. There was a great heap of staved-in casks, slopping about in an inch or two of water, all along that side, thrown there by the smash. I could hear the men yelling on deck. Captain Barlow was shouting at them. I could hear all this in the lull of the squall. I heard more than that, as I stood listening. I heard the faint crying out of a woman's voice from the steward's pantry (next door to the captain's cabin) on the opposite side, across the steep, tipped-up, slippery deck. At first I thought it must be the poor ship's cat; but as the wind passed, letting me hear more clearly, I recognised that it was a woman's voice, crying out there in the darkness with a note of pain. I did not think of Aurelia. She never entered my head. All that I thought was, 'Poor creature! What a place for a woman!'

The ship was jerking—you might almost call it gasping—as the seas struck her. It was no easy job to climb along that roof-slope of a deck with nothing to hold on by. I got across somehow, partly by chance, partly by finger-nails. I even managed to open the pantry door, which was another difficulty, as it opened inwards, into the cabin. "As I opened it, a suck of wind blew out my light. There I was, in the dark, with a hurt woman, in a ship which, for all I knew, might sink with all hands in twenty seconds. It is queer: I didn't mind the ship sinking. What I disliked was being in the dark with somebody who whimpered.

'Are you much hurt?' I asked. 'Hold on a minute. I'll strike a light.' I shut myself into the cabin, so as to keep out the draught. My feet kicked among the steward's crockery. It was as dark in that cubby-hole as in a grave.

The unknown person, probably fearing me, thinking me some rough, brutal sailor, was crying out now more in terror than in pain. She was begging me not to hurt her. I probably frightened her a good deal by not replying. The tinder-box took up all my attention for a good couple of minutes. A tinder-box is not a thing to get a light by hurriedly; you try some day, to see how quickly you can light a candle by one. When I got the candle lit, I thought of the battle-lanterns swinging outside all the time. I might have saved myself all that trouble by using a little common sense. Well, wait till you stand as I stood, with your heart in your boots, and you will see how much common sense will remain in your fine brains.

When the flame took hold of the wick, so that I could look about me, I saw the Lady Aurelia lying among the smashed-up gear to leeward. She had been lying down, reading, in a sort of bunk which had been rigged up for her on the locker-top. The shock had flung her clean out of the bunk on to the deck. At the same moment an avalanche of gear had fetched to leeward. A cask had rolled on to her left hand, pinning her down to the deck, while a box of bottles had cut the back of her head. A more complete picture of misery you could not hope to see. There was all the ill-smelling jumble of steward's gear, tumbled in a heap of smash, soaking in the oil from the fallen lamp. There was a good deal of blood about.

Aurelia was lying in all the *débris*, among the

capsized casks of salted fish; she seemed to have been buried under them, like a babe in the wood. She grew calm when she saw me.

'There are candles under the bunk,' she said. 'Light two or three. Tell me what has happened.'

I did not answer till I had lighted three or four more candles.

'The ship's on her beam-ends,' I said. 'It's the captain's fault. But never mind that. I must get you out. Are you badly hurt, do you think?'

'I'm all right,' she said, with a gasp; 'but it's being pinned in here. I thought I was going to be pinned down while I was being drowned.'

'Shut your eyes, please,' I said. 'Bite your lips. It'll hurt, I'm afraid, getting this cask off your hand. Are you ready? Now!' I did it as gently as I could; but it made me turn all cold to think of the hand under that weight. 'Can you withdraw your hand now?' I asked, tilting the cask up as far as I could.

'No,' she said; 'look out, I'll roll out.' In another two seconds she was sitting up among the crockery, with her face deathly white against the bulkhead; she had fainted.

There was a water-carafe on a bracket up above my head. I splashed her face with water from it till she rallied. She came to herself with a little hysterical laugh, at the very instant when something giving way aloft let the ship right herself again.

'Hold on a minute,' I said. 'Take this water; now drink a little. I'll be back in a moment.'

The ship was rolling in the trough of the sea; but I got a good big jug of water from the scuttle-butt in the 'tween-decks. I nipped on deck with it to ask the mate for some balsam, an excellent cure for cuts, which most sailors carry to sea with them.

There was mess enough on deck in all conscience. I found the foretop-mast gone over the side, in a tangle of torn rope at which all hands were furiously hacking. The mate was on the fo'c'sle hacking at some gear with a tomahawk. I did not see the captain.

'Mr. Mate,' I cried, 'I want some balsam, quick!'

'Get out of this,' he shouted; 'get out of this. Don't come bothering here; I can't attend to your hurts.'

'It's for the lady,' I said; 'the lady down below.'

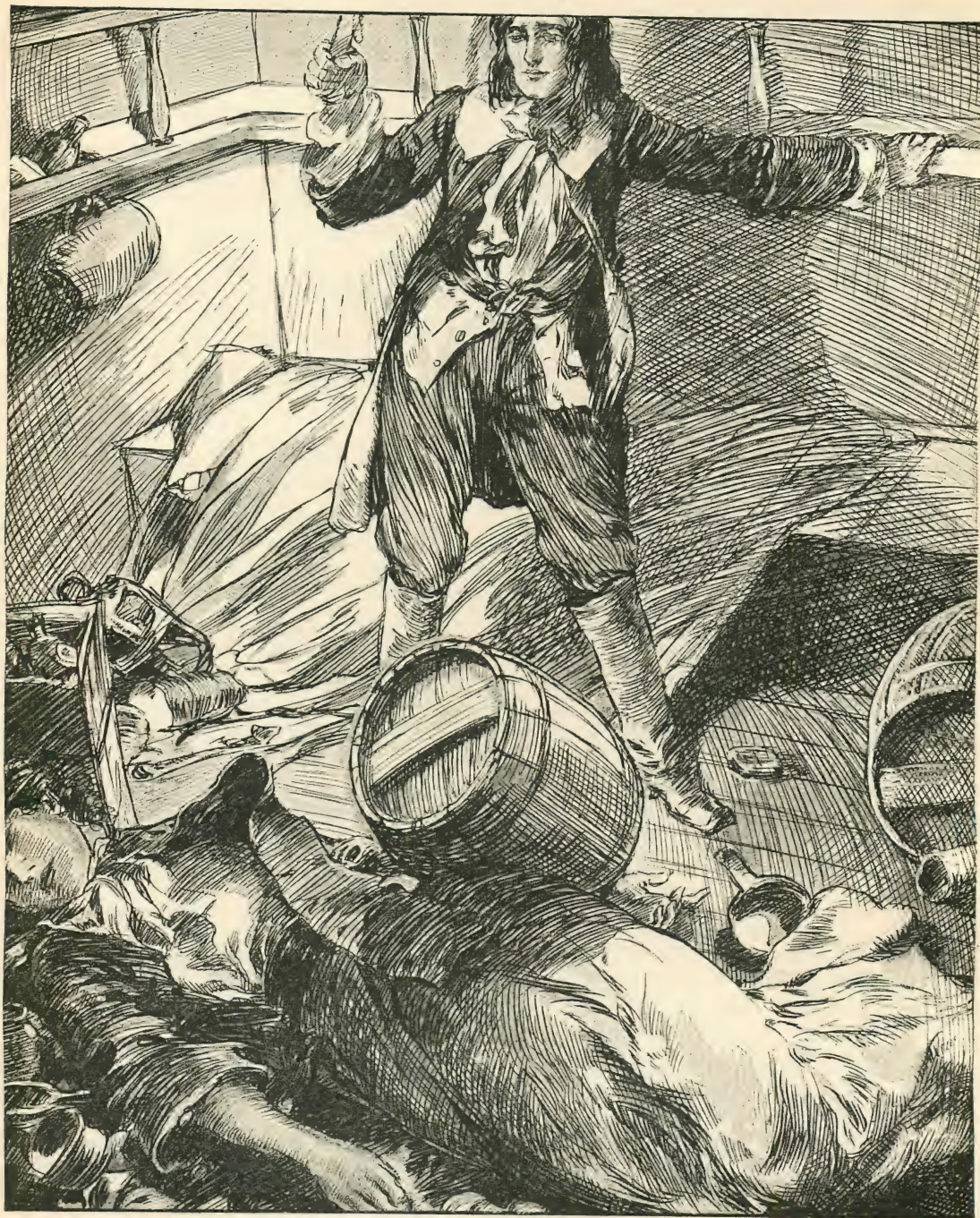
'In my chest; look in my chest-till,' he said. 'Now stand clear. I've trouble enough without ladies in the case. Are you all clear, you, aft there?'

'All gone here, sir,' the men shouted back. 'Shall we sling a bowline over the foot?'

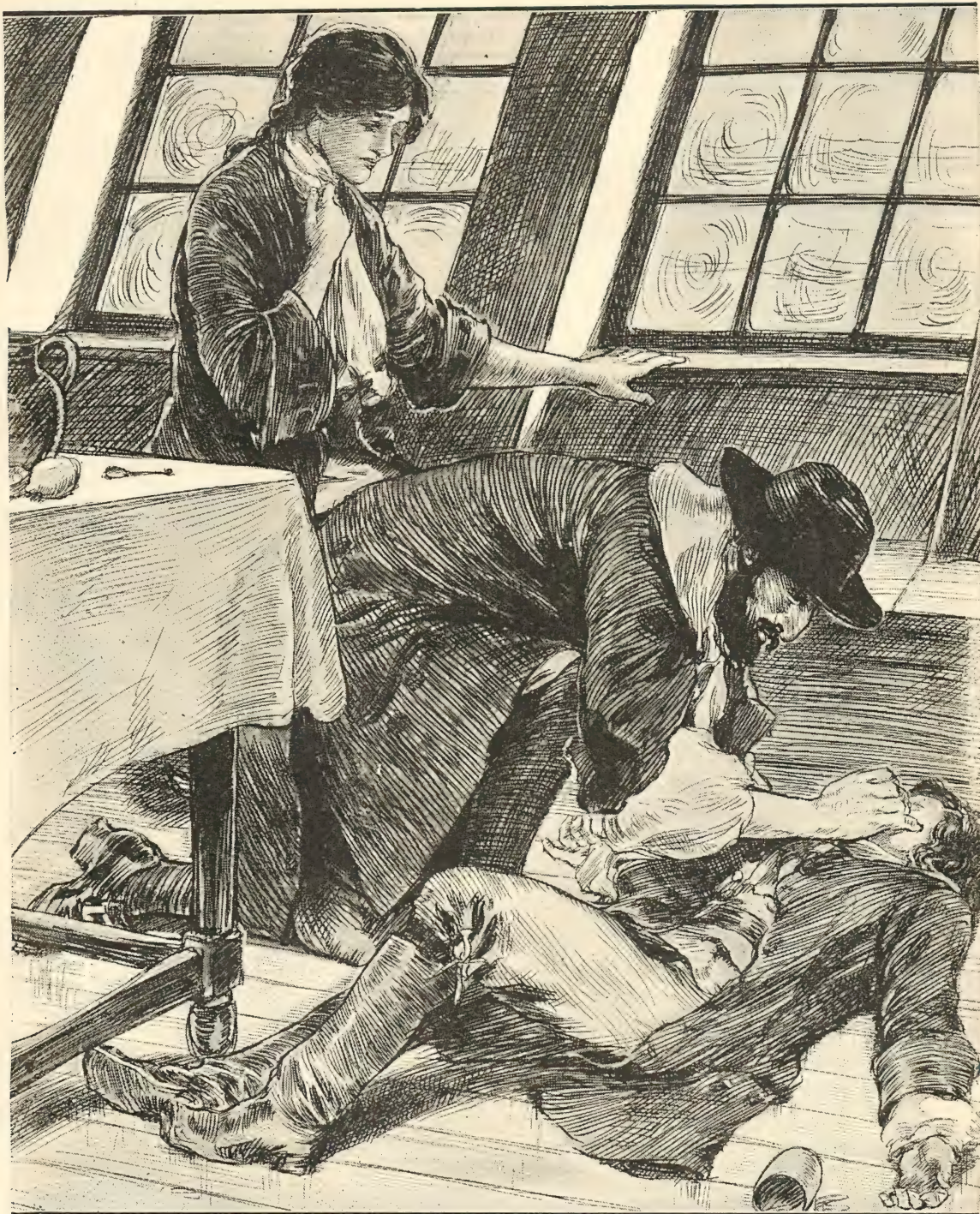
'No,' he shouted. 'Look out; she's going.'

For just a second I saw the mass of spar, all tangled up with sail, rise up on a wave as it drifted past. I found myself wondering why we had all been in the shadow of death only a couple of minutes before. There was no thought of danger now. I ran below for the balsam, which I found without difficulty.

(Continued on page 242.)



"I saw the Lady Aurelia lying among the smashed-up gear."



"The captain's hand was lifting my eyelid."

MARTIN HYDE.

(Continued from page 239.)

I TOOK what handkerchiefs I could find into the pantry with me. 'There's no danger,' I said. 'The ship's all right. How are you now? Let me give you some more water.' I gave her a little more water; then I helped her on to the top of the locker. Pouring out some water into the basin, I bathed the cut on her head. It was a clean, long cut, which would probably have gone through the bone had not her hair been so thick. I dressed it as well as I could with balsam, then bound it tightly up with a white handkerchief. The hand was a good deal more difficult to manage; it was nastily crushed, though no bones were broken. The wrist was so much swollen that I had to cut open the sleeve of her man's riding jacket. Then I bathed the hand with cold water mixed with vinegar (which I had heard was cooling) till I felt that the time had come to bandage it, so that the patient might lie down to rest. She had been much shaken by her fall. I don't think it ever once occurred to me to think of her as my enemy. I felt too much pity for her, being hurt like that.

'Look here,' I said. 'You'll have to wear that arm in a sling. I'll bandage it up for you nicely.'

She bore my surgery like the hero she was: it didn't look very wonderful when it was done; but she said that the pain was a good deal soothed.

That was not the end, though. I had to change cabins with her, since I could not let a hurt woman sleep in that bunk in the pantry: she might so easily be flung from it a second time. So I shifted her things into my cabin, where I made all tidy for her. As for the precious slush-can, I stowed that carefully away at the back of some lumber in one of the pantry lockers, where it would not be found. Altogether it took me about twenty minutes to make everything ready, by which time the little accident on deck had been forgotten, except by those who had to do the work of sending up a new topmast—a job which kept all hands busy all night. The ship was making a steady three knots under her reduced sail, when I helped Aurelia across to her new room. There was no more thought of danger.

As I paused at the cabin door, to ask if there was anything more which I could do for her, the lady turned to me. 'What is your name?' she asked.

I am ashamed to say that I hesitated, being half inclined to give her a false name; for my time of secret service had given me a thorough distrust of pretty nearly everybody.

She noticed my hesitation. 'As a friend to another friend,' she added. 'Life isn't all the King's service.'

'My name is Martin Hyde,' I said.

'Mine is Aurelia,' she replied, 'Aurelia Carey. Will you remember that?'

I told her that I should certainly remember that.

'We seem to have met before,' she said, 'more than once.'

'Yes,' I answered, smiling.

She, too, smiled, but she quickly became grave again.

'Mr. Martin Hyde,' she said, with a little catch in her voice, 'we two are in opposite camps. But I don't know. After this, it's difficult. I warn you.' Here she stopped, quite unable to go on. 'I can't,' she continued, more to herself than to me; 'I can't. They oughtn't to have put this on me. They oughtn't. They oughtn't.' She laid her unhurt hand on my shoulder for a moment. 'Let me warn you,' she said, earnestly, 'that you're in danger.'

'In danger from you?' I asked.

'Don't ask me more,' she said; 'I hate myself for telling you even that. Oh! it's terrible to have to do it. Go now; don't ask me more. But I had to warn you. But I can't do it myself.'

I did not know what to make of this; but I gathered that her task (whatever it was) from which she had shrunk so bitterly in the Dutch town only the night before, was now to be deputed to another, probably to the captain; perhaps to the Dartmouth justices. I did not like the thought; but I thanked her for warning me; it was generous of her.

I took out the dagger with which she had once tried to stab me. 'You said we were in opposite camps, Miss Carey,' I said; 'but I wouldn't like to keep this. I mean I wouldn't like to think that we were enemies, really.' I dare say I said other foolish things as well, at the same time.

'Yes, keep it,' she said; 'I couldn't bear to have it again. But be warned. Don't trust me. While we're in opposite camps, you be warned; for I'm your enemy when you least expect it.'

Nothing much happened the next day until the evening, by which time we were off the Isle of Wight. With the aid of the mate I doctored Aurelia's hand again; that was the only memorable event of the day. In the evening, the captain (who had been moody since the night before) asked me to sing to him in the great cabin. I was surprised at the request; but I knew a few ballads, so I sang them to him. While I was singing, Aurelia entered the cabin; she sat down on one of the lockers below the great window. She looked very white in the gloom there. She did not speak to me; but sat there restlessly, coughing in a dry, hacking way, as though one of her ribs had been broken in the fall. I lowered my voice when I noticed this, as I was afraid that my singing might annoy her: I thought she was suffering from her wound. The captain told me to pipe up, as he couldn't hear what my words were. I asked Aurelia if my singing worried her; but instead of answering she left the cabin for a few minutes. When she came back, she sat with her face in her hand, seemingly in great pain.

I sang all the ballads known to me. When I had finished, the captain grunted a note of approval. 'Well,' he said, 'so those are your ballads. That's your treat. Now you shall have mine.'

A little gong hung in the cabin. He banged upon it to summon his boy, who came in trembling, as he always did, expecting to be beaten before he went out. 'Bring in a jug of cool water,' he said. 'Then fetch the limes I bought.'

As the boy went out, the captain turned to me with a grin. 'Did you ever drink Turk's sherbet?' he said.

'No,' I answered; 'I've never even heard of it. What is it?'

'Why,' he said, 'it's a drink the Turks make out of citrons. A powder which fizzes. I got some of it last autumn when I made a voyage to Scanderoon. It's been too cold ever since to want to drink any, as it's a summer drink mostly. Now you shall have some.' He took down some tumblers from the rack in which they stood. 'Here's glasses,' he said. 'Now the sherbet is in this bottle here.' He produced a pint glass-bottle from one of the lockers. It was stopped with a wooden plug, carved in the likeness of a Turk's head. It was about three parts full of a whitish powder. A label on the side of the bottle gave directions for its preparation.

When the boy returned with his tray, the captain squeezed the juice of half a lime into each of the three tumblers. 'That's the first thing,' he said. 'Lime juice. Now the water.' He poured water into each glass till they were nearly full. 'White of egg is said to make it better,' he said to me, 'but at sea I guess we must do without that. Now then. You're the singer, so you drink first. Be ready to drink it while it fizzes; for then it's at its best. Are you ready?'

I was quite ready, so the captain filled his spoon with the soft, white powder. Glancing round at Aurelia I saw that she had covered her eyes with her hand. 'Won't Miss Carey drink first?' I asked.

'I don't want any,' she said in a low voice.

Before I could speak another word the captain had poured his heaped spoonful of powder into my glass. 'Stir it up, boy,' he cried. 'Down with it while it fizzes.' Aurelia rose to her feet, catching her breath sharply.

I remember a pleasant taste, as though all of the fruits of the world had been crushed together into a syrup; then a mist surged all about me, the cabin became darker, the captain seemed to grow vast, till his body filled the room. My legs melted from me. I was one little wavering flame blowing about on great waves. Something was hard upon my head. The captain's hand (I could feel) was lifting my eyelid. I heard him say 'That's got him.' Instantly a choir of voices began to chant 'That's got him,' in roaring, tumultuous bursts of music. Then the music became, as it were, present, but inaudible; there were waves of sound all round me, but my ears were deafened to them. I had been put out of action by some very powerful drug. I remember no more of that evening's entertainment. I was utterly unconscious.

(Continued on page 250.)

THE SNOW.

SOME greet the April daisies
With a welcome of delight,
And call them pretty heralds
Of summer warm and bright.
Some say the budding crocus
Is the sweetest sight they know.
But I—I watch with pleasure
While the wintry tempests blow,
To spread o'er field and housetop
The first white fall of snow.

There's a path across the meadows
That we children often tread:
It winds among the buttercups
And clover white and red.
Some loved to pluck its blossoms
In the summer's golden glow,
While the tree-tops, far above them
Threw a gentle shade below;
But I—I love the meadow best
When wrapped in spotless snow.
There are mornings in the summer
That will call us out of bed,
To see the tourist swallow
As he twitters overhead,
And we open wide the window
Where the climbing roses grow,
And the airs of early morning
Are passing to and fro.
It is beautiful! All seasons
Some special beauty show,
And I—I love the garden
'Neath its cloak of shining snow
To look out through the window
While the frosty breezes blow,
And see the tree boughs laden
With a wealth of purest snow.

PICTURES AND THEIR PAINTERS.

From the South Kensington Museum, London.

IV.—PHILIP SIMPSON.

PHILIP SIMPSON, painter of the picture, 'I will fight,' seems to have been, as it were, born into his profession. As the sons of John Simpson, a well-known portrait-painter, he and his brother Charles took naturally to pencil and brush, and were expected to follow in their father's footsteps, though they never achieved the same success.

John Simpson was very popular in the first half of the nineteenth century, assisted Sir Thomas Lawrence, and had many a royal and noble sitter. He lived for some time in Lisbon, where the Queen of Portugal saw and admired his pictures and appointed him portrait-painter to the Court. King William IV. sat to him, and his portrait of the Duke of Brunswick hangs at Windsor Castle. His pictures were not very powerful, but they were the fashion, and he must have found his profession profitable enough to wish his two sons to follow it. Neither of the brothers took to portrait-painting: Charles's talent was for landscapes, Philip's for domestic scenes—boys and girls, often with pet animals.

His picture in the South Kensington collection, from which our illustration is taken, is interesting because it sets us guessing at the end. Will the young fighter free himself and get his doubled fists into his enemy's face? There will be a black eye for somebody if those hard knuckles get home. Or will the peaceful counsels prevail, and the friend with the smooth brow and the smiling eyes keep his hold of the wriggling, struggling young duellist until his passion dies out? We rather think he will, for he looks a quiet, steady fellow who knows his own mind, and, moreover, knows his fiery young brother, for the two are alike enough to be nearly

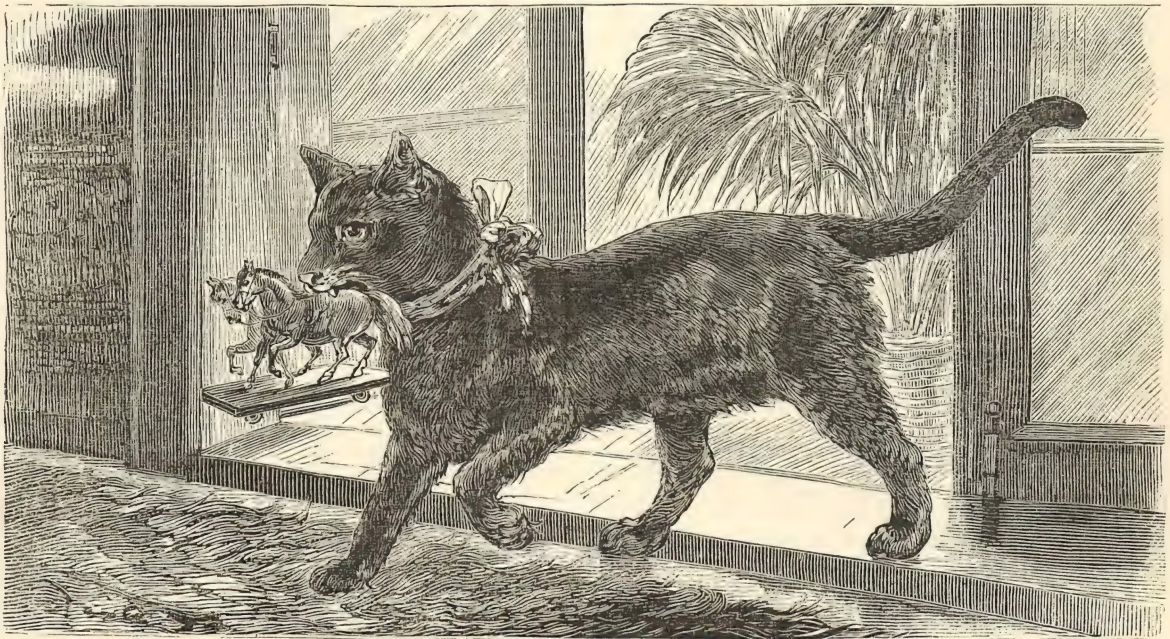
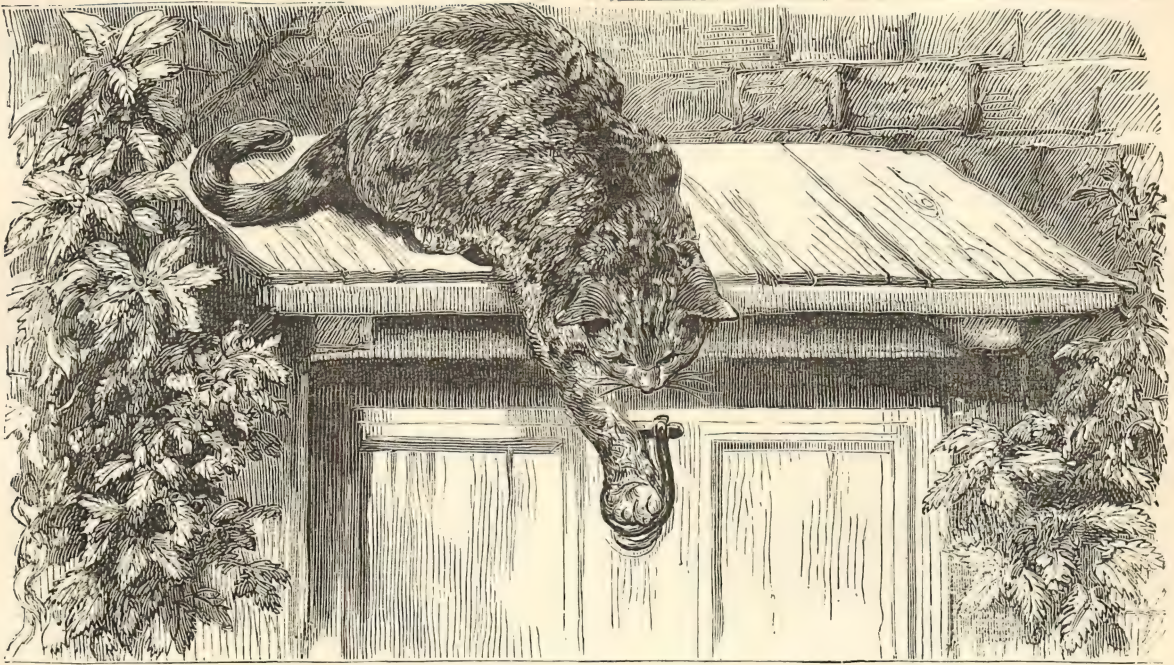


"I will fight!" By Philip Simpson.

related. And there is a twinkle in his eye and a smile widening his good-natured mouth, as if he saw the funny side of the terrible affront; and if he can get the other boy to see it too, if once those knitted brows relax and the pouting lips part in a

laugh, the quarrel may end without 'the last argument,' and the combatants may share apples and streaky bull's-eyes — for these are days before chocolates were cheap and common—in peace and friendship after all.

M. H. D.



“Leaning over the ledge with one paw on the knocker.”—“Carrying in his mouth two little horses.”

TWO CLEVER CATS.

WE hear a great deal about the cleverness of dogs, and dog stories are so common that we are sometimes tempted to wonder what clever things

there are left for dogs to do. Of cats there are fewer stories told, because the cat is a much more independent animal than the dog, and is less concerned to amuse or be companionable to his masters. Cats live their lives separately from ours, and do not ask

our company in their walks or games. But they are no less interesting animals for these characteristics; and the following true stories of two cats prove that they can be just as clever in their way as dogs.

Tootles was a kitten, who was encouraged to live in the stables, but who had a great fancy for the kitchen in her master's house, where a good fire and plenty of scraps suited her ideas of comfort better than straw for a bed and dinners that needed catching. She soon found that it was no use to go mewing to the door, as it only opened to bring a scolding servant, who chased her away. But she was not to be outwitted. Her favourite seat was on a broad ledge over the kitchen door, from which she would watch her opportunity to scramble down the creepers that grew on the house, and slip inside when the door was opened. From her perch she watched the tradesmen call for orders, and the servants' friends come to call, and she noticed that they always took hold of the hanging knocker, and rapped with it, when the door was promptly thrown open. Then Tootles would slip down, and follow the visitor in. One day the servants heard a loud rap, and, when the door was opened, found no one outside but Tootles, who trotted in to her place by the fire. This happened several times, and greatly puzzled them, until the cook one afternoon, when gathering parsley in the garden, heard several raps, and, hurrying to the house, was just in time to see Tootles leaning over the ledge with one paw on the knocker, which she was in the act of pulling out and letting go with a bang! Needless to say, her clever trick won for Tootles the right to leave the stables, and take her place by the kitchen fire.

James is a very ordinary-looking black cat such as you may see any day in large numbers, but that he is not 'ordinary' in his habits may be judged from the following account of one of these. He is the property of a hotel-keeper whose hotel stands in a long row of big houses, all with balconies on their first floors. In one of these balcony rooms of the hotel, an invalid lady has been staying for some time with her hospital nurse. James is a great pet of these ladies, and is generally to be found curled up at the foot of the patient's bed or sitting on the balcony, looking out. He goes and comes by way of the balcony, from which it is an easy jump, for an active puss, to the hall-door steps.

One morning, when the nurse was tidying her patient's room, she found on the floor a little toy horse which had certainly not been there the day before. Now, toy horses are not uncommon things, but the sudden appearance of one in a grown-up lady's bedroom, in a house where there are no children, is rather surprising, and both the ladies were very much puzzled. A few days later another toy appeared, and the mystery was still unsolved; but on a third occasion all was made clear, when James entered by the balcony carrying in his mouth two little horses, which he proceeded to lay upon the bed before his friend. Of course there was a nursery somewhere in the row of houses, and James in his wanderings had found it, and discovered a fascinating toy-cupboard, whence all the strange visitors had been brought to cheer the invalid who had been so kind to him.

E. L. D.

THE STANDARD-BEARER ON THE STEEPLE.

A True Story.

IN the autumn of the year 1658, after the coronation of the Emperor Leopold I. of Austria, which took place, according to custom, not in the capital, but at Olmütz, in Moravia, a thanksgiving service was held in Vienna.

The city was gaily decorated with flags, garlands, and triumphal arches, and many of its fountains poured forth wine instead of water in honour of the day. The route of the royal procession was thickly lined with spectators, but nowhere was there so dense a crowd as in the square surrounding St. Stephen's Cathedral, for on the appearance of the monarch, a huge imperial standard was to be floated from the top of the golden ball supporting the cross which crowns the lofty spire. This was a task which involved great danger, for it could only be accomplished by a person sufficiently cool-headed to climb up the outside of the ball; the winding staircase inside the spire stopped short some distance below, so that the daring climber must literally hang in the air four hundred and fifty feet above the ground before reaching his goal.

Tempted, perhaps, by the promised reward of twelve thalers, a young countryman named Gabriel Salzberger, who had lately come to the town, undertook to carry out the difficult and dangerous task. Full of life and vigour, he began his ascent early in the afternoon, and at last the strained and anxious eyes of the spectators were rewarded by the sight of Gabriel sitting astride the ball, waving his hand in triumph.

In the clear autumn light he gazed across the green fields and wooded hills, and even caught sight of the white crest of the distant 'Snow Mountains,' then, gazing down at the group of tiny dots representing the assembled multitude in the square, he anticipated the happy moment of the Emperor's approach.

Meanwhile, the glittering procession neared the cathedral, but moved so slowly that the last rays of the setting sun were lighting up the golden ball before the report of arms and the joyful shouts of the people betokened the Emperor's arrival. Gabriel hastily unfurled the flag, which waved proudly in the breeze and was rapturously greeted with cries of 'Hurrah! hurrah!' The procession entered the cathedral, and a joyful peal of bells rang out. At the conclusion of the service the Emperor and his suite were driven to the palace, and the crowd soon dispersed.

By this time darkness had fallen, stars twinkled in the frosty sky, lights shone from the windows, and sounds of mirth and revelry began to issue from every house and shop in the town. But, amid the general excitement, poor Gabriel, who should have been helped down, had been completely forgotten. With chattering teeth and closed eyes he still managed to keep his position, though every moment seemed an eternity; he dared not look down into the dark abyss below, and in an agony of fear and suffering the unhappy youth could only pray

that his strength might not desert him before help came.

Hour after hour passed away, and the night air became still keener and more frosty. At last, on the stroke of midnight, the conscience-stricken verger suddenly remembered that Gabriel had not been fetched down. Wildly calling for help, he hurried up the narrow staircase, followed by some active young men, with whose assistance he managed to release the half-frozen Gabriel and to bring him down to safety.

But the light of the lantern revealed to them the white hair and sunken features of an old man, instead of the ruddy cheeks and brown locks of the youth who had so gaily set out that afternoon: the agony he had endured had whitened Gabriel's hair and left its indelible mark upon his countenance.

For many weeks he hovered between life and death, but though he slowly recovered a certain degree of health and strength, and even lived on for many years, his mind never rallied from the shock it had sustained on that fearful night. C. M.

A PACKET OF SANDWICHES.

THE children were going down to the sea-side for their summer holiday, and they were so excited that it felt too good to be true till they were really in the train. But when the great engine began to move, and the crowded platform, with its piles of luggage, slipped away behind them, Greta sank back in the corner with a sigh of relief. And Mother, in her corner, did the same, glad that their boxes were all safely in and none of her very restless family left behind.

The speed of the train grew faster and faster, and soon they were flying. 'Just as if Mr. Puff-puff wanted to get there as much as we do,' explained Mabel, hugging, not a spade and bucket, like her sisters, but a pair of new white sand-shoes which she had discovered when it was too late to pack them. It was all Mother could do to keep her from taking off her smart tan stockings, and putting the shoes on, sea-side fashion, there and then.

'I'm going to bathe the very first thing to-morrow morning,' said Greta.

'Not to-morrow, dear,' said Mother. 'You must wait a day or two. Hazell, what are you doing?'

Hazell returned from an expedition into the corridor of the train. 'It's a dog, Mother,' he answered. 'Just in the next carriage. May we go and ask the little girl if we can have him in here?'

'No,' replied Mother. 'The people might not like it.'

Really there was such a continual fire of questions that it seemed most likely that poor Mother's head would be tired before she reached her journey's end. She was glad when little Mabel fell asleep against her shoulder, and Greta and Hazell began to describe to Kathleen the joys of fishing. When Mabel awoke it was time for lunch. They all helped to get it, and they had just put out a packet of sandwiches, with a napkin for tablecloth over the seat, when a shriek of 'The sea!' from Hazell made them all fly into the corridor. It was the sea, all

blue and smooth and shining in the beautiful summer sun. One appreciates the first peep of the sea if it is a whole year since one has seen it. All the family, Mother included, stood spell-bound, till the train took an inward curve, and the sea was lost again behind a great rolling down.

'It's gone,' said Mabel.

'Yes,' said Mother; 'but we shall see it again. Come and have lunch now.'

But something else was gone too! They all gasped, for save a few crumbs the napkin was empty. The sandwiches had completely disappeared!

'They must have slipped on to the floor,' said Mother. But a quick search under the seat soon convinced them that they were not there. They were all so dreadfully hungry! Mabel's eyes filled up with tears, Greta looked grave, and even Mother was hopelessly puzzled.

'It's a mystery where they can be,' she said, looking in vain into the empty luncheon basket. 'We weren't out of sight for long, and I can't understand it anyhow.'

'Some one must have stolen them,' said Hazell.

'We should have seen them pass us,' said Mother. 'Well, the only way will be, children, to buy some buns and fruit at the first place where we stop.'

They were trying to make up their minds to wait patiently, when a little girl appeared at the door of the carriage. She was very pink, and looked distressed and ashamed.

'Oh, please,' she said, 'I'm so sorry, but I believe Cadger has stolen something of yours. I am afraid he was eating a sandwich just now. He is a terribly naughty dog.'

As she spoke, a soft head pushed past her dress into the carriage. The velvet ears were so intelligent, the brown eyes so pleading, that the children with one voice cried, 'Oh, you dear old doggie.'

Mother's eyes began to twinkle, and instead of saying something about dogs being kept in proper control, as perhaps she intended, she laughed. 'The culprit has come to plead for himself,' she said.

'I'm dreadfully sorry,' said the little girl, and she still looked very distressed.

'It wasn't your fault,' said Hazell.

'It's very nice of you to say so,' she said, shaking her head. 'Thank you for being so good about it.'

She disappeared, calling Cadger after her, but in a moment she was back again.

'Please, I ought to have said,' she began eagerly, 'won't you come and have lunch with us? We have lots of fruit and cake, and Father would be so pleased, if it would make up for Cadger's bad manners.'

Very soon the merriest party imaginable were enjoying a delightful luncheon in the 'next-door' carriage.

'It's Cadger's birthday,' explained his little mistress, 'and he always has a party at home, but he does not deserve such a nice one as this.'

And the four other children agreed among themselves that it was quite worth the loss of a packet of sandwiches to have found such a charming travelling companion.



"All the family stood spell-bound."



“‘A young lady waving to you,’ he said.”

MARTIN HYDE.

(Continued from page 243.)

I CAME to, very ill, some time in the night. I was in the bunk in the pantry, but far too helpless in my misery to rise, or to take an account of time. I lay half-conscious till the morning, when I fell into a deep sleep, which lasted, I may say, till the evening; for I did not feel sufficiently awake to get up until about half-past five. When I did get up I felt so tottery that I could hardly keep my feet. Some one, I supposed that it was Aurelia, had placed a bottle of water, with a paper roll containing hard-boiled eggs, on my wash-hand-stand. I took a gulp of the water. In the midst of my sickness I remember the shame of it: the shame of being drugged by the captain (for I knew that I had been drugged); the shame of having given up like that, at the moment when I had the cards in my hand; all the cards. I was locked into my cabin; all my clothes were gone. I found myself dressed in a sailor's serge shirt. All my other property had vanished. I remember crying as I shook at the door to open it; it was too strong for me in my weak state. As I wrestled with the door I heard the dry rattling out of the cable. We had come to anchor; we were in Dartmouth; perhaps in a few minutes I should be going ashore. Looking through the port-hole, I saw a great, steep hill rising up from the water, with houses clinging to its side, like barnacles on the side of a rock. I could see people walking on the wharf. I could see a banner blowing out from a flagstaff.

A few more gulps of water brought me to myself again. I remembered to look for the slush-can. That was safe anyhow; my cartridges had not been found. I dropped them one by one into a metal flask which lay on the wash-stand. Whatever happened, no one would look for them there. Then I banged at the door again, trying to make people hear. Nobody paid any attention to me; I might have spared myself the trouble. Long afterwards, I learned that I was detained while Captain Barlow spoke to a magistrate about me, asking if I might be 'questioned,' that is, put to the thumbscrews, till it could be learned whether I carried a verbal message to my uncle, Mr. Blick. The magistrate, to whom he first applied, was one of the Monmouth faction, as it happened, so my thumbs escaped; but I had a narrow escape later, as you shall hear.

About an hour after the ship came to anchor, the cabin door was opened by a sailor, who flung in an armful of clothes to me, without speaking a word. They were mostly not my own clothes; the boots were not mine; my own boots, I guessed, had been cut to pieces in the letter hunt. All the clothes which were mine had had the seams ripped up. All my cartridges had been taken. About half of my money was gone. The only things untouched were the weapons in the belt. I laughed to myself to think how little reward they had had for all their baseness. They had stooped to the methods of the lowest kind of thieves, yet they had failed. They had not found my letters. My joy was not very real; I was too wretched for that. Looking back at

it all long after, I think that the hardest thing to bear was Aurelia's share in the work. I had not thought that Aurelia would join in tricking me in that way. But while I thought bitterly of her deceit, I thought of her tears on the balcony in the Dutch city. After all, she had been driven into it by that big bully of a man. I forgave her when I thought of him; he was the cause of it all. A brute he must have been to force her into such an action.

Presently the mate came down with orders to me to leave the ship at once. I asked him for my own clothes; but he told me sharply to be thankful for what I had, since I had done no work to earn them; by work he meant the brainless, manual work done by people like himself. So, going on deck, I called a boatman, who for two pence put me ashore on the Kingswear side of the river. He gave me full directions for finding Mr. Blick's house, telling me that in another five minutes I should come to it if I followed my nose. As I started from the landing-place I looked back at the barquentine, where I had had so many adventures. She was lying at anchor at a little distance from the Dartmouth landing-place, making a fair show, under her flag, in spite of her jury foretop-mast. As I looked the boatman jogged my elbow, pointing across the river to the strip of road which edges the stream. 'A young lady waving to you,' he said. Sure enough a lady was waving to me. I supposed that it was Aurelia, asking pardon, trying to show me that we parted friends. I would not move at first; I was surly; but after about a minute I waved my hat to her. Then I sat off up the road to Mr. Blick's. Ten minutes later I was in Mr. Blick's house, telling him all that I have now told you.

Mr. Blick kept me in his house for a day or two less than four weeks, when business took him to Exeter. I went with him. His purpose was to pass the word through the country that King Monmouth was coming. He was one of the few men in full knowledge of the Duke's plans; but as we went about from town to town, spreading the word among the faithful, I saw that the Duke was expected by vast numbers of the country folk.

Our clients were not much among the gentry; they hung by themselves, as, in this country, they always will, in times of popular stir. But among the poorer people, such as small farmers, or common labouring men, we were looked for almost as men sent from on high. At more than one little quiet village, when we went into the inn-parlour, we saw the men looking at us, half-frightened, half-expectant, as though we, being strangers, must needs have news of the King for whom they longed. Often some farmer or maltster would tell us that 'Gyle' (their name for the unfortunate Argyle, then a defeated man in Scotland, if not already put to death for his rebellion) was taken, looking at us carefully as he spoke, for fear lest we should be of the wrong side. Then, if we seemed sympathetic, he would tell us how perhaps another would have better luck elsewhere. After that, we would tell our news.

It was dangerous work, though, carrying that message across the country. In many of the towns we found Guards of the Devon red regiment of militia.

I am quite sure that if Mr. Blick had not had me by his side, as a sort of excuse for travelling to Exeter, he would have been lodged in gaol as a suspicious character. The soldiers had arrested many travellers already; the gaols were full. King James's great man in these parts, the Earl of Albemarle, knew very well that something was in the air; but as he was a great lord the hearts of the poor were hidden from him, he had no guess of what was planning. In a way, the Duke's affairs were very well planned. The eastern end of Devon, all Somerset, with the western end of Dorset, were ripe to rise, directly he appeared. They knew that he was coming; they were prepared to join him; they knew at about what time he would come, at about a fortnight from hay-harvest. Already, quite unknown to the authorities, we had men picked out to carry the news of the landing to different parts of the country.

So far, I think, the Duke's affairs were well planned. But though we had all this enthusiasm in three counties, besides promises of similar risings in London, we were in no real case to take the field. Our adherents, however numerous, however brave, were only a mob, when all is said; they were not an army. The Duke thought that the regular army, or at least some regiments of it, would desert to him, as happened some years later, when the great Prince William did what my master attempted. But my master forgot that he had neither the arms nor the officers to make his faction a likely body for regular troops to join.

(Continued on page 258.)

THE ALPHABET OF SUCCESS.

(From an old Almanac.)

Attend carefully to details.
Be prompt in all things.
Consider well, then decide positively.
Dare to do right, fear to do wrong.
Endure trials patiently.
Fight life's battles bravely.
Go not into the society of the vicious.
Hold integrity sacred.
Injure not another's reputation.
Join hands only with the virtuous.
Keep your mind free from evil thoughts.
Lie not for any consideration.
Make few special acquaintances.
Never try to appear what you are not.
Observe good manners.
Pay your debts promptly.
Question not the word of a friend.
Respect the counsel of your parents.
Sacrifice money rather than principle.
Touch not, taste not, handle not intoxicating drinks.
Use your leisure for improvement.
Venture not upon the threshold of wrong.
Watch carefully over your passions.
Extend to every one a kindly greeting.
Yield not to discouragement.
Zealously labour for the right, and success is certain.

E. DYKE.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

9.—CHARADE.

- (1) Hard and soft, and brown and white,
 All my best withheld from sight;
 Made of iron; cheap to buy;
 Got for nothing if you try:
 All my lovers think me sweet:
 Some have two and some four feet.
- (2) Think now of a gipsy maid,
 Telling fortunes in a glade;
 Think of ladies of old time,
 Ere they grew into their prime;
 While they frolicked full of glee,
 Some of them were named like me.
- (3—the whole). From a strange and mystic land,
 Where great ancient temples stand;
 From a dwelling where the sun
 Shines as though he'd ne'er have done;
 Into every English home,
 To do service, I am come.

C. J. B.

10.—CURTAILMENT.

I am a word of five letters, meaning produced.

Curtail me and I become a Hindu land measure.

Cut off my tail again, and I am now the lord of a district in Turkey. Again curtail me, and I exist. Once more cut off my tail, and I am a consonant. What am I?

[Answers on page 286.]

R. M. B.

ANSWER TO PUZZLE ON PAGE 211.

8.—Brightly coloured flowers in *pots* grow round the *post* that *tops* the mound, and cause many a passer-by to *stop* at the *spot* to admire their luxuriant beauty.

STOPPING THE TRAIN.

NOT many months ago a big circus elephant held up a train in the United States. When the train stopped at a station, the elephant, who was in a truck adjoining the engine, filled his trunk with water from the engine-tank, and deluged the driver and stoker, driving them from the engine-cab; and when they tried to return he repeated his tactics. A man on the platform was enjoying the joke until the animal turned his attention to him, and gave him a trunkful, knocking him off the platform, whence he rolled down the embankment. The elephant remained the master of the situation until he had drained the tank.

Another instance of a train being held up under strange circumstances comes from Australia. A grasshopper plague, which had disorganized the railway traffic in a part of New South Wales, visited Victoria. An afternoon train from Bendigo was 'stuck up' by those insects. The grasshoppers swarmed up on the rails in countless thousands, and were crawling six inches deep on the tract. The wheels of the engine made a 'mush' of them, and the rails became so slippery that the wheels would not grip, and the train came to a halt at the foot of an incline. The driver tried many times to set the train in motion again, but without success. Eventually he divided it, and the engine started away with the first half, which consisted of trucks of sheep, leaving the guard's van and the passenger carriages behind.

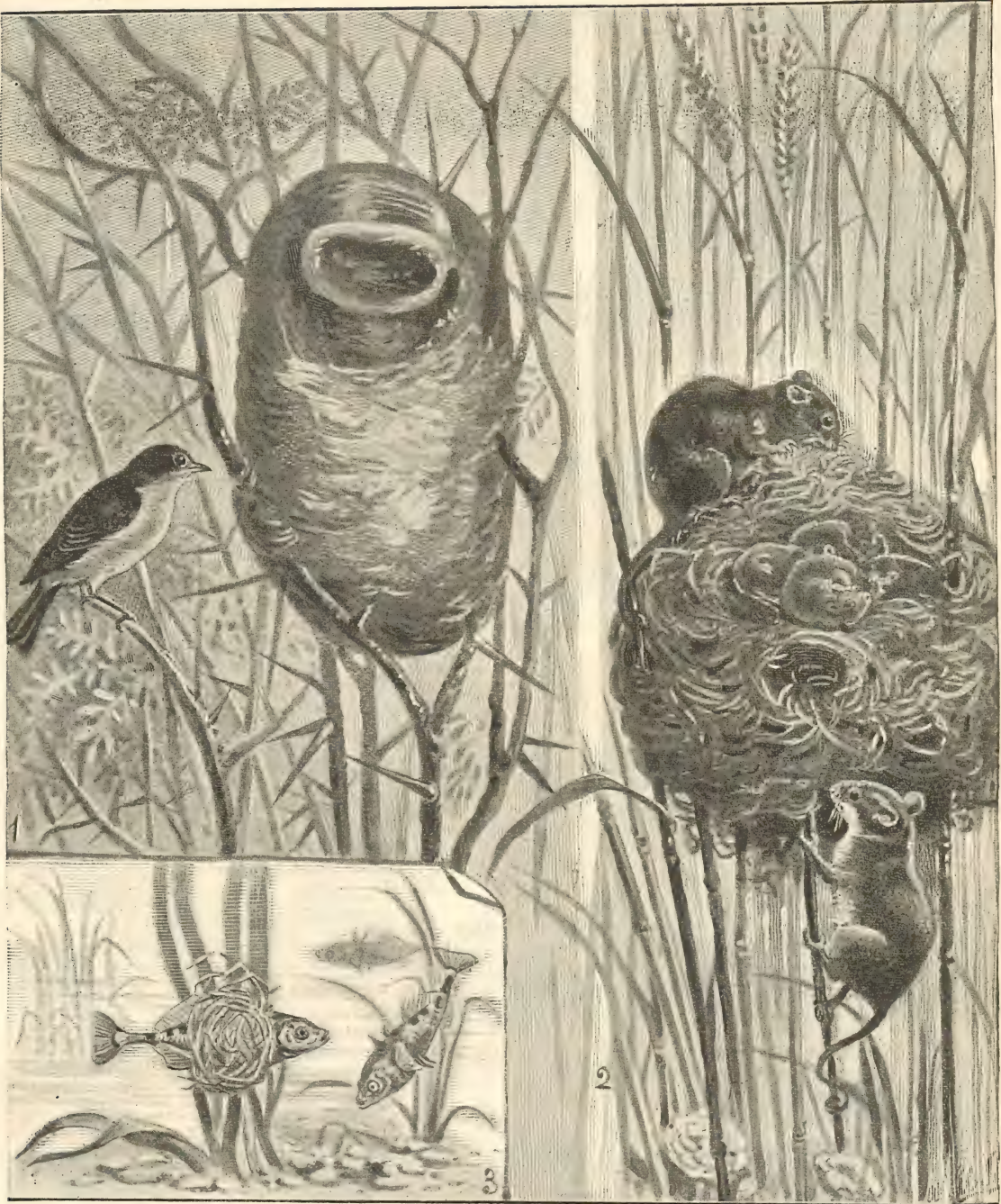
It is not very often that one hears of a spider



“The elephant deluged the driver.”

holding up a train, but a train in Ireland was detained for over an hour through this singular cause some time ago. A train came to a standstill owing to failure of an electric instrument. On investiga-

tion it was found that the failure was caused by a spider getting between the contact points and the key lever in the instrument at a town a few miles distant, and so causing a disconnection.



1. Cotton-bird and Nest.

2. Harvest-mouse and Nest.

3. Stickleback and Nest.

ANIMAL INSTINCT AND INTELLIGENCE.

II.—PARENTAL INSTINCT.

IN the first chapter of this series a number of instances were given of creatures which per-

formed very complex actions only once in their lives, under conditions which made it impossible that these actions could have been the result of practice, or of instruction, or of imitation. Nor could these actions be the outcome of reasoning, or intelligence. We cannot, for instance, imagine a caterpillar saying

to itself, 'I feel that I have now reached the limit of my growth as a caterpillar, and shall soon become a butterfly. But before this can take place I shall fall into a state of utter stupor and helplessness, and must therefore take precautions that during this state my body shall be well protected.' No; the caterpillar, at the right time, sets to work to form what is often a most wonderfully beautiful shroud; and this without any pattern to work by, or any chance of seeing the finished product of his labours. We may attribute all this to 'instinct,' or to some divinely implanted impulse, but it is not 'intelligence.'

Let us now take a few other cases, this time selected from creatures much higher in the scale of life, and in relation to another phase of life.

No better illustrations of this could be found than in the tender care which birds display in the interests of their young. And here we meet with the earliest traces of intelligence. The earliest signs of this care are to be found in the preparation of the nursery—or, as we say, in nest-building. There are some who contend that birds build their nests by imitation: by copying those of their own kind. That is to say, when a bird builds her first nest she does so only after a careful study. It has even been suggested that the lesson of nest-building is learned by the callow young, who carefully note the construction of their cradle! This seems almost like a joke, but it was, nevertheless, seriously suggested by a naturalist of great eminence, which shows that even the wisest of us are not always wise.

That birds build their nests 'instinctively' is shown by the fact that birds reared in captivity, which have never even seen another of their own kind in a wild state, will build the nest peculiar to their species, if only the proper materials are supplied. Many of these nests are marvellously beautiful, and many display a wonderful skill in architecture.

We might easily furnish a hundred illustrations in proof of this. But space forbids more than a single example. We have selected, therefore, that of the 'Cape tit-mouse,' or 'cotton-bird' (No. 1 in the illustration on page 253). This nest, as Dr. Sharpe, of the British Museum, remarks, is so extraordinary that one can hardly believe it to be the work of a bird at all! If one of these nests is handled, it feels as if it was made of the finest felt carpet, and how the birds contrive to weave it out of cotton and seed-down is a mystery. One of its strangest features is the fact that towards the upper end of this nursery is a funnel-shaped opening, and below this is a distinct little pocket, the use of which is not clearly understood; but it is supposed to be the bedroom of the father of the family, for whom, as the nestlings grow older, there is no room in the nest itself! But the end of this strange story is stranger still, for the cautious little birds are said to draw in the tubular entrance to the nest before finally going to sleep, and they fasten it up tightly, so that any enemy, such as a snake, for instance, on attempting to break in, will fumble about at the pocket, or false entrance, while the brave little parents pick a hole in the back and escape!

There is only one species of parrot in the world

which builds a nest, and that is the little South American Quaker parrot. I have one of these, and a most affectionate, though wilful and dominating, little bird she is. She was taken from the nest when quite a baby, covered with down, and brought to England, living for much of the time during the journey across the sea in the pocket of her captor! She cannot, therefore, have had any lessons in nest-building; yet, when fine twigs and pieces of string are given her to play with, she at once proceeds to weave them between the bars of her cage. Doubtless, if she had twigs enough, and space enough, she would build a nest indistinguishable from that of a wild bird. Some day I hope to be able to put this fully to the test.

In the matter of feeding the callow young, instinct rather than reason seems to prevail. A good illustration of this was given me some time ago by a friend of mine, who had a pair of jays. In course of time these laid eggs, but failed to hatch them. So three young jays were one day substituted for the eggs, on which the mother bird had sat so persistently that it was felt her attention deserved to be distracted by the cares of a hungry family! Well, the jays were procured, and placed in the nest, and the proud mother, fondly imagining they were her own, began to feed them. But they were already many days old; and she brought them tiny morsels sufficient for newly-hatched young, but by no means adequate for those placed in the nest! So my friend had quietly to assist in the work of feeding, till the amount brought by the foster-mother grew larger. Had she been capable of reasoning in the matter she would have brought suitable quantities of food from the very first.

From bird to beast is not a very far cry. We may, therefore, say a word about nest-building among the mammalia, choosing the little harvest-mouse as our example (No. 2). The nest of this creature is formed with rare skill, being woven round the stems of three or four corn-stalks, after the fashion of a reed-warbler. Now, if all mammals built nests of some sort, and all birds, like plovers and nightjars, for example, laid their eggs on the bare ground, we should point to the nests built by mammals as instances of a higher intelligence; though this argument might, indeed, be spoiled by the marvellous beauty of the nests made by many insects, which are not generally supposed to possess intelligence.

Fishes have not achieved any great fame in the art of nest-building, but there are some species in which this instinct is really well developed; and of these our common stickleback affords a good example (No. 3). The nest is built entirely by the male, and the care of the young also entirely devolves upon him. Although many observers have watched the building of the stickleback's nursery, and the admirable way in which he fulfils the duties of nurse, no one has studied these habits from the point of view of instinct as against intelligence. But many of the actions displayed by the very excitable male at this time seem to indicate at least a glimmering of intelligence. This point, however, we shall return to later.

W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., A.L.S., &c.

NEW LIFE.

I LOOKED upon the land in spring,
And in my garden-bed
I saw full many a buried thing
Uplift once more its head.

Flowers that had long been dead and sere,
Green shoots put forth, and blade;
And blossoms came their heads to rear,
Though long time seeming dead.

So, when my youth has taken wings—
For childhood's days fly fast—
May old, forgotten, buried things
Rise lovely from the past.

THE FEAR OF THE SEA.

THE stormy afternoon was rapidly giving place to a still stormier night, as the hot wind swept across the West Indian sea. High up above the waters, out of sight and invisible from beneath, a pigeon was struggling along bravely against the storm. He was a strong, hardy bird, and he had crossed the sea many times before, but he had never yet faced so fearful a storm.

The wind whistled by him as if the air were alive with shrieking furies; it ruffled his feathers, it almost prevented the beating of his wings. Once or twice, when some strong blast caught him, he was flung back bodily for a space, and hung fluttering in mid-air till he recovered himself, or till the blast had swept by. He usually knew the way, even at night-time, for it was never really dark enough to hide the twinkling lights of the islands beneath; but that night dark clouds and mist had blotted out the lights, and he began to fear he was wandering from the track.

He was a carrier pigeon, bearing messages from one island to another, and perhaps he realised that his master would not have sent him abroad, on such a night, unless the message he carried had been urgent.* This thought, maybe, gave him courage, and he flew on in the teeth of the wind for a time; presently, however, he grew conscious that he was dropping, dropping towards the sea.

The fear of the sea had seized him, and he went down, down. On calm, sunny days the sea had no terrors for him; it was then a long expanse of silver water, glittering in the sun and dotted here and there with fishing-boats—he was wont to rest for a minute on their sails and spars. But now the sea was simply a great voice, roaring up towards him out of the darkness beneath with a sound that vied with the howling of the wind in volume. Its roar grew louder as he dipped down. The suddenness with which his fright had come over him seemed to rob him of any power to resist it; every landmark was hidden, and he was at the mercy of the furious wind, blinded by the darkness and frightened at the booming of the sea. So he dropped down helplessly.

Still, he kept his eyes open, and at the moment of

* American steamers ply from island to island in the West Indian group, collecting fruit for the markets in the large American cities, and pigeons are employed to carry information as to the movements of these vessels.

his fall he saw, several hundred feet below him, a tiny light that twinkled on the sea. A fishing-boat, surely, for he knew the way the boat tossed the fisherman's lantern up and down and to and fro. At the welcome sight he gave a cry of relief, he opened his wings and found them steadier. Flying head downward he made out the dark outline of the boat, and presently he alighted on its deck.

It was a large fishing-smack, and one of the hands saw him and called out, 'Hi, here's a pigeon! Poor thing, it's got lost in the storm, I fancy.'

'Better secure the bird,' another voice advised, whereupon the fisherman crawled over the deck and seized the pigeon. The bird fluttered in his grip for a moment, then seemed to seek shelter in the bosom of the man's coat. In the cabin below the men placed their captive on a table, and laughed as they watched him hopping about and preening his wings.

'He's carrying a message,' said one, as he spied a scroll of paper affixed beneath the bird's wing. Taking it off he added, 'And it's important, too. The fruit steamer is due at the island at nine in the morning. This bird carries a message to the planter, to tell him to have his cargo of fruit ready.'

'Shall we toss the bird back into the storm?' asked the first speaker.

'Better not, I think,' his comrade answered. 'The poor thing seems to me to be suffering from sea-fright, and might possibly drown. We shall be in the harbour ourselves in an hour, and can then deliver the message.'

So the pigeon was fondled, and fed with pellets of fish, until he felt quite at home in the care of his human companions. When the boat reached the harbour one of the men leapt ashore, ran quickly into the settlement, and delivered up the bird. The same hour the planter sallied out to give instructions to his workers: they were to be in the plantations at five the following morning, for he was expected to have a cargo of limes and bananas ready by nine.

The next morning saw a hundred great boxes of fruit all packed in readiness on the pier for the arrival of the steamer. The storm had ceased, and the day was bright and sunny.

'Thanks to the pigeon,' said the planter, 'and thanks to our friends the fishermen, we have managed to get it all ready in time. Now I must go home and give the bird a good meal before I send him back again.'

J. W. H. H.

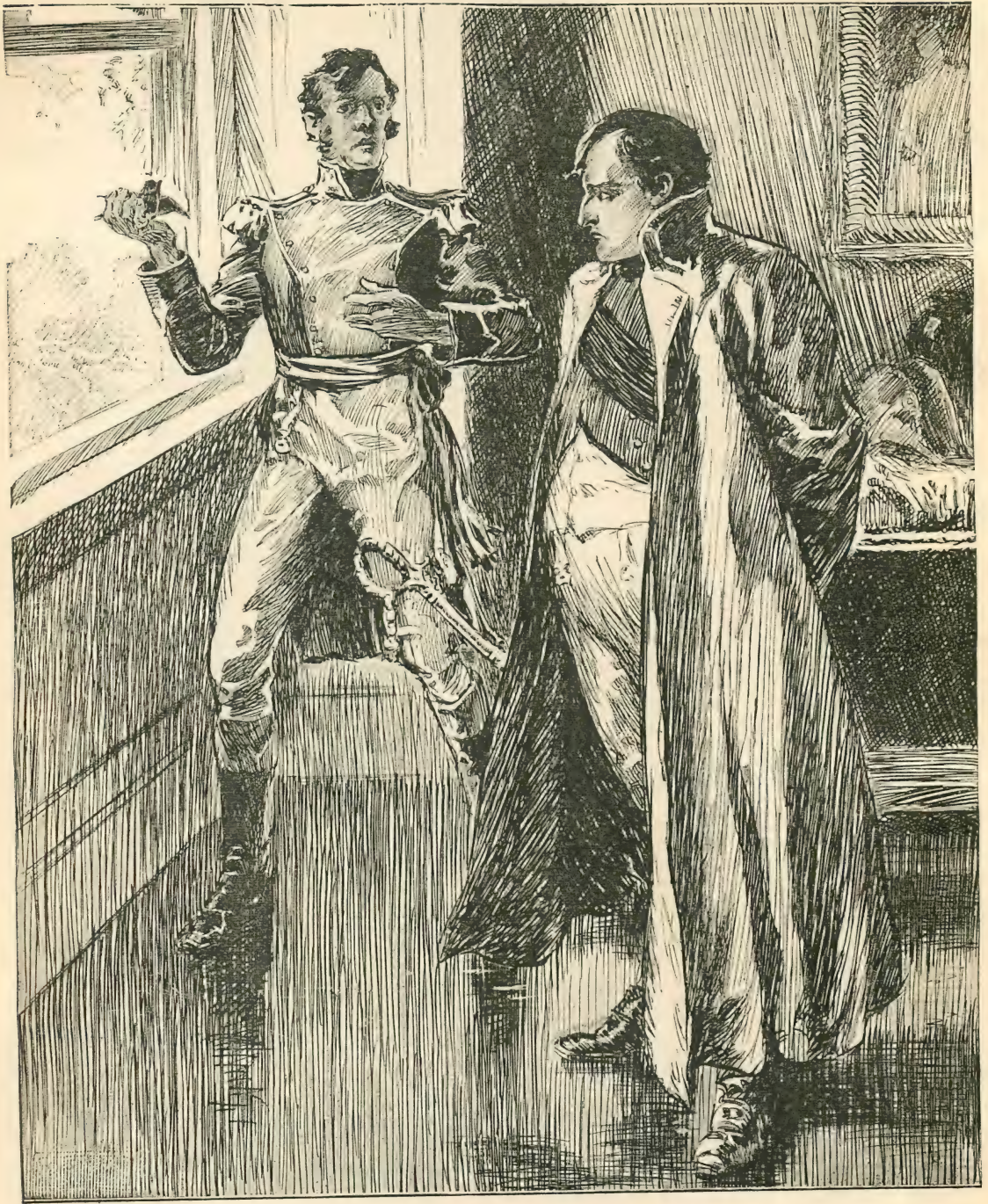
THE FALLEN EMPEROR.

A PRETTY and touching story is told of Napoleon after his final defeat at Waterloo. He was at Paris, discussing with one of his generals whether to try to escape or to surrender to the victorious English, when a little bird flew in at the open window of the room where they were. The general caught it in his hand.

'It is a sign of happier times for us,' said he, wishing to cheer the Emperor.

Napoleon looked at the little bird struggling to be free, and his heart was filled with a gentleness not common to it.

'Let it go,' he said. 'There are enough unhappy beings in the world without adding to them.'



"The General caught the bird in his hand."



A QUEER DUET



"We were scared to see the captain."

MARTIN HYDE.

(Continued from page 251.)

WE spread the tidings as far as Exeter, where Mr. Blick made some pretence of handing me over to a schoolmaster, one Hubble, one of the most ardent rebels on our side. Mr. Hubble made some excuse for not taking me in at the instant, but gave us letters of introduction to people in towns further on, so that we could pass the militia without difficulty, to give the news in western Dorset. So after waiting for a little while in Exeter, gathering all the news we could of the whereabouts of the troops of militia, we pushed on eastward, by way of Sidmouth, to the big town of Dorchester. As we came east, we found the militia very much more suspicious than they had been on the western side of Exeter. At every little town we found a strong guard so placed that no one could enter without passing under the captain's eye. We were brought before militia captains some twice or three times a day. Sometimes we were searched; sometimes we were bullied with threats of the gaol. Mr. Blick, in these cases, always insisted on being brought before the magistrates, to whom he would tell a fine, indignant tale, saying what a shame it was that he could not take his orphan nephew peaceably to school without being suspected of complicity in a rebellion. He would then show Mr. Hubble's letters, or some other papers signed by the Dartmouth magistrates. These always cleared our characters, so that we were allowed to proceed; but I did not like the way in which our descriptions were taken.

Once on our journey, shortly after we had left Sidmouth, where the soldiers had been very suspicious, we turned out of the highway to leave word at a town called Seaton. We spread the watchword at several villages near the sea, before we came to Seaton, so that we were rather late in arriving. Thinking no wrong, we put up at one of the inns in Seaton, intending to pass the night there. We were at supper in our inn, when some yeomanry rode up to the door, to ask the landlord if an elderly man had passed that way with a boy. The landlord, who was a good deal scared by the soldiers, showed the captain in to us at once. We were quite as much scared to see him as the landlord had been. The captain of the soldiers was the very man who had given us a searching examination in Sidmouth that morning.

'Well,' he said to Mr. Blick, 'I thought you were going to Dorchester. What brings you here?'

'Sir,' said Mr. Blick, 'we have been so much interrupted by soldiers that we hoped to travel away from the main roads.'

'Well, sir,' said the captain, 'I have had you watched. Since you left Sidmouth you've been into every inn along the road, listening to a lot of seditious talk about Argyle. That's not my point, though. You gave out to me that you were going to Dorchester. Instead of that you slink off the Dorchester road at the first opportunity. You will have to explain yourself to my superiors. You're under arrest.'

'Sir,' said Mr. Blick, 'I am sorry that you should think ill of me. We will gladly come with you to answer for our conduct to the authorities. But

while the horses are being saddled, perhaps you will join us at supper. Landlord, the captain sups with us.'

But though the captain supped with us, he did not become any gentler with us. As soon as supper was over we had to ride on again, with the troopers all round us.

'Sir,' said Mr. Blick, 'may I ask you where we are going with you?'

'Axminster,' said the captain.

'Well. That's on my way,' said Mr. Blick.

'It will probably end your way for some time,' said the captain.

'I'm perfectly willing to abide by the decision of the authorities,' Mr. Blick answered calmly. 'But what is the meaning of all these soldiers everywhere? I've asked people; but nobody seems able to give a straight answer.'

'I think you know what the soldiers mean well enough,' answered the captain. 'If you hadn't known you wouldn't have turned out of the highway.'

At about midnight we reached Axminster. We were taken before a couple of officers who sat at work, by candlelight, over a mass of papers, in an upper chamber of an inn. They had a wild air of having been without sleep for some time. Their muddy riding-boots were drying in front of the fire. They had a map of the countryside before them, all stuck about with little flags, some red, some yellow, to show where the different troops of militia were stationed. After saluting these officers, the captain made his report about us, saying that we were suspicious persons, who had started from Sidmouth, towards Dorchester. He had waited to receive word from the troops stationed along the highway of our arrival at various points upon the road; but failing to hear about us, he had searched for us, with the result that he found us at Seaton, some miles out of our way. The officers questioned us closely about our plans, making notes of what we said. They kept referring to a book of letters, as though to verify what we said. Mr. Blick's answers made them take a favourable view of us; but they told him in a friendly way that the officer had done right to arrest us. They complimented the captain on his zeal. Meanwhile, they said, since we were going to Dorchester, we could not object to going with a military escort. A troop of cavalry was to start in a couple of hours; we could go with that.

We were in Dorchester for a few days, always under the eye of the soldiers. It was a bustling, suspicious time, full of false alarms. Mr. Blick told me that that the message, 'King Golden Cap. After six one,' meant that the Duke was to be expected off Golden Cap, a cliff a few miles from Lyme Regis, any day after the first of the sixth month. He was on tenterhooks to be in Lyme to greet him on his arrival; but this he could not hope to do. We were watched too carefully to be able to get away to a place upon the sea-coast. We had to be very careful how we sent our secret message abroad into the country.

I have never known a time so full of alarms. People would ride into the town at night with word that Monmouth was landed, or that there was

fighting all along the coast, or that King James was dead. The drums would beat; the cavalry would come out clattering. People would be crying out. The loyal would come to their doorsteps ready to fly further inland. Every night, if one lay awake, one could hear the noise of spades in back gardens where misers were burying their money. Then, every day, one would see the troopers coming in, generally two at a time, with a suspected man led by a cord knotted to his two thumbs. Dorchester gaol was full of suspected people, who were kept in prison indefinitely, without trial, in very great discomfort. King James was afraid, he did not really know of what, so he took measures, not so much to prevent trouble as to avenge his own fear. Mr. Blick used to send me to the prison every morning with loaves of fresh bread for the prisoners.

(Continued on page 270.)

BEDTIME.

GOOD-NIGHT, little blossoms,
Bright with pearly dew,
It is time to close your eyes,
I must close mine too.
You are going to your rest,
I must go to mine,
Till we both wake up again
With the bright sunshine.

Good-night, little birdies,
Fold each tired wing,
Many, many miles you've flown,
No more now you'll sing.
Through the forest ways you've been,
Flown from tree to tree,
Gather 'neath your mother's wing,
Come to rest with me.

Good-night, little sunbeams,
Hurry to the sky,
You've a long, long way to go
Ere you close your eye.
Oh, so many many miles
You must travel still;
Over tree and mountain,
Past the cloud and hill.

THE WILD BEASTS OF INDIA.

AN official estimate is made periodically in India of the deaths among human beings caused by wild animals, and truly, to us who live in a country where wild life is an additional charm instead of a scourge, these records make strange reading. In the year 1905 no less than 1187 natives were killed by tigers and leopards alone, being an average of more than 22 in every week. But the greatest enemies by far are the snakes that hide in the jungle-grass, lurk in dry stone walls, or steal silently into the house. From the poisonous bites of these reptiles there died in the year just mentioned 21,797 people; and, terrible as these figures are, standing alone, they become doubly so when we remember that 1905 was not an exceptional year, the record for 1904 being 21,880 deaths.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

True Tales of the Year 1809.

IV.—THE BIRTH OF MENDELSSOHN.

THE life-story of most musicians is too often a record of the struggles of genius against poverty and opposition, but this was not the case with Felix Mendelssohn, who seems to have had love and riches and honours plentifully showered on him from the cradle to the grave.

His father, Abraham Mendelssohn, was a rich Berlin banker, intensely musical himself, and delighted to encourage in every way the musical talents which, at a very early age, showed themselves in all his four children, but especially in Felix and his sister Fanny.

When Felix had reached the age of four years, professional teachers were engaged to give the children lessons on the piano and violin, and so rapid was the progress made by the little Felix that, among the friends who assembled every week at the banker's house for his musical evenings, Felix gained the name of 'the Wonder-child.'

Before he was twelve years old, Felix had composed many trios and quartettes, and even one or two operas, but of these latter he could not satisfy himself until he had heard them performed. His kind old father, always willing to indulge his children, at once consented to the idea, and engaged for this purpose some members of the Court band. These were mostly old and bearded men, but Felix was in no ways daunted at the fact of acting as conductor to men each old enough to be his father, and mounted on a stool to increase his inches. He took the bâton in his hand, and led the orchestra with the utmost calm and eagerness.

This was but the first of many successes. Meanwhile, Felix was not allowed to give up all his time to music, but was—very wisely—obliged to study Greek, Latin, drawing, and other subjects, and kept so hard at work at such things that Sunday was eagerly looked forward to, for then lesson-books were closed, and he might delight his soul with music.

One day as Felix was walking in the streets of Berlin, he came across Benedick, who was the favourite pupil of the famous musician, Weber. Now Weber had just composed a new opera, *Der Freischütz*, which Felix much longed to hear. 'Do you know all about the new opera?' he asked Benedick eagerly, and finding that he did, he seized him by the arm, saying, 'You must come home with me.'

Dragging the young man with him, he burst into his mother's sitting-room, exclaiming, 'Mother! Mother! here is a pupil of Carl von Weber's who knows *Der Freischütz*!'

There and then the piano was thrown open, and Benedick had to play all he could remember of the opera, whilst Felix hung over him, entranced.

At the close of that year, Felix's music-master took him to Weimar, to visit the aged poet, Goethe. Goethe's house was then a sort of shrine for his fellow-countrymen, who came from far and near simply to gaze at the outside of the building which

held the man whom all the world delighted to honour.

But Felix was to be admitted inside those closely guarded gates, and to be specially introduced to the old man, who tested the child's power of sight-reading by placing before him a blotted and much-corrected score of Beethoven's (who had been said by his friends 'to use a broomstick for a pen, and then to wipe his sleeve over the wet ink').

Felix looked at the blotted sheet for some moments, studying it intently. Then he said quietly, 'Now I will play it to you,' and he did so without a fault or pause, to the great delight of the poet, who henceforth treated him as a son, and bade him visit him whenever he came to Weimar.

In the year 1822, a great happiness was in store for the Mendelssohn children. It was decided to widen their minds by travel, and a tour through Switzerland was decided on. Travelling in those days was not the simple affair it is now, and no less than four carriages and numberless post-horses were required to carry the large party of Father, Mother, four children, tutor, doctor, and several servants, and, of course, plenty of luggage.

This little cavalcade set out one fine summer's morning—all the children in a state of wild excite-



"'Mother, Mother, here is a pupil of
Carl von Weber!'"

ment at the different scenes they were to pass through. Felix, especially, was so eager to see everything that he strayed from the party, whilst the horses were being changed at Potsdam; when he returned to the starting-place, it was to see all four carriages disappearing in the distance!

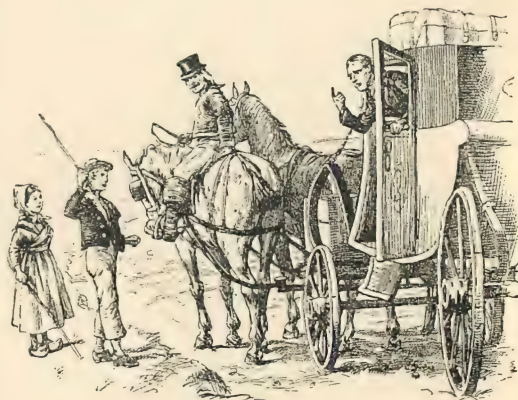
It was some little time before the boy was missed, but when at last his loss was discovered, the consternation of the family was very great, and the tutor was sent back in one of the carriages to look for the truant.

He was soon found, trudging calmly along the dusty high road in the company of a little peasant-

girl—both children having provided themselves with stout walking-sticks, which they had broken off the wayside trees. The relief of the tutor was great: he stopped the carriage and beckoned the boy inside, bidding the postboy retrace his steps. Felix was soon restored to his family!

Not long after the Swiss visit, Felix was taken by his father to Paris, to consult the great musician, Cherubini, as to the advisability of Felix choosing the career of a musician. Cherubini's advice was favourable, and henceforth Felix was allowed to devote himself to musical study.

It was about this time that the works of our great



"Mendelssohn was soon found, trudging calmly along
the dusty high road in the company of
a little peasant-girl."

poet Shakespeare fell into Felix's hands, and he and his sister Fanny were simply enthralled by the beauty of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

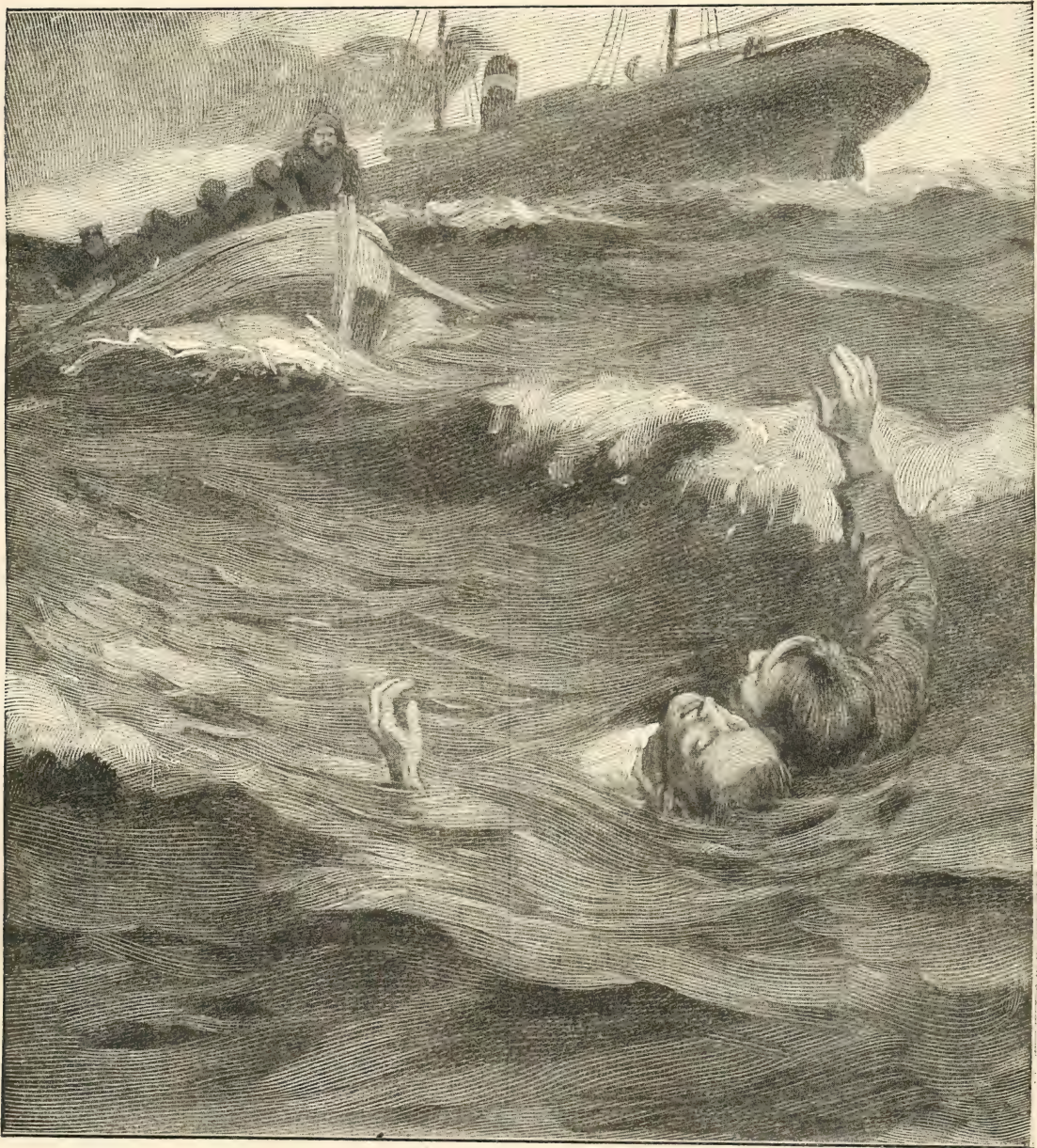
'I felt I must set it to music,' he said, and thus the 'Overture' was written, and this, when played in England, at once raised him to the highest pinnacle of fame.

Mendelssohn's life is now but a chronicle of successes. He travelled through most European countries, visited London in 1829, and was everywhere rapturously received.

Then in 1836 came his marriage, as fortunate as everything else that happened to this happy musician, who seemed, indeed, to have all the joy this world has to offer perpetually at his feet.

Work after work flowed from his fertile brain. The oratorios of *St. Paul* and *Elijah* fairly took the world by storm, and in his *Songs without Words* he created a style entirely his own.

This bright, but too brief, life came to a close at Leipzig, November 4th, 1847, when Mendelssohn died, leaving behind him deathless fame, as well as more friends than most men can number, and not a single enemy.



"It was three-quarters of an hour before a boat came to pick them up."

JUMPING OVERBOARD IN MID-OCEAN.

A FEAT which requires as much nerve, pluck, and confidence in one's swimming powers as anything imaginable, is to jump off a moving vessel in mid-ocean after some one who has fallen overboard. One of the most famous instances of this gallant feat

is recorded of the celebrated Captain Webb, the only man who has ever succeeded in swimming the Channel, and who lost his life in a foolhardy attempt to swim the Niagara Rapids.

Webb was a common sailor at the time, and his vessel was in mid-Atlantic. A messmate of his fell overboard, and, though there was a considerable sea running, Webb sprang after him just as he stood :

unfortunately he did not succeed in saving the man, for, although he found his cap floating, he never saw the poor fellow after entering the water. Nevertheless, Webb dived over and over again in the vain hope of discovering his whereabouts, and was in the water for forty-five minutes. It is related that after being hauled aboard, he simply changed his clothes and went on with his work, seeming to treat his remarkable feat very lightly. The passengers, however, were so struck with his bravery, that in the course of an hour the sum of one hundred pounds was collected and presented to him.

Some years ago a British Vice-Consul at Archangel was a passenger on a steamship which crosses the White Sea. Now, it must be remembered that this sea is an arm of the Arctic Ocean, and its waters, if not actually frozen, as they generally are during nine months of the year, are icy cold. The vessel was steaming at some twelve knots an hour, when a passenger, who was said to be suffering from delirium, took a flying leap overboard right in view of the other passengers; the Vice-Consul, without a moment's hesitation, sprang upon the taffrail and took a header after him into the water and succeeded in reaching him. He had some difficulty, however, in preventing the man struggling out of his grasp, until the numbness caused by the cold reduced the poor fellow to a state of semi-consciousness; then something went wrong with the davits, and a boat could not be lowered for a considerable time. Indeed, it was three-quarters of an hour before a boat came to pick them up.

H.M. transport *Wakool* was on a voyage from Singapore to Calcutta with troops on board; when off the south-west of the Malay Peninsula, steaming at the rate of twelve knots, a coloured stoker threw himself overboard, evidently with the intention of committing suicide. Sharks had been following the ship, as they do in those waters, for several days, and their presence might have given pause to any would-be rescuer; nevertheless Captain French, who was attached to the troops, and was lolling on the promenade deck at the time, leapt to his feet and jumped overboard after the stoker—his dive from the rail to the water was thirty-six feet. The man went under before the captain could reach him, but his rescuer dived after him and very fortunately succeeded in getting hold of him; the stoker was by this time unconscious, which was perhaps a good job for the gallant captain, as it made his task much easier. The transport was stopped, a boat launched, and Captain French and the unconscious stoker picked up, and the poor fellow was eventually restored.

During the Boer War a transport was on her way to the Cape with troops. Four days after leaving St. Vincent, while in mid-Atlantic, one of the crew either fell or jumped overboard. A private in a Scottish regiment of Yeomanry, although unused to the sea, sprang after him without the slightest hesitation. The transport was quickly brought round and a boat lowered. As the sailors pulled towards the two men three sharks were seen, but were frightened off by the splashing of the oars, though they made a dash and a futile grab as the two men were being hauled into the boat.

While a P. and O. steamship was on a voyage from Sydney to Hobart, a native coal-trimmer accidentally fell overboard. One of his messmates, named Yussoff Nobo, was just coming up from below at the time, and hearing the cry of 'man overboard,' rushed on deck and instantly learned that it was his friend, Moossa Nassib, who was in the water. This Lascar coal-trimmer, though a very poor swimmer, knew that his friend could not swim at all, and immediately jumped overboard after him. The heroic Lascar not only succeeded in getting his friend's heavy clothing off, but also in supporting him in the water till they were both picked up by a boat. Nassib was so exhausted that he had to be lifted from the boat and carried on board.

When the steamship *City of Glasgow* was in the middle of the Indian Ocean, a lady passenger threw herself overboard. Ralph Henderson, a second officer, jumped after her and caught her; the tremendous suction from the screw of the big liner, however, proved too much for his powers, and in spite of frantic efforts to retain his hold, the poor lady was torn from his grasp. Indeed, it appeared for some time as though the gallant officer himself would lose his life, and it was with great difficulty that he was finally picked up.

Though not exactly mid-ocean, yet the Gulf of Georgia, British Columbia, is big enough to make most people hesitate about attempting to swim from the middle of it to the shore; but a man named Jacob Chipps actually did this. A boat with seven persons on board was upset by a squall, and Jacob Chipps, who was one of the seven, being a very fine swimmer, made a gallant but ineffectual attempt to save a woman and her child. Being left alone in the water he struck out for the shore, and actually succeeded in reaching it after swimming for nine hours!

'WHERE'S MISS ROSE?'

'TREMENDOUS fog to-night!' exclaimed Father, as he threw himself into a comfortable chair by the fireside. 'Upon my word, it was so dark I nearly missed the front gate.'

'Well,' replied Mother, laughing, 'I warned you how it would be. If you will insist on building houses up mountain-sides, beyond all reach of gas-lamps and with acres of quarries on one side and acres of marsh on the other, and no walls or hedges to keep you to the right track, what else can you expect?'

'Anyhow, it is all very nice when one gets here,' answered Father, as he settled down to his book and evening pipe. Half an hour passed happily, when suddenly there was a knock at the door, and a servant entered with a frightened look.

'Please, ma'am, I'm very sorry, but we can't find Miss Rose anywhere.'

'What!' exclaimed Mother. 'Has she not come back from her music lesson?'

'No, ma'am. I saw her start at half-past three, but none of us have seen her since. I put her tea in the morning room and it has not been touched, and there is her bag of school-books lying just as she left

them this morning. She can't have been in or she would have used them, and we have looked everywhere as well.'

Father looked angry. 'A music lesson at Miss Avory's at four o'clock on a night like this—perfect madness. Is John in? No, I'll go myself; but he may as well come too, with the lantern. Where are my boots? . . . No, Mother, there is nothing you can do, I'm afraid. . . . Yes, that's a good idea; we will take Rory—Rory, come along, good dog.'

So the little search-party started: it was twenty minutes' walk down to Miss Avory's house; but it took the men a good half-hour. More than once they nearly missed the road, and each occasion made them more anxious and silent, for if they missed it with a lantern, how would little Rose have managed without one?

'I hope Miss Avory had the good sense to keep her till she was fetched,' exclaimed Father. 'We may find her there safe and sound.'

It was a long moment as they waited for the bell to be answered; somehow the house sounded so quiet, as if no child-visitor could be there. There was the maid coming! The door opened. Was Miss Ingram there still? No! She had left early; but would Mr. Ingram like to speak to the mistress? Miss Avory had heard the voice and came hurrying out.

'What! has not Rose reached home? Oh, dear! oh, dear! She came for her music lesson at four, as usual, and I saw the fog coming on and sent her straight home again. She just had a cup of tea and a scrap of cake, but that was all, and I should have thought there was ample time for her to get home in daylight.'

What was to be done? Once get off the road without a light and you might wander for hours on the mountain-side; besides, that was not the worst. There were many quarries, some deserted, some still working, and there was a deep, well-like hole, a huge disused mine-shaft, of which tourists, in the local guide-books, were told to 'Beware.' There seemed so little that any human being could do in the darkness; but, fortunately, a change of wind was gradually dispersing the thick fog. As the two men turned to walk up the mountain-side again, they seemed to climb up above the white, enfolding mist.

'Well, sir, this is better,' John exclaimed; 'if Miss Rose has not got into too great difficulties, and if this wind keeps up, she may find her own way home.'

'I think we will go amongst the quarries, John, and see if she has wandered there,' said Mr. Ingram.

So the two men made straight for the quarries and the old shaft. From time to time they shouted and halloed, but there was no answer, not a creature stirring, nothing but a distant echo.

Suddenly Rory gave a sharp bark, and began to sniff at something on the ground, then pat it with his paw and bark again. Mr. Ingram went to the place—they were close to the shaft—and there on the ground lay a pencil-box. Yes, it was Rose's, one which Mr. Ingram brought her when he last went to London, and which she used to use every day.

It was just then that the moon went behind a bank

of racing clouds, and the two men were left in utter darkness.

Rory uttered little, short barks and ran backwards and forwards, but did not seem to recognise any trace of his little mistress.

'Perhaps Miss Rose has reached home by this time,' suggested John, trying to look on the bright side of things.

Rain was just beginning to fall heavily, and there seemed no prospect of further light. In despair, the two men turned homeward.

'This is no use!' exclaimed Mr. Ingram; 'we must get more help and more light. We might need ropes too. Let us only hope, though, that the child has got home.'

It was with much difficulty that the two men found their way back, for the rain almost blinded them, and the fog still hung in patches.

'Has she turned up?' called Mr. Ingram as he saw his wife standing on the top of the steps by the open door.

'Oh! I have been so hoping that she had stayed at Miss Avory's,' cried Mother. 'Whatever shall we do?'

Mr. Ingram made up his mind that he would say nothing about the old shaft and the pencil-box. It was no good making his wife more anxious; but he turned to give hasty instructions to John.

Suddenly a scream from overhead.

'Oh! Miss Rose, wherever have you been?'

There was a sudden rush for the stairs, and, behold! a sleepy-looking little girl appeared, carrying a candle, surrounded by the household, which seemed to gather in a twinkling from all directions.

'Whatever is the matter!' exclaimed the child.

'What are you all making such a fuss about?'

Everybody tried to explain the story at once, so that it was difficult for Rose to gather what had happened.

'And what on earth were you doing all this time?' they asked at length.

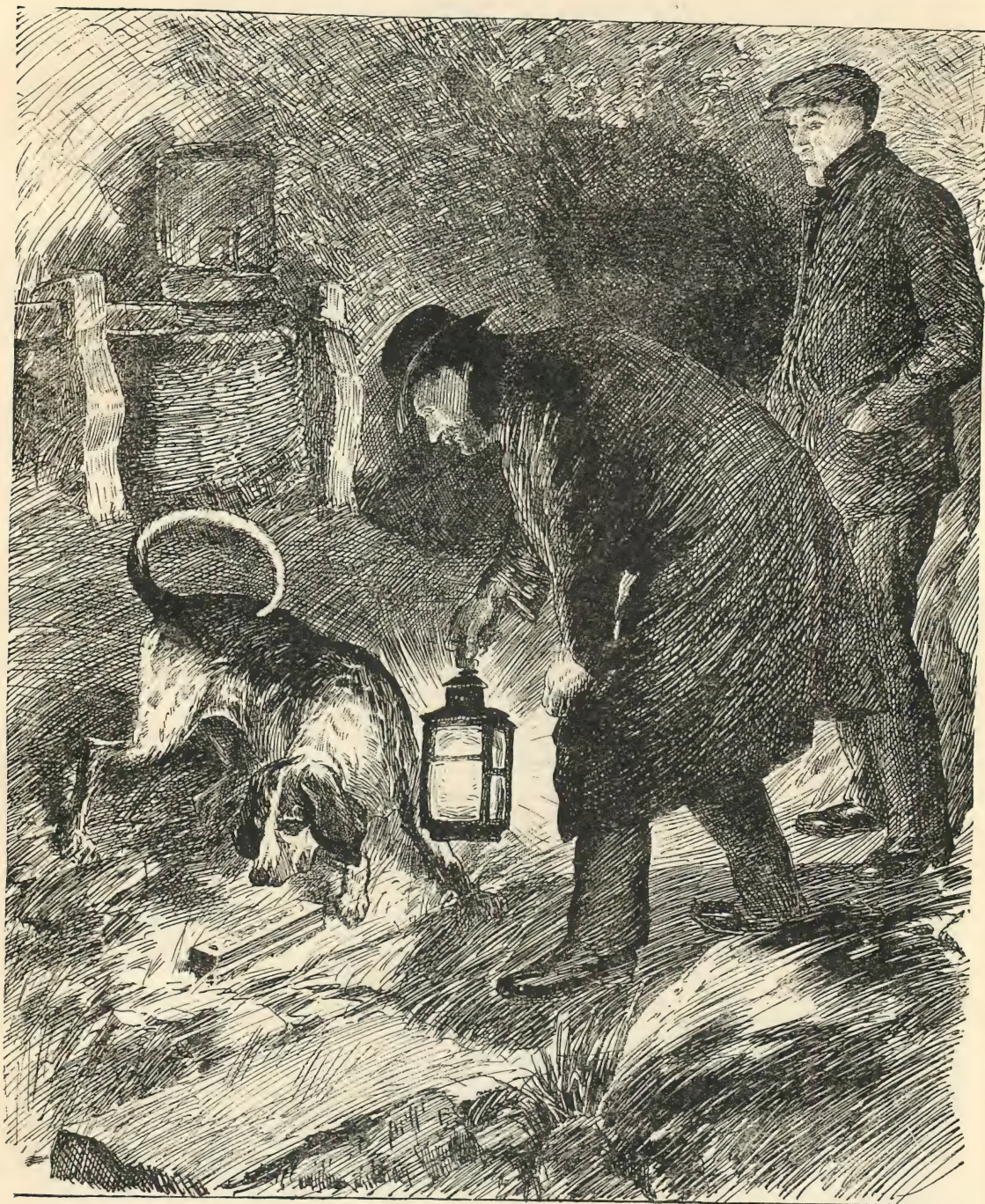
'Well, I'd had some tea, so I didn't want any more, but just took some bread-and-butter and went into the "den," and did my lessons, and then I got so deep in my story-book that I forgot all about the time, and it never occurred to me that nobody knew where I was.'

The den was a little room opening out of the study which Rose used a good deal in the summer-time, but very seldom during the winter, and somehow no one had thought of her being there. It was remote from the rest of the house, so that she had heard nothing of their search.

'And how about this?' asked Father, producing the pencil-box.

'Oh, my dear old pencil-box!' cried Rose. 'I lost it a few days ago near the old shaft. However did you come across it?'

So Rose was told of all the dreadful anxiety she had unintentionally caused everybody, which made her very sorry indeed; and you can imagine that as Mr. and Mrs. Ingram sat with their little girl round the drawing-room fire for a few minutes before she went to bed, they were very, very glad to be able to turn the adventure into a joke, and laugh at their terrible two hours of anxiety.



“ There on the ground lay a pencil-box.”



"He opened the door of their prison, and let them fly."

HOW THE CANARY CAME TO EUROPE.

CONCERNING the canary's first appearance in Europe a pretty anecdote is related.

An unfortunate ship, wrecked on the Italian coast, was quickly going down.

It was evident that all the human beings on board must be drowned. There were a lot of canaries on the ship, and a kind-hearted sailor, in his last moments, remembered the frightened, golden birds in their cage.

'At least, I will give them a chance,' he said to himself. So he opened the door of their prison, and let them fly away. They alighted, says the story, on the island of Elba.

Was not the last act of that man's life a beautiful one? Well may we sometimes think of it when we are listening to the song of our own pet bird.

MAHOGANY.



THE mahogany-tree grows in Central America, the southern part of Mexico, and the West Indian Islands. Roughly speaking, its growth is confined to places which lie between the northern latitudes of ten and twenty-three degrees. The greater part of the mahogany which is used in this country comes from British Honduras, the principal port of which is Belize.

The tree is a kind of cedar, which grows abundantly in the forests of these tropical countries. The native name for it in Hayti was *mahagoni*, and this is the name which we have adopted for the tree and the wood. This native word also forms part of its scientific name, which is *Swietenia mahagoni*.

The growing tree is very handsome and majestic. Its trunk is often forty feet tall and six feet in diameter, and it throws out massive, wide-spreading branches, which sometimes reach to a height of close upon a hundred feet, and are clothed with many glossy green leaves. The wood varies a good deal, according to the situation and the nature of the ground in which the tree has grown; and, as it is for its wood that the tree is valued, the dealers in mahogany have given names to many different qualities, the best being generally known as Spanish mahogany. It appears, however, that the wood of trees grown upon elevated, dry, and rather exposed soil is better than that of trees grown upon moist or swampy land, being harder, closer-grained, darker, and more varied in its markings or 'figure.' The last is a very important point.

Nothing was known of mahogany in Europe, of course, until the West Indies were discovered by Columbus. The natives of the countries in which the mahogany grows used it like any other timber-

trees. Even at the present time, the inhabitants of some remote parts of Guatemala and South Mexico burn mahogany on their fires, and in Belize many of the houses are raised up on mahogany posts. As far back as 1597 the carpenter of one of Sir Walter Raleigh's ships is said to have used mahogany in making some repairs to the ship at Trinidad, and he may have brought some of it to England. But a long time elapsed before mahogany was discovered to be a beautiful and useful wood for the making of chairs, tables, and other pieces of furniture. This discovery was made in a rather singular and accidental manner.

About the year 1720 the captain of a vessel returning from the West Indies loaded a number of mahogany logs or planks into the hold of his ship as ballast—that is to say, he placed them there to steady his ship, which was returning without a cargo, and was therefore liable to be rolled and pitched about a good deal by the Atlantic waves. When the captain arrived in London, he gave these planks to his brother, Dr. Gibbons, who was an eminent physician. Some time afterwards, the doctor, who was having a house built in King Street, wished the carpenters to use some of this wood, but they said that it was too hard. Dr. Gibbons next asked a cabinet-maker, named Wolleston, to make him a candle-box of the mahogany, but he, too, said it was too hard. After some persuasion, however, the cabinet-maker tried to make the box, and succeeded. It looked so beautiful that the doctor insisted upon having a bureau made of the same wood. This was as beautiful as the box, and, being much larger, it attracted much more notice from the doctor's friends. One of these was the Duchess of Buckingham, who begged some of the wood, and had another bureau made for herself. Other people were also anxious to have furniture made of mahogany, and, when merchants saw that there was a demand for the wood, they sent out ships to the West Indies for more logs, and thus a mahogany trade was created.

The cutting down of mahogany-trees, and the exporting of the wood to other countries, are two of the chief industries of Honduras. Many Englishmen own or lease estates or farms, a great part of which is forest-land. They hire workmen of different nationalities, many of them the descendants of negroes, and a few of them, perhaps, native Indians, and at the proper seasons these men go into the forests in gangs and cut down the trees. The best times for the work are about the beginning of the new year and at midsummer. The ground around the trees is cleared with hatchets and bill-hooks, and the trunk is cut through a few feet above the ground. When the tree is felled, its branches are lopped off, and it may be hewed into a square beam. Large teams of oxen drag the huge log along a rough road cut through the forest to the nearest stream, where the timber is floated, and drifts down to the lumber-yards and saw-mills near the coast.

Most of the mahogany which comes to this country is imported in the form of logs, which are about three feet square at the end and twelve or fifteen feet long. The wood is used principally for furniture and the fittings of mansions and other first-class

houses; but it is also used in the building of carriages, railway-cars, lifeboats, and for many other purposes. Much of it, too, is cut into thin sheets, called veneers, which are glued upon the face of commoner woods in order to give them the appearance of mahogany. The best logs—that is to say, those logs which show the most varied markings and will appear most beautiful when they are smoothed and polished—are selected for this purpose. It requires great judgment and experience to decide which logs will turn out better in this respect, and exceptional ones are sometimes worth a thousand pounds each.

W. A. ATKINSON.

DAY AND NIGHT.

WHEN Mother thinks I'm sleeping fast,
Tucked in my little bed at night,
I sail the waters of delight
And come to Fairyland at last.

In that fair country far away
Such happy, happy times I spend,
That, often, when I wake with day,
I wish the night would never end.

For I am always good and wise,
And very big and brave and strong,
And fit for any enterprise,
In Fairyland, the whole night long.

And when I cannot get my way,
And I grow cross, or sulk, or fight,
I wish the folk who live by day
Could see how good I am all night.

And when my teacher scolds at me,
Because I will not understand,
I often wish that she could see
How wise I am in Fairyland!

A WEATHER PROPHET.

A LEARNED astronomer, greatly skilled in signs of skies, winds, and clouds, while on a journey lost his way, and made inquiries of a countryman who was sitting beneath a tree and tending a flock of sheep.

The astronomer, being so very wise, used tremendously long words.

'Can you inform me,' he asked the shepherd, 'concerning the direction and distance of the nearest adjacent town?'

Somehow, the countryman managed to understand him.

'It is five miles to the town, sir,' he said; 'but before you get there you will be wet through, I fear.'

The astronomer laughed at this, for he could discover no signs of a storm, and he naturally thought that he knew better than a poor peasant.

He started his horse on the road which the other pointed out to him.

Before he had ridden two-thirds of the distance, a black cloud suddenly appeared, the rain poured down in torrents, and drenched the astronomer to the skin.

He put up at an inn for the night, and the next morning, before proceeding on his journey, he rode back to ask a question of the shepherd who had proved himself so good a prophet.

After spending a day in the search, the astronomer found the man and explained what he wanted to know.

'Tell me,' he said, 'how it was that you knew the rain was coming yesterday.' (That was the meaning of his question, but he used much longer words than those.)

'I am not going to tell you my sign,' replied the countryman, 'unless you give me a good big sum of money.'

The astronomer loved knowledge far better than money, and he willingly paid the large sum which the man demanded as the price of his secret.

'Look over there, sir,' said the countryman, when he had pocketed the cash. 'Do you see that black sheep with a white face—the only black sheep in my flock?'

'I see it,' said the astronomer.

'Well, sir,' said the countryman, 'however fine the day may be, and if there is not a cloud in the sky, whenever I see that old black sheep caper about with her tail held straight up in the air, I'm as sure as sure can be that it's going to rain!'

E. D.

A WARRIOR DOG.

A True Anecdote.

THE following story is told of a dog of France who became one of the most loved of all the followers of Napoleon. He was a shaggy dog, whom the soldiers called Moustache, and who, casting in his lot with that of the army, had followed it into Italy. Scarcely had the army reached Alexandria when Moustache warned his comrades of a night attack, his timely waking perhaps saving the army. In return the dog's name was inscribed on the roll-book of his company. From that day he was entitled to draw rations—a grenadier's portion daily. Moreover, the regiment's barber was ordered to comb Moustache once a week. It was not an easy task for the barber, for not a member of the regiment was a greater fighter than the dog. Once he was wounded in the ear by a bayonet-thrust, and once, in the battle of Marengo, he lost an ear. But every wound was dressed by the company's surgeon, and every new cannonading made Moustache leap to his feet again.

Some years elapse, and then the dog reappears in Austerlitz. He was in the midst of the fight. The company was hard pressed, and the standard-bearer was left alone—with Moustache—among the dead and dying. The Austrians were charging, and at a shot the standard-bearer fell. The dog and the flag were left alone together. Seizing the tattered shred of tricolour in his teeth, Moustache started across the field. Leaping from the very feet of the foe, who thought they had gained the prize, on through shot and cannon roar and smoke, he sped until he reached the French lines, and dropped at his comrades' feet the ragged standard. He lifted a broken paw, and the regimental surgeon set it; and the



“On Moustache sped until he reached the French lines.”

Maréchal Lannes with his own hands, they say, fastened a medal around the hero's neck. And then, as Moustache limped proudly down the line, all the soldiers presented arms as though he had

received promotion in rank, or the cross of the Legion of Honour. There were other campaigns after this, and in 1811 Moustache died on the field, pierced through the heart by a bullet.



The Poultry Seller. By Robert Heighway.

PICTURES AND THEIR PAINTERS.

From the South Kensington Museum, London.

V.—ROBERT HEIGHWAY'S 'POULTRY SELLER.'

OUR illustration is hardly a specimen of the work usually associated with the name of

Robert Heighway. This artist, who worked in London, Lichfield, and Shrewsbury at the end of the eighteenth century, is best known as a miniature painter. He produced some very clever miniatures, painted on glass, the colour being laid roughly on the reverse side, producing a very good effect when

looked at through the glass. He exhibited several times in the Royal Academy, and now and then painted country scenes, such as the one in our illustration. The young girl has found a shady place, a fallen rock under a jagged, broken cliff, and takes the opportunity of a few minutes' rest. No wonder she wants it: the basket, where those fine fowls sit so quietly, must indeed be a sore weight for that slender arm. She is a very refined and dainty little market-woman, sitting there; sweet and serene, with soft, waving hair framing the fair face under the big hat. We can but hope that the gentle demeanour and the excellence of her poultry may commend her to purchasers when she reaches the market town, and that she may make the return journey with light basket and heavy pocket, for we can hardly imagine her pushing her wares upon any one.

M. H. D.

AN ARCTIC STORY.

OF the many stories of disaster that the records of Arctic exploration contain, there are few sadder than that of Mylius Erichsen, told in the newspapers a short time ago. In the summer of 1906 there set sail from Copenhagen a company of twenty-seven men, with the object of surveying the north-east coast of Greenland, over a district of which our school atlases can give us no information.

The expedition accomplished its purpose by daring journeys across the ice in sledges, but, alas! the brave young leader was to sacrifice his life to the undertaking. One day, while in the midst of his task, a great snow-storm arose, and he, together with two companions, a Dane and an Eskimo, were driven out to sea on an ice-floe. Over the wild and pitiless waves their huge ship of ice was tossed for many days. Scantily provided with food, and unprotected from the intense cold, the unfortunate men suffered as only those can realise who have been in the frozen north. The first to die was the leader's fellow-countryman, and pitiful indeed must have been the efforts made by his companions on the wind-swept ice to soothe his sufferings. And even at that time Mylius Erichsen was nearing his end, for he died very shortly after. The Eskimo, more used to such inclement surroundings, lived to reach the ship from which the storm had parted them; but his privations had been too great, and scarcely had he told the sad story of the floe ere he died too.

Such are the perils encountered by those who snatch from 'the great white land' the secrets that it holds, and bring back a knowledge which helps to complete our unfinished map of the polar world.

THE VALUE OF CAPITAL.

MANY years of labour and the expenditure of enormous sums of money are often necessary before a coal-pit can be opened and got to work. The first and greatest difficulty is the making of the shaft, which is in truth the door to the mine, without which no workers could be got in or any coal got out. Little by little this door must be dug out and surrounded with walls of timber, brick, or iron, lest its sides should fall in as the shaft is made

deeper. Engines must be erected to raise up the earth and stone which are loosened, and also to lower the materials which are required for constructing the sides of the shaft. It is not often that the work advances far before water begins to flow in, and powerful pumps have to be constructed to draw it away, otherwise the work of cutting the shaft would be arrested. And all this trouble and expense must be incurred before any coal is reached, or any money is earned in return for the vast outlay. Indeed, enormous sums have often been spent by colliery owners who were for months and years quite uncertain whether they would find any coal to reward them for their efforts.

All this is well shown by the history of the Monkwearmouth Colliery, near Sunderland. The shaft of this pit was begun by Messrs. Pemberton in May, 1826. It was carried down for three hundred and thirty feet, and no coal was found. At that depth water was flowing into the shaft at the rate of three thousand gallons per minute. Many persons who were familiar with colliery work advised the proprietors to give up their efforts, but they were determined to succeed. This determination is shown in the answer which one of them gave to a friend who told him that he would never find coal in that place, even if he persevered till Doomsday. He based his answer on the fact that the temperature increases with the depth of a mine. 'If we cannot get coal,' he said, 'we will sink the shaft until we find red-hot cinders.'

Engines and pumps were got to work, and by-and-by the shaft was carried lower. At last, in August, 1831, five years and three months after the shaft had been commenced, the first bed of coal was reached, but it was only an inch and a half thick—comparable to a sheet of paper in the thickness of a haystack.

This was, however, sufficient to prove that coal was to be found at this place, and the owners were encouraged to continue their efforts. They persevered for three years longer, and in October, 1834, they reached a valuable seam, one thousand seven hundred and fifty-eight feet below the surface. They subsequently carried the shaft still lower, and on April 4th, 1846, they reached one of the principal coal-seams in Durham, at a depth of over eighteen hundred feet. This undertaking cost, it is said, one hundred thousand pounds.

The Monkwearmouth Colliery was for a long time the deepest in the country. In recent years, however, much deeper shafts have been sunk. These vast undertakings illustrate the value of capital. During the long period occupied by the construction of a shaft, the workmen's wages, and all other immediate expenses, are paid by wealthy proprietors, who are able and content to wait for their reward until success crowns the work.

MARTIN HYDE.

(Continued from page 259.)

AT last, after midnight in the night of the eleventh of June, a memorable day for the West, riders came in with news which destroyed the night's rest of the town. Monmouth had landed at Lyme the evening before, after sailing about in sight of the

town all day. That was news indeed. It made a strange uproar in the streets. The trumpets blew from every inn-door to summon the billeted soldiers. Officers ran about bawling for their sergeants, the sergeants hurried about with lanterns, rousing the men from where they slept. All the streets were full of cavalymen trying to form in the crowd. At last, when they were formed, a trumpet sounded, making every one keep silence. Then in the stillness an officer shouted out an order, which no one, save a soldier, could understand. Instantly the kettle-drums began to pound; the swords jingled; the horses whinnied, tossing up their heads. The soldiers trotted off smartly towards Bridport, leaving the town strangely quiet, strangely scared, to discuss the great news from Lyme. I was watching the crowd at my bedroom window when the horsemen trotted off; while I stood looking at them, Mr. Blick ran upstairs, bidding me to come down at once, as now there was a chance to get to Lyme.

'Come quick,' he said. 'The troops are gone. We must follow on their tracks—it will be too late later in the morning.'

In less than twenty minutes we were trotting after the soldiers at a good pace, passing some scores of men on foot who were hurrying, as they said, to see the battle. Mr. Blick wore a sword which clattered as he rode; the people, hearing the noise, thought that he was an officer, perhaps a colonel, riding with his servant. Many of the men asked him where the battle was to be, whether it would begin before daylight, whether Monmouth was come with the French—all sorts of questions to which we answered at random.

In the light summer night we had a fair view of things. When we dismounted to lead our horses up or down the steep hills of that road, the straggling sightseers came all round us as we walked, to hear what we had to tell; we could see their faces all about us, strange in the dusk, like ghosts, not like real men. At the top of one hill, Mr. Blick warned them to look out for themselves: he told them that before morning the highway would be patrolled by troops, who would take them in charge as suspicious characters trying to join Monmouth, which actually happened the next day, when the militia officers realised that war had begun. His words scared off a number of them, but many kept on as they were going, to see the great battle which, they said, would begin as soon as it was light.

When the sun began to peep, we turned off the highway in order to avoid Bridport, which we passed a little after dawn. A few miles further on we felt that we could turn into the road again, as we were safe from the militia at that distance; then, feeling happy at the thought of the coming contest, which, we felt sure, would be won by our side, we pressed our tired nags over the brook towards the steep hill which separates Charmouth from Lyme.

It was early morning, about five o'clock, when we came to Charmouth, but the little town was as busy as though it were noon on fair-day. The street was crowded; people were coming in from all the country-side: a man was haranguing the crowd from a horseless waggon drawn up at an inn—the horses had, no doubt, been pressed into Monmouth's

service some hours before. I should think there must have been three hundred people listening to the orator. Men with green boughs in their hats were marching about the town in uneven companies, armed with clubs torn from the hedges: weeping women followed them, trying to persuade their sons or husbands to come home: other men were bringing out horses from private stables: people were singing. One man, leaning out of a window, kept on firing his pistol as fast as he could load. Waving men cheered from the hill above, the men in the town cheered back—there was a great deal of noisy joking everywhere.

They cheered us as we rode through them, telling us that Monmouth had arms for all. One poor woman begged Mr. Blick to tell her man to come home, as without him the children would all starve. The crowd groaned at her, but Mr. Blick stopped them, calling the husband, who was in a sad state of excited vainglory, to leave the ranks in which he tried to march.

'We don't want fathers of families,' he cried. 'We want the young bachelors—they're the boys!'

Indeed, the young bachelors felt that this was the case, so the woman got her man again. Happy she was to get him!

As far as I could judge, the crowd imagined us to be great officers; at any rate, our coming drew away the listeners from the waggon: they came flocking to our heels as though we were the Duke himself. A drummer beat up a quick-step, the crowd surged forward; we marched across the fields to Lyme, five hundred strong. One of the men, plucking a sprig of hawthorn from the hedge, asked me to wear it in my hat as the Duke's badge, which I did. He called me Captain.

'Captain,' he said, 'we had a brush with them already this morning, along the road here. Two on them were killed: they didn't stay for no more.'

So fighting had begun then: the civil war had taken its firstfruits of life: there could be no more shilly-shallying: we had put our hands to a big business. In spite of the merry noise of the march, my spirits were rather dashed by the thought of those two men lying dead somewhere on the road behind us, killed by their own countrymen.

We are said to be a sober people, but none of those who saw Lyme that morning would have had much opinion of our sobriety. Charmouth had been disorderly: Lyme was uproarious. Outside the town, in one of the fields above the church, we were stopped by a guard of men who all wore white scarves on their arms as well as green sprays in their hats; they stopped us, apparently because their captain wished to exercise them in military customs. They were evidently raw to the use of arms, they handled their muskets like spades.

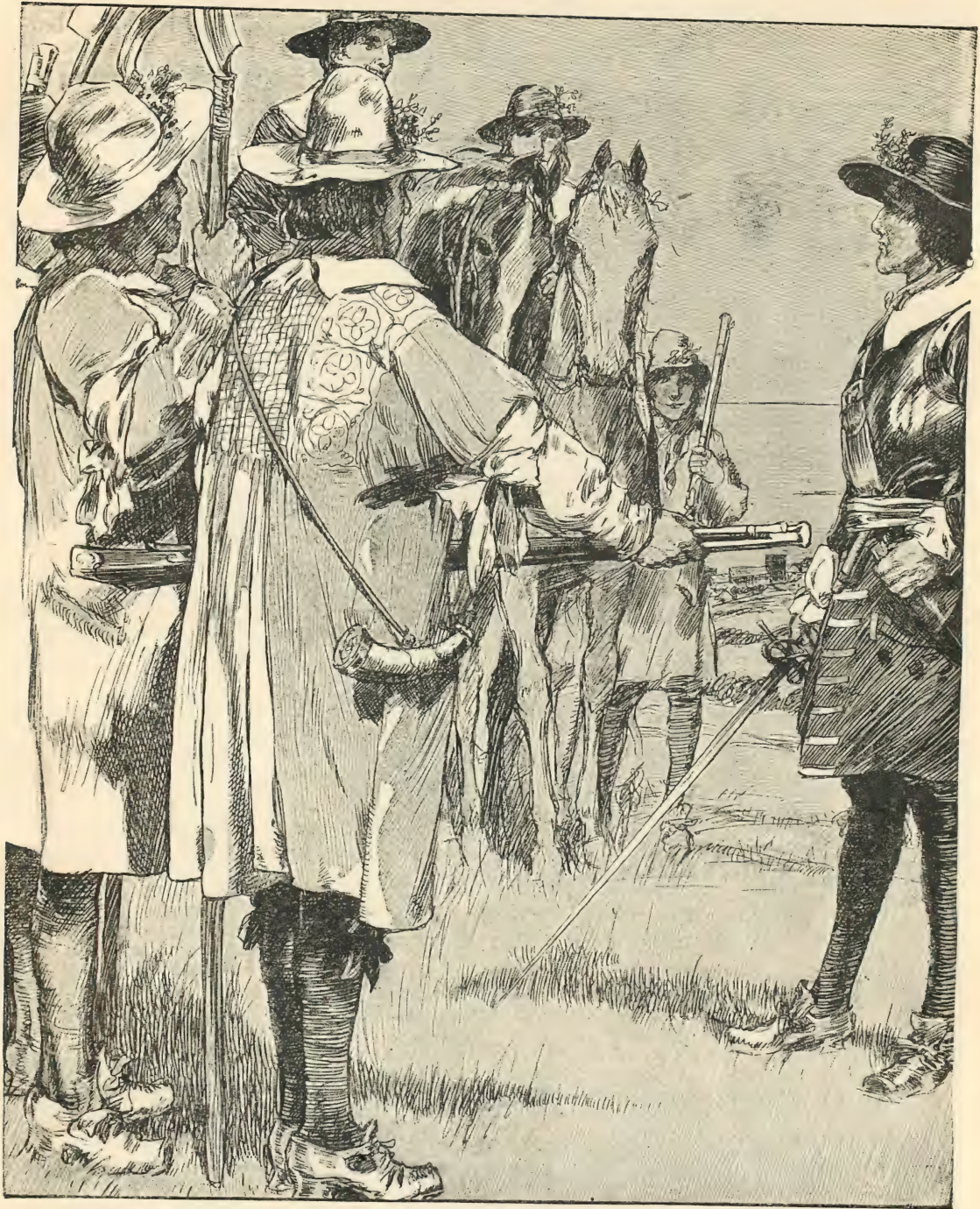
'Be you for Monmouth, masters?' they asked us, grinning.

When we said that we were, this very unmilitary guard told us to pass on.

'He has arms for all,' they said. 'The word be, "Fear nothing but God."'

Some of them joked with friends among our party: they waved their muskets to us.

(Continued on page 274.)



“‘Be you for Monmouth, masters?’ they asked us.”



“We stared at each other while he blew a blast on his panpipes.”

MARTIN HYDE.

(Continued from page 271.)

INSIDE the town there was great confusion. Riotous men were foraging—that is, plundering from private houses, pretending that they did so at the Duke's orders; the streets were full of people, nearly all of them men with green boughs in their hats. On the beach, two long lines of men, with green scarves on their arms, were being drilled by an officer. Horses were picketed in a long line up the main street: they were mostly very poor cart-stock, ill-provided, as I learned afterwards, with harness; men were bringing hay to them from whatever haystack was nearest. From time to time there came a loud booming of guns above the ringing of the church bells: three ships in the bay, one of them *La Reina*, were firing salutes as they hoisted their colours. It was all like a very noisy fair or coronation day; it had little appearance of an armed invasion. We found the Duke busy with Mr. Jermyn enlisting men in a field above the town.

'That's not Mr. Jermyn, that's Lord Grey,' Mr. Blick said, on hearing my exclamation. "Mr. Jermyn" is only the name he goes by. He's my Lord now, you must remember.'

Just then the Duke caught sight of us riding up: he took us for local gentry coming in to volunteer; he came smiling to welcome us. It must have been a shrewd disappointment to him to find that we were not what he thought: all his hopes were in the gentry, poor man! By the time we were on our feet with our hats off, he had turned his back upon us as though to speak to Lord Grey, but really, I believe, to hide his chagrin. When he turned to us again, both of them welcomed us, saying that there was work enough for all in enlisting men, making out billets, and the like, so without more ado we gave our horses to the ostlers at an inn. Mr. Blick at once began to blarney the by-standers into joining, while I, sitting at a little table in the open air, wrote out copies of a letter addressed to the local gentry. My copies were carried from Lyme by messengers that afternoon, but, alas for my master! they did not bring many gentry to us.

Now, while I was writing at the table under the great, flapping standard, with the Duke in his purple coat walking about in front of me, I had a pretty full view of the crowd which ringed us in. We were circled about by a crowd of gaping admirers, from whom, every minute, Mr. Blick, or the Duke, or Lord Grey would select a sheepish, grinning man to serve under our colours.

Among the crowd I noticed a little, old, lame man with a long, white beard: he was a puppet-man, who was making the people laugh by dancing his puppets almost under the Duke's nose. As he jerked the puppet-strings he played continually on his pan-pipes the tune of 'Hey, boys, up go we,' then very popular. The Duke spoke to him once, but he did not answer, only bowed very low with his hat off, which made the people think him an idiot or a jester; they laughed heartily at him.

After a bit, it occurred to me that this old puppet-

shaker always crept into the ring, with his hat off to receive alms, whenever the Duke spoke aside to Lord Grey or to some other officer. I watched him narrowly to make sure, because something in his manner made me suspect that he was trying to catch what our leaders said to each other; I tried to recall where I had seen the old man, for I had seen him before. He had been at Exeter on the day we set out for Sidmouth, so much I remembered clearly; but looking at him carefully with my head full of memories of faces, it seemed to me that he had been at Dorchester also—surely an old man, lame in the left leg like this man, had gone down a narrow lane in front of me in Dorchester? I had not thought of it in Dorchester, but I thought of it now, with a feeling that it was strange to meet again thus, in Lyme. I took good stock of the man, wondering if he were a spy. He was a dirty old man enough: his fingers poked through ragged mittens; his cheeks were all swathed up in a woollen comforter. I made the mistake of looking at him so hard that I caused him to look at me. Seeing that I was staring at him with a face full of suspicion, he walked boldly up to me, holding out his hat for my charity. We stared at each other while he blew a blast on his panpipes, at which everybody laughed.

'Come, come, boy,' said Lord Grey, to me. 'We want those letters done: never mind about the puppets. Here, old man'—giving him a penny—'you take yourself off now, or are you going to enlist?'

The people laughed again at this, while the old man, after a flourish of his hat to me, piped up a lively quick step, called 'Jockeys to the fair.'

He disappeared after this. I did not see him again until our troubles began, later in the morning. I was finishing off the last of my letters when some of our scouts rode in to make a grave report to the Duke. They had ridden in pretty hard, their horses were lathered all over. They themselves were in an internal lather, for they had just had their first sight of war. They had come into touch (so they declared) with the whole of Albemarle's militia, marching out to attack them. On being questioned, it turned out that they had heard this from an excited labourer who had run to them with the news as they stood guard in a roadside field a few miles out of Lyme. They themselves had seen nothing, but the news seemed so probable that the Duke acted on it. He sent me off at once with a message to a clever, handsome gentleman who was in charge of the cavalry in the street. It was in giving the message that I saw the old man again. He was then limping up the street on the Sidmouth road, going fast in spite of his lameness.

I gave my message to the captain, who commanded his trumpeter to call to arms. The trumpeter blew nobly, but the sight of the confusion afterwards showed me how little raw troops can be trusted. There was a hasty scramble for horses rather than a setting forth. Some men quarrelled over weapons, others wrestled with harness, others ran about wildly, asking what was happening: was it to be a battle? what did blowing on the trumpet mean?

Some few, thinking the worst, got wisdom in those few moments. They took horses from the ranks, but, instead of forming up with the regiments, they galloped off home, having had enough of soldiering at the first order. The foot behaved rather better, knowing, perhaps, that if they fought they would be behind hedges, in some sort of shelter. Even so they seemed a raw lot of clumsy bumpkins as they marched up. Many of them were in ploughmen's smock-frocks, hardly any of them had any sense of handling their guns. They had drums with them, which beat up a quick-step, giving each man of them a high sense of his importance. People in the roadway cheered them until they heard that there was to be a battle. Those who were coming in to join us found it a reason for hesitation.

After a lot of confusion, the army drew out of Lyme along the Sidmouth road, followed by a host of sightseers. Some of the best-mounted rode on ahead at a trot under the handsome man, Mr. Fletcher, who was their captain. I followed with the foot-soldiers, who marched extremely slowly. They halted at their own discretion, nor did they seem to understand that orders given were to be obeyed. What they liked, poor fellows, was to see the women admiring them. The march up the hill out of Lyme was a long exhibition of vanity, the women waving their handkerchiefs, the men putting on all sorts of airs, like gamecocks.

(Continued on page 286.)

STARS AND FLOWERS.

DAY unto day the flowers grow,
And lovely forms unfold and blow;
Night unto night the stars appear,
And in the heavens shine bright and clear.

Oh, heart of mine, be wise to learn
From flowers that bloom and stars that burn,
And let their light and beauty teach
The lovely ministry of each.

HIDDEN TREASURE.

A POOR medical student was turning over some old books outside a bookseller's in the west of London when he came across an ancient and grimy volume which he had long desired to possess. Age had so effectively covered the outside inscription that it was well-nigh illegible. For a small piece of silver he secured the prize, and carried it home to enjoy in the quiet of his study. He was totally unprepared, however, for the startling surprise awaiting him on a closer look at the precious volume, for he found some of its pages were fastened together by a small deposit of gum around the edges, on removing which he discovered ten Bank of England notes, each of the value of one hundred pounds. To make quite sure that his find was a genuine one, he immediately proceeded to the Bank itself in Threadneedle Street and presented the notes, whereupon he was promptly paid the sum of one thousand pounds in gold.

Looked upon in his lifetime as a dangerous anarchist, a labourer announced on his deathbed that he would leave 'a pleasant surprise' for his heirs. After his death an iron bomb was found prominently placed on a table. Expert artificers came to remove the infernal machine, which was opened after being laid in a pail of water. In it were found notes and gold to the value of four hundred pounds.

Not long ago a milkman was on his way to Versailles, near Paris, when he spied a bag on the top of a garden wall which surrounded an uninhabited villa. Being curious to learn why the bag was there and what it contained, he hooked it down, and in falling the bag opened, and bonds of the City of Paris, worth four hundred pounds, fell out.

A Scotchman owned a large farm near Aitchison City in the State of Kansas. One winter, during a severe blizzard, he was hauling cord-wood into town, and returned to search for some additional garments to enable him to withstand the pitiless blast. His search led him to an old chest which he had brought from Scotland, and therein he discovered an old coat, the original property of a long-deceased uncle. This he wore on his visit to town, and returning home later in the day examined the well-worn garment. While thus engaged, he found a musty old pocket-book in the depths of one of the large pockets. Carefully folded away in the inmost recesses of this book were two pieces of faded yellow paper, bearing the appearance of Bank of England notes for one thousand pounds each. The fortunate fellow lost no time in presenting these precious relics to an Aitchison banker, who handed him the sum, less commission, of ten thousand dollars.

People passing along the quays of Dublin some time ago to their work had their curiosity excited by the spectacle of two men solemnly gazing through field or opera-glasses into the river Liffey from Butt Bridge, near the Custom House. A crowd naturally gathered, and when the news was passed round that the watchers were detectives, there were many bantering remarks as to a new clue to the lost crown jewels. Neither of the men with the glasses took any notice, nor moved their gaze from the surface of the river. The tide was going out, and the sloping river-bed could be seen more clearly through the shallowing water. At length one of the detectives uttered an exclamation, pointing out something in the river to his companion, and shut up his glasses with a snap. A few minutes later the couple were being rowed out on the stream in a boat, and soon, out of the muddy depths of the Liffey, a large box, the object of their search, was fished up. It was taken to a police-station, and, on examination, was found to contain a large quantity of silver, which, from time to time during the past few months, had disappeared from various residences in the south side of the city. During the day many owners of the missing property called at the office, and were gladdened by the sight of household goods which they had never hoped to see again.

About four years ago a cabinet-maker at Newmarket was called upon to repair an old oaken chest of drawers. While engaged in this task he came



"In falling, the bag opened, and bonds worth four hundred pounds fell out."

upon a secret drawer, ingeniously concealed at the back of one of the ordinary compartments. Therein he discovered a veritable mine of wealth, composed of several rolls of bank-notes and a large quantity of sovereigns, amounting to the magnificent

sum of five thousand and seventy-two pounds. He was honest enough to hand the amount over to the rightful possessor, the owner of the drawers, and received the welcome reward of five hundred pounds for so doing.



"Roy made a sudden dart to rescue the cushion."

THE WAY TO THE STATION.

'HOORAY! Hooray! Mother's coming home to-day!' shouted Rex, scampering excitedly round the nursery.

'Don't try to make bad poetry, Rex,' said Roy severely.

'I didn't mean it for poetry!' was the reply.

'Besides, there isn't any such thing as bad poetry' said ten-year-old Eva. 'If it's *bad*, it isn't *poetry*.'

'Now, Eva, don't give yourself such grown-up airs! Somebody told you that, or you wouldn't have known it,' cried Roy; and he seized a cushion and flung it at the book his sister held in her hand. It missed the mark, however, and fell into the midst of the flames which a moment before had been roaring cheerfully up the chimney.

The children gazed at each other in dismay as the light frilling blazed up, while a horrible smell of scorching filled the room. Roy made a sudden dart to rescue the cushion, but Eva held him back.

'No, no!' she said. 'You will only burn yourself. Go and ask Nurse to bring a long pair of tongs—that will be best.'

Almost before Eva had finished speaking, Nurse herself came running into the room, alarmed by the smell of burning. On seeing the state of affairs, she rushed to the fireplace, seized the poker, and dragged out the remains of the cushion. Then she turned wrathfully to her three charges.

'Who threw that cushion on the fire?' she asked. 'It couldn't have got there by itself!'

'Of course not, Nurse. I did it, but it was an accident. I meant to throw it somewhere else. I'm very sorry,' explained Roy.

'Sorry, indeed! And so you ought to be. But it's always the same—the moment my back is turned, you get into mischief. But I *should* have thought you would try to behave yourselves on the very day your mother is coming home. But I shall just punish you by not allowing you to go to the station to meet her, and she shall know the reason why, too.'

'Nurse! You don't mean it!' exclaimed the children.

'Indeed, I do mean it!'

'But, Nurse, it was an accident. I—I said something that teased Roy, and he threw the cushion at me for fun, and it was *quite* a mistake that it went in the fire,' explained Eva tearfully.

'I *shall* go!' said Rex angrily.

'That *quite* settles it that you will *not* go,' returned Nurse quietly, 'whether you had any share in destroying the cushion or not. Little boys who don't know the right way to speak must be taught.'

Rex burst into tears. 'You might forgive me, Nurse, just when Mother is coming home, and we all want to be happy!'

'You should have thought of that before. First mischief, then rudeness, is more than I can stand.'

'But Rex had nothing to do with the mischief, Nurse,' explained Eva eagerly. 'Roy and I were teasing each other, and Rex wasn't teasing at all.'

'But he was very rude to me, so he must share in the punishment,' declared Nurse. And nothing that they said could make her alter her decision.

Rex and Roy Leicester were twins, aged eight, and they and their sister Eva had been left in Nurse's charge for a month while their mother had been absent from home, helping to nurse a sick sister. Aunt Nellie was better now, and the children had been looking eagerly forward to Mother's return. To be in disgrace on the day of her home-coming was too dreadful. If Father had been at home, they would have appealed to him to try to get their punishment abated; but he had gone to fetch Mother. Eva cried over her disappointment until she gave

herself a bad headache, and she really looked such a woe-begone little figure that as soon as the early dinner was over, Nurse made her lie down on her bed.

'And try to get some sleep, Miss Eva, or you won't be fit to be seen, with those red eyes, when your mother comes. The train doesn't get in till three o'clock, and then there's the drive from the station, so you have time to get a good rest.'

Having settled Eva, Nurse gave the twins instructions to play quietly by themselves for an hour, while she helped the housemaid to 'put the finishing touches to the mistress's room.'

(Concluded on page 282.)

THE MISADVENTURES OF JACKSON.

VI.—THE EGYPTIAN ESSAY.

JACKSON was standing on the platform of the railway station, saying good-bye to his father and mother, and the latter was leaning out of the carriage window giving him many instructions as to what he was and was not to do during the last ten days of his holidays.

'Now, Bertie,' she said, 'you *will* be sure to send off your essay as soon as Mr. Williamson sends you the address—*won't* you? Don't leave it till the very last post it can possibly go by.'

'Don't you worry! I shall send it off all right, Mater,' answered Jackson. 'I'm jolly keen on getting that prize.'

'It's in my old red portfolio: I put it in there to keep it clean after I had copied it out. I signed it "Wiener Schnitzel," as you told me to.'

Jackson chuckled: 'If they read the name out as the prize-winner, every one will think it's Schmidt, and won't they be sold when they find it's me!'

'I wish we weren't obliged to go away for the end of your holidays,' sighed Mrs. Jackson; 'but I expect you and Perkins will have a splendid time over the village cricket week.'

'Rather, Mother,' answered the boy, as the train began to move out of the station.

At the end of the summer term a celebrated Egyptologist, a great friend of Dr. Peterson's, Mr. Grantham-Smith, had been lecturing at St. Olaf's, and he had offered some small Egyptian curiosities to the senior and junior boy respectively who, during the holidays, should write him the best essay on something connected with ancient Egypt. Each paper had to be either typewritten or very neatly copied out, signed with a *nom-de-plume*, and sent in by a certain date, and, of course, Jackson had managed to lose Mr. Grantham-Smith's address!

He was very fond of composition, and had taken a great deal of pains with his essay: it had been finished the previous morning, and his mother had copied it out neatly for him, and had signed it with a *nom-de-plume* which he had found in some old papers of her own written long ago, at a time when she had belonged to a club for the study of German literature.

The expected postcard from Mr. Williamson arrived that night, but so did Perkins, and the result was that Jackson completely forgot to do up his essay and send it off. Three days later, in

the middle of a cricket match, he suddenly remembered that, unless it was in the post by five o'clock, it would be too late for the competition.

Perkins had just gone in as first man on his side, and Jackson, who was to bat sixth, did not dare to leave the field for fear he should be wanted before he could return. Five minutes later Perkins retired from the wicket with a crestfallen face, and Jackson rushed up to him eagerly.

'Oh, Perkins!' he cried, 'I have never sent my essay. Will you be a brick, and go up to the house, and send it off for me?'

'You are an ass!' grumbled Perkins. 'Why didn't you send the thing off last night? I don't even know where it is.'

'The fair copy Mother wrote is in the red portfolio on the small table in the library; the envelope is there too, and the address is on a post-card in my grey coat pocket.'

Perkins went off, still grumbling, and half an hour later he reappeared.

'It's all right, Jacko,' he said, when his friend came from the wicket, 'I found it directly.'

Three weeks of the autumn term had gone by, when one afternoon the Head Master came into the hall for call-over with two parcels and an open letter in his hand.

'I have just received the award of Mr. Grantham-Smith on the essays sent in for competition,' he announced. 'He was sorry that more boys had not taken the trouble to write, but was very pleased with the quality of the papers that were sent in, especially with the one that takes the junior prize. The senior prize is awarded to "Labor omnia vincit." "Julius Cæsar" sent in the second-best paper. The junior prize goes to "Wiener Schnitzel," with "Pop-corn" second. "Labor omnia vincit" and "Wiener Schnitzel"—or to give him his English name, Mr. "Veal Cutlet"—will please come up and take the prizes.'

Jackson flushed with pleasure as he went up to receive his prize, for he knew how pleased his mother would be about it. That very same day he did up his little pieces of Egyptian pottery in a parcel, and sent them to her with an account of his success.

A week went by peacefully, and then the whole school quailed, and wondered what *some one* had been doing, for Dr. Peterson walked up the hall in the morning with a stormy face; but it was not till after call-over that the boys were enlightened as to the name of the offender. Then Dr. Peterson gave out, in a voice of thunder, 'Jackson, I should like to speak to you in my study, before school.'

'My word, Jacko, you have done it,' whispered Perkins. 'I never saw the old man look so riled.'

Every one, in fact, regarded Jackson with pity and sympathy, as he followed the Head Master out of the hall.

'You wanted me, sir?' said the boy, when at last he found Dr. Peterson in his study.

'And, of course, you have no idea *why* I wanted you,' was the sarcastic answer. The Head Master was not only angry but bitterly disappointed, and was inclined to be very severe in consequence.

'No, sir, I have not,' and Jackson gazed at Dr. Peter-

son in genuine astonishment. Even if the Head had found out about his having ducked a 'lower school kid' under the pump for 'cheek,' or having carried a store of ginger-beer up to his study—and these were the only misdemeanours he could recall at the moment—he would not have been quite so wrathful as this.

'You thought, I imagine, that no one connected with the school was likely to come across the *Hamburger Rundschau* for January, 1879,' and Dr. Peterson's voice was, if anything, more sarcastic than before.

Jackson looked more astonished than ever, and stared in silence.

'You have never heard of George Ebers, I suppose?' went on the Head Master.

'Never, sir!' and Jackson began to wonder whether it would be easiest to make his escape by the window or by the door if, as seemed most probable, Dr. Peterson had gone mad, and was trying to find an excuse for murdering him.

'Then how comes it,' asked the Head Master, sternly, 'that the paper you sent in for the competition was an exact translation of a paper by George Ebers, on Egyptian Amulets, published in the *Hamburger Rundschau* for January, 1879?'

'It wasn't a translation of anything,' burst in Jackson, indignantly. 'I read up all the stuff in some books of Mother's, and I wrote every word myself, and Mother copied it for me. You write and ask her, sir, if you don't believe me.'

'I should be very glad if I could believe you, Jackson,' said Dr. Peterson, a little less sternly; 'but I am afraid it is hardly likely that you would have written an essay which is word for word an exact translation of Herr Ebers' paper.'

'But I don't know German, sir; I'm on the classical side,' said Jackson, clutching at a straw.

'Yes, but a good deal of Herr Ebers' work has been translated into English, though Mr. Grantham-Smith says that he has never seen this particular article before, and came across it quite accidentally yesterday in an old German magazine.'

'Will you write to my mother, sir, before you give it out in school?' begged Jackson. 'She really will tell you that I wrote it all myself, and you can ask her to send you the rough copy.'

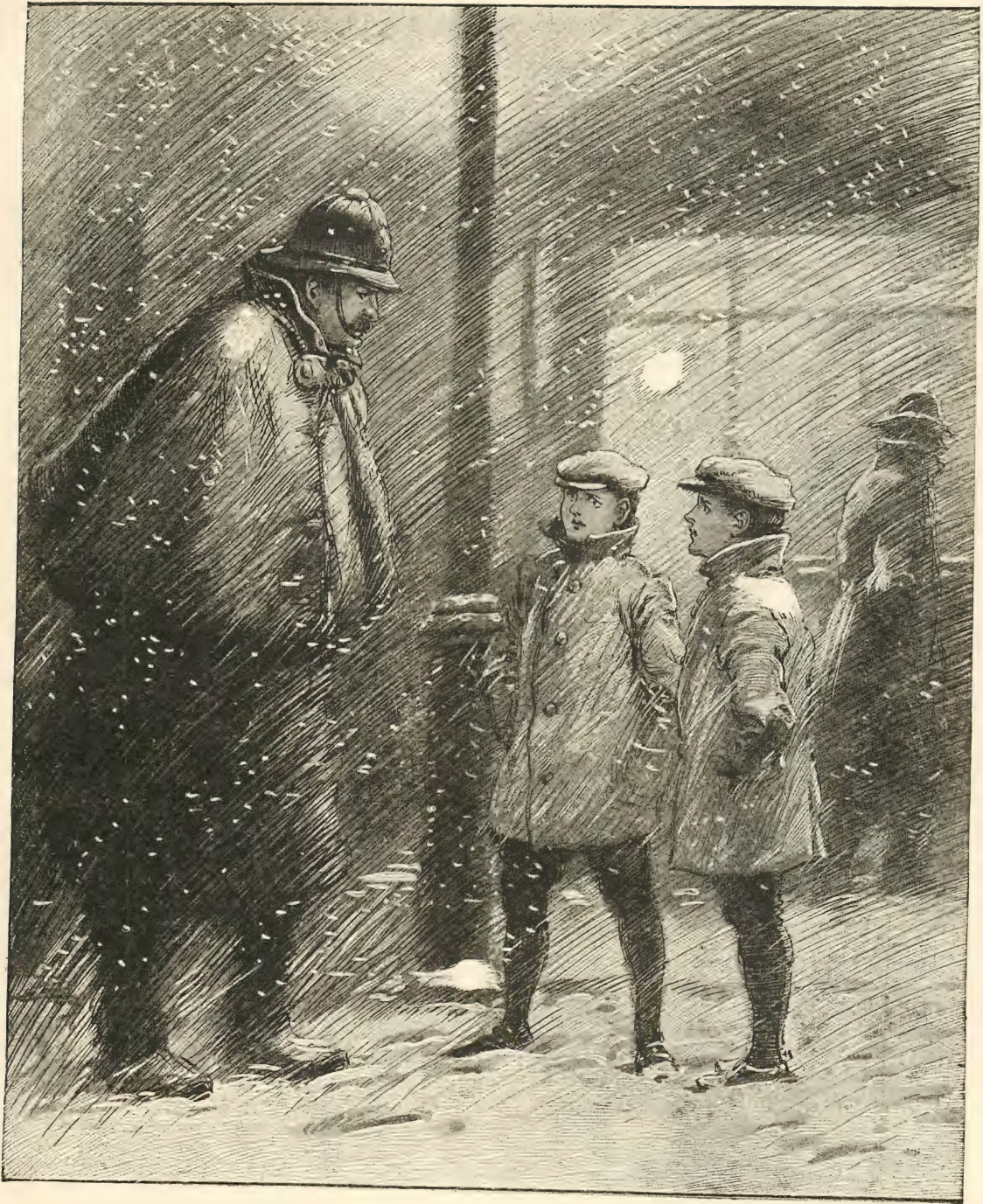
'I think that *will* be the best solution of the difficulty,' said Dr. Peterson, more kindly; 'but still, I cannot see how Mr. Grantham-Smith can have made a mistake in imagining the two papers were identical.'

He wrote at once, and the answer was prompt and to the point, for Mrs. Jackson enclosed no rough copy, but the essay itself. Perkins had been in such a hurry on the day of the cricket match that he had taken the wrong paper. It was headed 'Egyptian Amulets,' and Mrs. Jackson had translated it for the German society to which she had belonged as a girl, and had signed it with the *nom-de-plume*, 'Wiener Schnitzel,' which had so taken her son's fancy. The right paper had been headed 'A Peep at the Past.'

So Jackson was obliged to resign his prize, and though it was some consolation to his mother to know from Dr. Peterson that it would undoubtedly have been his if he had sent in his own essay, it was none to Jackson himself.



“‘Perkins,’ he said, ‘I have never sent my essay.’”



“ ‘Please can you tell us the way to the station?’ ”

THE WAY TO THE STATION.

(Concluded from page 278.)

LEFT alone, Roy and Rex looked at each other. The same thought had entered each foolish, mischievous head. Roy was the first to speak.

'I vote that you and I go to the station to meet Father and Mother by ourselves.'

'Just what I was going to say,' nodded Rex. 'We shall have to walk to the station, but there's heaps of time if we start at once.'

'Yes, and I'll tell you what, Rex! We should have time to go the town way; then we could buy a new cushion, and Mother wouldn't be so sorry about the burnt one.'

'Yes, yes! Let's do that!' agreed Rex, wriggling about in excitement. 'By the time Nurse's hour is up we shall be too far away for her to find us. But how are we to get at our money-boxes without asking Nurse?'

'Oh, we will tell the shop-keeper it is to be paid for on delivery,' answered Roy grandly.

'All right,' said his brother, and the two boys then got their hats and coats, and slipped out of the house without being seen.

They found their way to the town after taking several wrong turnings, and asking various people to direct them to the right road again. Arrived there, they sought out a shop, and going in, asked to see some cushions. The man behind the counter looked at his two small customers in surprise, but got out some cushions as requested. The boys chose one as nearly like the burnt one as possible, and the man wrapped it up.

'Three and sixpence, please.'

'Oh, send it to our address, please—The Cottage, Rammoor—and we will pay for it on delivery,' said Roy airily.

To the boys' surprise, the man refused to send the cushion without payment, and indignantly accused them of wasting his time. On being questioned, they admitted that no one had sent them to buy it, and the matter ended by the shopman ordering his would-be customers out of his shop.

'Well,' said Roy, when he and his brother were outside, 'it isn't our fault that we can't get the cushion, but we may as well go straight on to the station now.'

'Yes, it must be getting on to the time when the train is due,' returned Rex. 'I suppose you know the way, Roy?'

'Yes—at least, I think so. Anyway, we won't ask until we have tried to find it ourselves. It makes a fellow look such a baby not to know his way about.'

'Well, let us go down the Broadway—there are such interesting shops there, and Nurse always hurries us along so, instead of letting us look in the windows—it would be nice to have a good look while we've got the chance.'

'All right, I believe that leads us in the right direction, and we can but try,' agreed Roy.

Gazing in toyshops, however, is apt to make one lose count of time, and the two little boys were suddenly startled to see that the shop-keepers were beginning to light up.

'Oh, dear!' exclaimed Roy. 'I forgot how soon it begins to grow dark in the winter! I wish I could see a clock somewhere—I think it is the fog that makes it dark so soon to-day though.'

'No—it's a snowstorm!' said his brother.

'Roy! What big flakes! We had better hurry on to the station now, and get into shelter until the train comes in.'

But this plan was more easily arranged than carried out. After struggling along in the blinding snow for what seemed to the boys a very long time, they found themselves, to their dismay, back in the Broadway again.

'It's no use,' said Rex despairingly. 'You'll have to ask some one the way, Roy, or we shall never be in time for the train.'

And Roy, much against his will, admitted that this was the only course now left open to them.

'Here comes a policeman—let's ask him,' said Rex presently.

'Very well.' And they hurried up to the policeman.

'If you please, can you tell us the way to the station?' inquired Roy anxiously.

The man looked at the two brothers in a searching way, and with a very curious smile, as they both thought, and instead of answering their question, he asked one of his own.

'I should think you two are twins by the look of you, aren't you?'

'Yes, we are—but please can you tell us the way to the station?'

'The way to the station?' repeated the other. 'Yes, come along, I'll show you the way.'

The two boys trudged gratefully after their guide, who went along at a swift pace until he came to a sudden halt, turned, and remarked cheerfully, 'Here we are.'

The two boys looked up with a puzzled air, and suddenly understood. Before them was a square stone building, with the words 'Police Station' written in large capitals over the entrance.

Roy seized his brother's hand, with the intention of rushing away, but the police officer was too quick for them.

'Not so fast, young gentlemen,' he said good-humouredly, laying a firm hand on the shoulder of each. 'You are wanted inside, if you please. You happened to be the very two I was in search of when you came up to me just now.'

'But—but—what for? We haven't done anything! If—if it's about the cushion, we meant to pay for it on delivery,' stammered Roy, white with fear, while Rex clung to him in terror.

'I know nothing about a cushion,' was the calm reply, 'though I *do* happen to know something about some twin brothers who have run away from home, and put their good folks into no end of a scare.'

'Oh!' gasped both boys, and their trembling lips could say no more; but the same thought was in the heart of each—was their disobedience then to be punished by imprisonment? It was too dreadful!

In the passage they were met by an inspector to

whom the policeman touched his hat respectfully, and observed, 'I think I have found them, sir.'

The new officer eyed them keenly, then said, 'Yes, I think they answer to the description. Your names, boys?'

Roy managed to frame an answer, wondering all the time if the angry shopkeeper had given them in charge. A conversation on the telephone followed, at the end of which the bewildered boys were informed that some one would call to take them home shortly.

And when the penitent pair returned, it was to learn that they had not only failed to meet their parents at the station, but had missed the home-coming altogether, for Mr. and Mrs. Leicester had arrived during their little sons' absence, to find only Eva to greet them, and the house in a commotion over the loss of the little runaways. For Nurse had had a fine fright when two of her charges were nowhere to be found, and she had at once sent a message to the police station.

And when Roy and Rex had been kissed and forgiven, they agreed with Eva that they would have been much wiser to take their punishment quietly, instead of trying to arrange matters to their own satisfaction.

THE ORE-COLLECTORS OF SWEDEN.

THE soil which surrounds the roots of reeds and other plants growing in marshes and bogs, and on the shores of lakes, is often tinged with red or brown. This colour is a sign that iron, in some form, is present in the water, and is settling down upon the bottom of the bog or lake. Indeed, the red or rusty colour of almost all rocks or stones is due to the presence of iron.

The red or brown earth which settles at the bottom of ponds or lakes is not, of course, pure iron. But it is rather like iron rust, which is a combination of iron and air, or rather oxygen; and experiments have proved that iron can be obtained from it, and that it is thus an ore of iron.

In many of the lakes of Sweden this iron ore, or bog ore as it is called, accumulates in large quantities, in the form of grains like gunpowder, or of solid cakes measuring sometimes as much as six inches across. In certain spots in the shallow parts of great lakes, these grains or cakes are crowded together, and form what is known as a 'pan.' Many of the poorer people, living in the villages on the shores of the lakes where bog ore is deposited, find employment in collecting the ore, and taking it to the smelting furnaces, where iron is obtained from it.

Ore-gathering is a winter occupation. Towards the end of autumn, when the first frosts of winter have covered the lakes with ice sufficiently strong to bear a man, the ore-collectors of Smaland, a province in the south-eastern part of Sweden, start out from their villages to search for the pans of ore. The collectors generally work in pairs. They make holes in the ice from place to place, near the spots where they think the ore will probably be found, and, putting long poles through the holes, they sound the bottom of the lake to see if a pan has been formed.

They are guided in their judgment partly by the sound and partly by the feeling which the pole gives; but simple though this work appears, it requires long practice to become really skilful at it.

Probing about in this way, the collectors not only find the pans of ore, but they also learn how far these extend, and they set up little twigs in the ice to mark the boundaries, and to claim the ore as their own. In this way, while the ice is still rather thin, the collectors set out as many little 'claims,' to use a gold-miner's term, as they can discover, or as many as they will be able to work during the winter. When the ice becomes strong enough to bear a load, the collectors begin to work their claims, by dredging up the ore from the water, and piling it on the ice.

Near the outer edge of the pan they make a round hole about a yard in diameter through the ice, and one of them puts down a long pole, which has a perforated iron plate at the end of it, somewhat resembling the bowl of a spoon set at right angles to the handle. This iron plate rests firmly on the bottom of the lake, and by means of a couple of long-handled rakes, the collector gathers up a little pile of ore, and draws it on to the plate. The latter is then withdrawn, and its little burden of ore, sand, and mud is laid upon the ice.

While one collector is thus occupied in drawing up the ore from the bottom of the lake, the other makes ready to wash it. He loads some of it into an iron griddle, which he holds a little below the surface of the water, while he sways it from side to side. In this way the loose sand and mud are washed away from the ore, and the clean ore is again piled upon the ice, ready to be taken away to the furnaces, where it will be smelted. Most of these furnaces are like our ordinary big English ones, but some of them are of an old-fashioned and simple kind, which can be tended very well by one or two men.

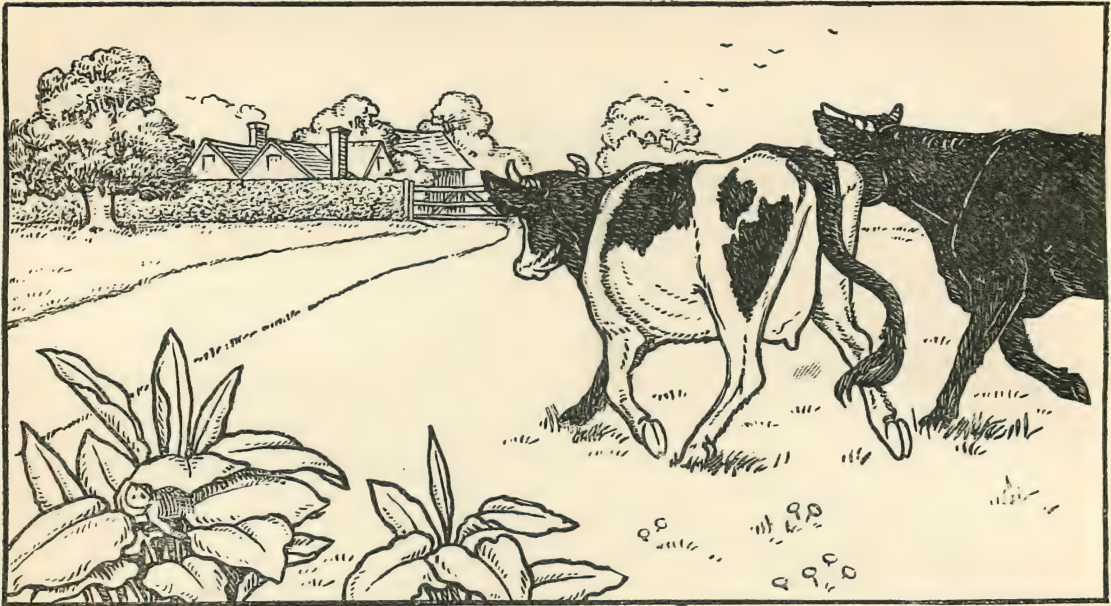
Two ore-gatherers will collect from half a ton to a ton of ore during the day. New ore begins at once to form again at the bottom of the lake, but it does this so slowly, that it often takes many years to form a pan an inch thick.

W. A. ATKINSON.

THE YACHTSMAN'S SONG.

COME for a sail along with me,
'Tis the sport I love the best;
You can't take harm, the sea is calm
And the wind blows from the West.
Give me your hand; we'll leave the strand,
To sail on the waters blue;
I'll be the captain, to command,
And my first mate shall be you.

See! there she floats, the best of boats,
A trim little craft is she;
As spick and span as any man
Could ever desire to see.
Come, we will ride upon the tide
As it flows out fast and strong,
And when we slack we'll make a tack
Till our boat is borne along.



Picture Puzzle: Find the Milkmaid.

Then let's away without delay,
While the day is fine and bright;
Let others go to fish or row,
But to sail is my delight.
Some think I'm daft about my craft—
They may think just what they please;
What do I care when days are fair,
And I have a freshening breeze?

ANIMAL INSTINCT AND INTELLIGENCE.

III.—WARNING-ATTITUDE INSTINCTS.

IN a former volume of *Chatterbox* (see *Chatterbox*, 1908) we described some really wonderful instances of creatures which, to escape the pains and perils of death, feign death. This device is not, however, always successful—no device ever is always successful—because sometimes the actor makes the mistake of assuming that his performance is enacted before an enemy which desires to kill its prey for itself, and not one which prefers the bodies of animals already dead. Or, perhaps it would be more correct to say, that these death-feigning animals act, as it were, 'impulsively,' or mechanically, for these animals do not 'think' and 'reason' as we think and reason. They are creatures of habit: and even if it were otherwise, there would generally be little time for thinking, and a creature which endeavoured to do so would speedily be cut short!

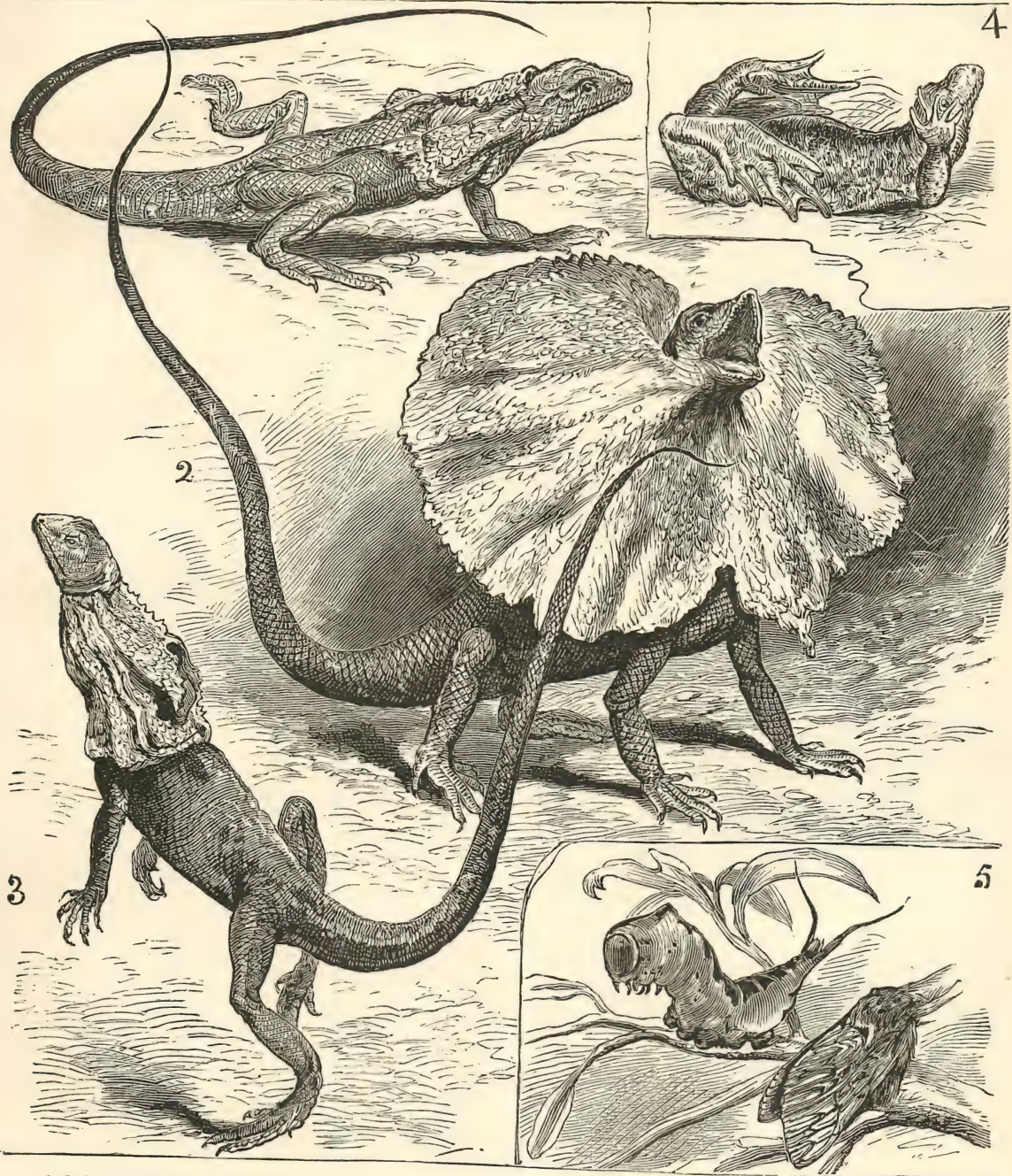
In the present chapter we propose to give an outline picture, as it were, of creatures which, when threatened by enemies too big to fight, affect to be very much alive indeed; and thereby they make a very effective contrast with those which adopt the ruse of 'playing' possum.

One of the most remarkable of these cases is that

of the Australian frilled lizard (*Chlamydosaurus Kingi*). This animal has the distinction of being the only living creature in the world in which the bones of the tongue are made to serve the purpose of supporting a sort of Elizabethan ruff or frill. To do this these tongue bones have grown excessively long, so as to project far beyond the head, and between them a fold of skin is stretched, as the silk of an umbrella is stretched over wire ribs. Like an umbrella, and unlike the Elizabethan model, this frill can be opened and closed at the will of the animal.

Now the possessor of this queer ornament is really perfectly harmless, and when at rest looks insignificant enough. But should any large beast or bird approach it, as if for a hostile purpose, it raises itself upon its fore legs, and at once opens its mouth as wide as it possibly can. And this at once causes the frill to expand with a jerk! when it presents the appearance seen in the illustration (Nos. 1, 2, 3). This, we may imagine, commonly has the effect of causing the hostile one to jump back with a jerk, and a 'Good gracious! whatever is the matter!' But should this not be the case, then, with a snap, no less sudden and surprising, the mouth shuts, the frill closes, and up jumps the lizard on his hind legs and scuttles off for dear life!

There is a toad which under similar circumstances plays the part of a contortionist, and this in such a way as to display certain brilliant colours otherwise hidden. The facts are briefly as follows. The toad is a native of Denmark, North Germany, Bohemia, Hungary, and a part of Russia, and is known as the 'fire-bellied toad' from the large patches of black and orange-red which adorn the under surface of the body. When surprised on land, or roughly handled, this odd little creature raises the head, curves the body, and turns the legs so that their under surfaces are presented to full view, thus displaying as much as



1, 2, 3. Australian Frilled Lizard in various positions.

4. Fire-bellied Toad.

5. Caterpillar of Puss-moth.

possible of their vivid colouring (No. 4). And in this strained position, it will remain so long as the cause of its fear remains, and this, of course, by way of protesting that he is a very dangerous fellow indeed! His human enemies may well smile at such bluff, but dogs, and other animals, have good reason to

exercise caution in putting this 'bluff' to the test, for the skin of the creature at this time pours forth a very acid and slightly poisonous juice, so that should some more than usually venturesome bird or beast attempt to seize the performer, no little pain from this acid juice will result!

Among insects, there are to be found a surprising number which have adopted these tactics of 'bluffing'—of pretending to be dangerous when they are really quite harmless, or in other words, of threatening what they are quite unable to perform. And most of us have met even grown men and women who will do as much. But the insects have this much to their credit: they 'bluff' only to save their tender and defenceless bodies from injury.

The caterpillar of our common puss-moth has acquired a wonderful skill at this desperate game of 'bluff.' It is an odd-looking creature at any time, both in shape and in colouration, as one might gather from our illustration (No. 5). But when threatened by danger it suddenly raises its head and tail, and from the latter suddenly thrusts out a pair of rapidly vibrating threads, or whips. Even hungry animals hesitate about eating a creature which can perform so uncannily a change at a moment's warning, and thereupon commonly retreat. But this is not always so. And then the puss-caterpillar resorts to yet another device. Just below its head is a gland which forms a very powerful juice, resembling the formic acid of ants. Now when the shaking of the red whips fails of its purpose, the head is raised, and lo! from the little gland is squirted a few drops of acid! Should this reach the eye at which it is aimed, very painful results follow.

Instances of this kind could be multiplied with ease. But the point we want to bring out is this. The actions of the caterpillar are 'instinctive' and not due to intelligence, or reasoning powers, or to imitation or education. It must be remembered that the caterpillar knows nothing of motherly care, for long before it leaves the egg, the mother which laid it dies. And in many cases her eggs are laid singly, and in different parts of the same bush or tree, so that the young caterpillar can only by accident meet with its own brothers and sisters: and these, even if one could suppose they were recognised as relatives, could never teach one another what they had never learned! No, each acts for himself and unconsciously, or, as we say 'instinctively.'

W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., A.L.S., &c.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

11.—DIAMOND.

1. Part of cat.
2. Pertinent.
3. An ancient gold coin stamped with the likeness of an archer.
4. A well-known fruit.
5. Pertaining to a place.
6. A cooking utensil.
7. Part of cat.

R. M. B.

(Answer on page 323.)

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES ON PAGE 251.

9.—Nutmeg.

10.—B E G A T

B E G A

B E G

B E

B

SULEIMAN AND THE ANTS.

An Arabian Fable.

THE great Sultan Suleiman is said, according to Arabian legends, to have understood the language of animals. One day, according to an old legend, as he was riding out with a king who was paying him a visit, and a great retinue, he heard the ants talking within an ant-hill which lay directly in his path.

'Here comes the Sultan,' said one of the little creatures. 'He whom his courtiers style the wise, the just, the merciful, is about to ride over and crush us.'

Suleiman repeated the ant's words to his companion, who was astonished at them.

'What insolence!' exclaimed the king. 'To be trodden under our feet will be a better fate than he deserves.'

But Suleiman did not agree with him. 'A wise man,' he said, 'will not refuse to learn from the lowest or weakest creatures.'

He ordered his retinue to turn aside in order to spare the ant-hill; the courtiers marvelled and the king turned and bowed to the Sultan.

'Now,' he said, 'I have discovered the secret of your wisdom: you listen as patiently to the reproaches of the humble as to the flatteries of the great.'

E. D.

MARTIN HYDE.

(Continued from page 275.)

WHEN we got up to the top of the hill, I saw the old lame puppet-man sitting on the edge of the wild, unenclosed, gorse-covered common-land which stretches away towards the town of Axminster. He was watching us with deep interest. Our men were spreading out into line upon this common. The horse were ranging on, bobbing about, far ahead. The foot were looking about eagerly as they got out of the ranks in which they had marched, but they could see no trace of any enemy.

I caught sight of the Duke four hundred yards away, a little figure sitting alone on his horse in front of half-a-dozen others. They were scanning the country all the way round. Presently I called out that I saw the enemy. Half-a-dozen cavalry were riding up acombe far off. But they were our own men, not the militia. They were some of our scouts riding off as 'feelers' to spy out Albemarle's position.

All the time we were up there on the hill, the little old man pottered about among the men, now listening to what they had to say, now asking the soldiers to look at his pretty puppets. When the returning scouts brought word that no troops were near us, so that we were free to march back again, he was still there, packing up his puppets in tarred canvas as though about to march off to the next market-town. We marched past him as he sat in the heather. I passed quite close to him, staring at him hard, for, to tell the truth, he was on my mind. I was suspicious

of him. He took off his hat to me with a smile, but he did not speak. Then our troops swung round down the hill, leaving him alone there, watching the men pass.

Other things put him out of my mind during the afternoon. I was kept busy writing orders to scouts, for we were sending out scouts in every direction, partly to protect us from surprise, partly to direct new recruits to our headquarters. Mr. Blick, who knew the ground, dictated the letters, helped by Mr. Fletcher, who studied a big map with great attention. I was writing all that afternoon.

Lyme grew noisier during the day. Many steady men turned away from us when they saw our disorder. I myself had been brought up to abhor drunkenness. I found the state of drunken uproar very terrible. I feared that such an army would never achieve any great deed. I thought that such sin would be punished. Our soldiers were not behaving like knights sworn to a good cause, but like boors at a fair.

That day we lost our only good officer, Mr. Fletcher. I have spoken of this gentleman. He was in command of the horse under Lord Grey. He was a much better soldier than my lord; a better officer, too; a better man.

Now, in the day's confusion, with everything topsy-turvy, the Duke's messenger, 'Old Dare,' rode into Lyme from Taunton, where he had galloped the day before to spread the news of our arrival. This Dare was a quick-tempered, not very clever, popular man, with a great deal of influence in the countryside. On his way back to us from Taunton, some one lent, or gave him, a very fine horse. It may have been meant as a gift to the Duke; I do not know. Anyhow, Old Dare rode in on this horse with letters from Taunton, which he handed to Mr. Fletcher to give to the Duke. Fletcher, our cavalry commander, had as yet no horse, so, seeing the splendid charger on which Old Dare rode, he ordered Old Dare to give it up to him. He was the real commander of the army, with a military right, if no real right, to take what horse he liked from any subordinate officer.

But Old Dare, like so many of our men, had no knowledge of what soldiers' discipline meant. He saw, in Fletcher, a gentleman with whom he had lived as an equal for the last fortnight. He was not going to give up his horse like that; not he. Fletcher, speaking sharply, told him to obey without further word, at which Dare, in a sudden flush of temper, struck him with his riding-switch. Fletcher was not a patient man. He could not let an act of gross mutiny pass unpunished, nor would he suffer an insult. He shot Dare dead upon the spot, in full view of some hundreds of us. It was all done in an instant. There was Dare lying dead, never to stir again; there was Fletcher, our only soldier, with a smoking pistol in his hand, thinking that he had taught the army a lesson in obedience; there was the army all about him, flocking round in a swarm, not looking at it as a military punishment, but as a savage murder, for which he deserved to be hanged. Then the Duke hastened up to make things quiet before the army

avenged their friend. He drew Fletcher aside, though the people murmured at him for speaking to a murderer. He was unnerved by Fletcher's act. He had no great vitality; sudden crises such as this unnerved him by using up his forces. A crisis of this kind (a small thing in a great rebellion) was often enough to keep his brain from considering other more important, more burning questions concerning the entire army.

The end of this business was as unhappy as its beginning. Fletcher, our only soldier, was sent aboard the frigate in which the Duke had sailed from Holland. When the tide served she set sail with him for Corunna, in Spain. With him she carried all our hopes of success, together with a quantity of stores which would have been of use later in the expedition.

As I left the Cobb, or pier which makes Lyme harbour, I saw the little lame puppet-man again, turning away from the beach with a company of men who wore our green boughs. For a few steps I hurried towards him so that I might overhear what he was saying; I made so sure that he was a spy. Mr. Blick, to whom I told my fears, bade me not to worry myself. 'Why, boy,' he said, 'there are five hundred spies in Lyme, but they can't hurt us. Before they can get off to tell our enemies all about us, there won't be any enemies left. We shall be marching at once; we shall drive everything before us.' He spoke with such confidence that I believed him, yet the old man troubled me for all that. When you see a face continually at a time when you are excited, you connect the face with your excitement, and it troubles your nerves.

The day wore by with all the unreality of a day of confusion. I was kept at work until the light was gone, then served at the Duke's table while he supped, then snatched a hurried supper while he talked with his officers. After supper I had to go from billet to billet, looking for particular people whom the officers wished to see. Something very important was in the air. The discussion in the inn's great room was the first serious council of the war. About eleven o'clock Lord Grey came out of the room, telling me to follow him. We went out into the street, where presently our men began to fall in, four or five abreast, about a hundred ranks of them. A few cavalry came too, but not enough, I heard Lord Grey say—not enough to do any good with.

In spite of all the efforts of those who loved us (by 'efforts' I mean the robbing of farm-stables), we were very short of horses. Those which we had were not good; they were cart, not saddle horses, unused to the noise of guns. Still, such as they were, they formed up in the street ahead of the foot. The force took a long time to form, for the men kept saying that they had forgotten something, their powder-horn, their cartridges, their guns even. Then they had to run back to their billets to fetch whatever it was, while those who remained behind, puzzled at the movement so late at night, when they wished to sleep, began to get nervous. They began to ask where it was they were going. Was it to Axminster or to Bridport?

(Continued on page 290.)



"I saw the little lame puppet-man again."



“‘Read, unless you’re a fool,’ said he in a whisper.”

MARTIN HYDE.

(Continued from page 287.)

WORD was passed about that we were going to surprise the militia at Bridport at dawn. We were told to keep quiet on the march after passing Charmouth, as the night was so still that we should be heard far off. We did not know how near the Bridport outposts might come to us under cover of the night.

'You come with us, Martin,' said Lord Grey. 'Take a horse. If we win Bridport, you'll have to gallop back with the news.'

I was made a little nervous by the thought of going into battle so soon: but, gulping down my fears, I mounted a marsh-mare which stood near the inn-door. I hoped sincerely that no militia bullet would find any part of either of us. Then the drums began to play us out of the town with their moving roll. A fife whined out, going down to our marrows with its shrillness. Lights showed at the windows. We saw dark heads framed in yellow patches. People called to us. In the door of the great inn stood Monmouth; his face seemed very white in the glare of the torches. He raised his hand to us as we passed him. The last thing I noticed of the town, for I rode in the rear with Lord Grey, were the ranks passing the lamp on the town hall. They came up to it in waves, their cloaks showing in a glimmer for an instant. Then they passed on into the night, sliding forward slowly with a steady roll, like the moving of waves to the shore.

We were a long time riding; so long that the dawn was on us by the time we were within shot of the enemy. I don't remember very much about the ride, except that it was unreal, very unreal; for the mists came down, blotting the world from us, so that we rode in a swirl of cold grey, amid a noise of dropping. When we got to the top of the long hill after Chideock I was bidden halt at a cross-roads, with a waggon full of ammunition, while the force moved on to the attack. The hills were showing up clearly above the mist; but the valley lay like a sea—a great, grey, formless level, like some world of ghosts. The troops passed down in it, moving pretty briskly, lest the mist should lift before they were in position. Most of them knew the country so well that they could march confidently; but their quickness had something nervous in it, as though they were ill at ease. Very soon they were out of sight, out of hearing, swallowed up in the fog.

I waited a long time (as it seemed) up there at the cross-roads. After a long wait I rode a little down the hill, from sheer anxiety. I pulled up in a bank of cloud, through which I could see dimly, in the growing light, for about a dozen yards. I was leaning well forward, listening for the sound of shooting, when something made me look down. Some one was standing at my side, slipping something into my pocket. It gave me a start. I clutched at the person. It was the old lame puppet-man who had been at Lyme the day before. 'Letter for 'ee,' he said in a whisper. 'Read, unless you're a fool.'

His hand pressed lightly on my horse for an

instant; then he ducked sideways swiftly into the wilderness of ferny gorse at the side of the road, where I could not hope to follow him even if the mist had not hidden him. As he ducked, something in the voice, something in the lightness of the touch, startled me into the knowledge that this old man was Aurelia disguised, come to spy upon us, but bent, also, on giving me a warning, some little kind word of advice, at the beginning of the Duke's war. I ought to have recognised her before. I had been blind. She had been under my eyes the whole day, yet I had never once suspected; no one of all that army had suspected. She had been disguised by a master-hand. She had played her part like a great actress. It was terrible to think of the risks she was running. One man's suspicion, in a time of war, would have been enough to give her to a horrible death. I tried to follow her into the jungle into which she had vanished; but my horse would not face the furze. I tried hard to see her, but it was no use, the tangle was too thick, she had gone. I called out to her softly; but I got no answer; only, at some little distance away, I heard a twig snap under a passer's foot.

In a momentary clearing of the mist I pulled out my letter. It was written in a fine, firm hand, without signature. It was a short, purposeful letter, which kept sharply to the point. It only contained two lines. 'Your Duke's cause is hopeless. He has no possible chance. Take the Axminster road to safety.' That was the whole letter. It gave me a feeling of uneasiness; but it did not tempt me to desert. I thought that if I deserted I might very well be tortured into betraying all that I knew of the Duke's plans, while I doubted very much whether the Duke's body-servant would find mercy from the merciless, frightened King James. What was I to do, even if I escaped from the King's party? I was too young for any employment worthy of my station in life. I had neither the strength nor the skill for manual labour. Who would employ a boy of my age on a farm or in a factory? All that I could hope would be to get away to sea, to a life which I had already found loathsome. As to going back to my uncle's house, I doubt if I would have gone, even had I had the certainty of getting to it safely. When a boy has once taken to an adventurous life, nothing but very ill health will drive him back to home-life. Yet there was the thought of Aurelia. Somehow the thought of her was a stronger temptation than any fear of defeat. I would have liked to see that old enemy of mine again.

I was thinking over the letter, wondering what would come to the Duke's cause, when the valley below me began to ring with firing. A heavy fire had begun there. It thundered in a long roll, which died down, momentarily, into single sputterings, through which one could hear shouting. About twenty minutes after the beginning of the shots, when all the party on the hill-top were edging nearer to the battle, taking a few steps at a time, on tenter-hooks to be engaged, we heard a great gallop of horses' hoofs coming to us at full tilt. At first we were scared by this, for the noise was tremendous, too great, we inexperienced soldiers thought, to be caused by our little troop of cavalry. We thought that it

was the Bridport militia charging down on us after destroying our friends. The mist by this time was all blowing clear, though wisps of it clung along the hedgerows in unreal, rolling folds. The day above was breaking in the sultry blue summer dimness. We could see, I suppose, for a quarter of a mile, straight down the road.

(Continued on page 302.)

THE MOON'S TWO BEDS.

O H, silver moon, where *are* you going?
Down, down into the silver sea!
The skies are dark; the wind is blowing—
How very chilly you must be!

Last night, beneath the bed-clothes lying,
I saw you slowly sink to rest
Where distant trees were softly sighing;
I think *that* bed was much the best.

The little leaves seemed wrapped around you;
While gentle breaths of fragrant air
Brought downy clouds, and, when they found you,
Just tucked you up in comfort there.

Good night, O moon! The waves are creeping
To hide your solemn face from me:
Can you be cosy while you're sleeping
'Neath the cold blankets of the sea?

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

True Tales of the Year 1809.

V.—THE BIRTH OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, the future President of the United States, was born in a log cabin in the backwoods of Kentucky, on February 12th, 1809.

His father was a carpenter, an easy-going sort of man, not too fond of work; by a little farming and occasional jobs at his trade, he managed to supply his wife and family with food and clothes. He was a restless man, and fond of any change, so when Abraham was four years old, the family moved to a new farm, and here Abraham and his little sister Sarah 'began going to A B C schools.'

Very soon, however, the home was again moved, this time to a wild out-of-the-way spot in Indiana, where there were no roads, and hardly any neighbours, and the nearest doctor lived thirty miles away.

There was much sickness in the newly-formed camp, and Mrs. Lincoln, the mother of little Abraham, died, but next year Lincoln married again. He seems to have done well, as the new Mrs. Lincoln was a very energetic woman, with a little property of her own, and she proved a most kind stepmother, who soon recognised the superiority of Abraham, and determined to do her best to help him on in life.

Schooling was of course the chief thing needed for the eight-year-old boy, but this was a difficult thing to obtain in the backwoods in 1816. There was, it is true, a rough shed which went by the name of a school-house, though it was without windows and

with no school appliances whatever except a few tattered spelling-books. There were then absolutely no other books, slates, pencils, pens, ink, or paper, and no means of obtaining any, except by a perilous journey of many days.

But there are ways of learning to write without paper or pens, and Abraham occupied the long winter evenings with doing sums on a wooden board, with charcoal for a pencil. When the board was covered with figures, he would take a knife, shave it off clean and begin again. As for reading, the boy would read every book he could lay hands on, and if he came across a passage that struck him, he would write it down on boards. There were not many books amongst those early settlers, but Abraham borrowed, read and re-read them all—not a difficult matter, as he could obtain but *Æsop's Fables*, Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Robinson Crusoe*, a *Life of Washington*, and a *History of the United States*.

During a period of nine years Abraham Lincoln attended five schools, but could only stop a few weeks at each. It is calculated that all his schooling put together did not amount to one year. These early days were mostly spent in hard manual labour: his father had settled in an unbroken forest, and the clearing away of wood was the chief work for Abraham. He was big for his age, and had to work with the axe from daylight to dusk, except when the work was varied by ploughing, sowing, and reaping the corn which was the family's chief means of subsistence.

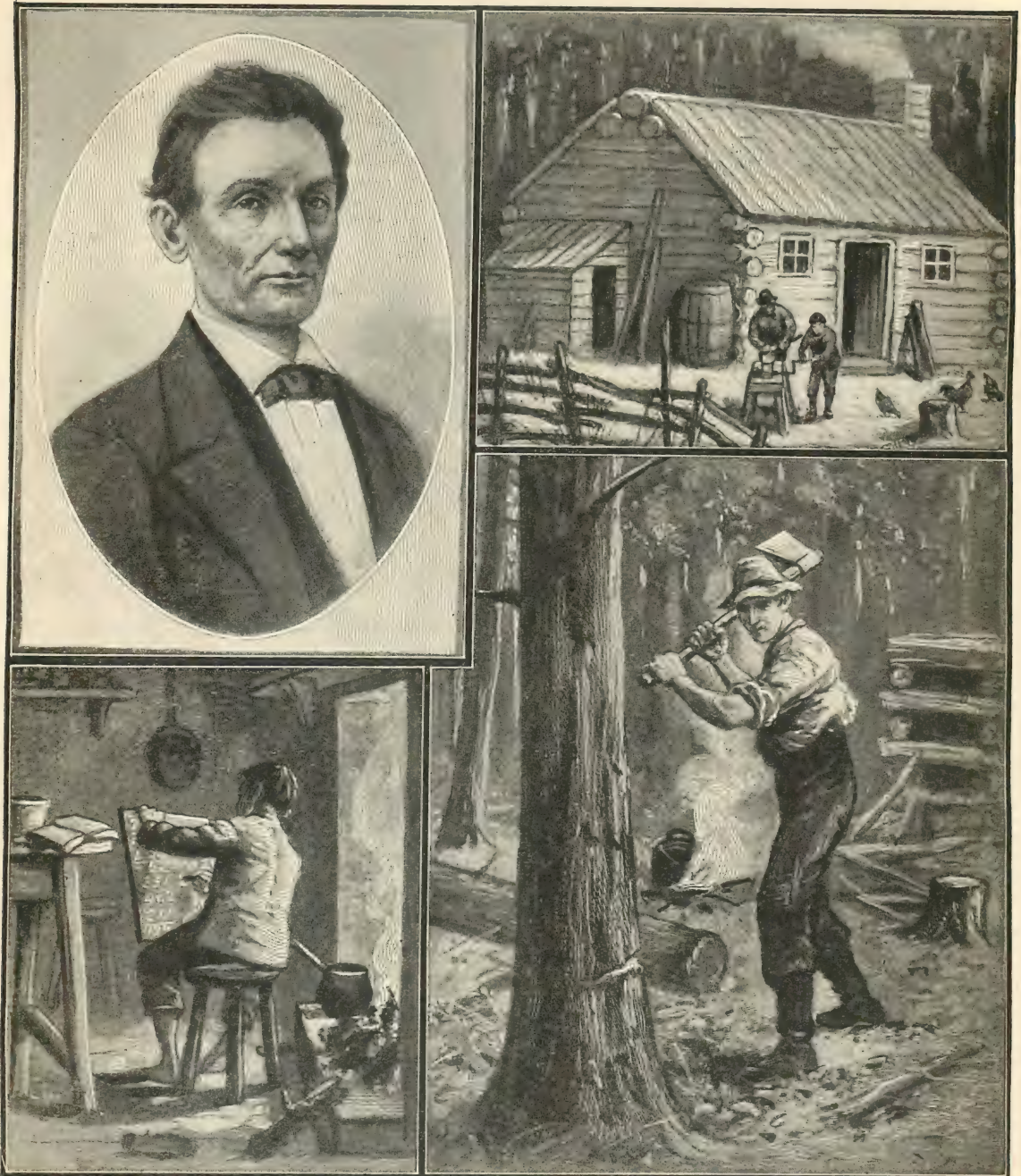
A hard life, but a healthy one; at twenty-one Abraham was a wiry, sinewy man of six feet four inches in height, and as much above his fellows in intellectual attainments as he was in physical growth.

The next thirty years of Lincoln's life were even harder than those that had gone before, and for a time it seemed as if ill-fortune must dog his footsteps. He kept a 'store,' and failed; he became a land surveyor, and his compass and chain were sold for debt; he was defeated in his first attempt to be nominated for Congress, and when at last 'honest old Abe,' as he came to be called, was actually nominated President of the United States, civil war broke out, and it seemed for a time as if the Union was gone!

This war was chiefly brought about by the slaveholders of the Southern States. Lincoln 'crushed slavery, and cemented the purified Union in new and stronger bonds.'

Then came the brief hour of triumph! General Lee, the brave commander of the Southern Army, was defeated, and hunger compelled him to surrender. The long, bitter war was at an end, and on April 14th, 1865, President Lincoln and Mrs. Lincoln were present at a gala entertainment given in their honour at Ford's Theatre, Washington.

Here he was brutally shot by an actor named John Wilkes Booth, who was mad with rage at the defeat of the Southerners. Being an actor, he was allowed access to the theatre, and making his way undisturbed to the President's box, Booth shot him through the head before the eyes of his wife, and gave a savage stab to Major Rathbone, who sprang up to grapple with the murderer. Then vaulting on to the stage,




Abraham Lincoln.
 "Doing sums on a wooden board."

he managed, in the general excitement, to escape outside, where he had a fleet horse in waiting, and so got off for a time. He was eventually shot by his pursuers some ten days later.

"The little Log-cabin."
 "He had to work with the axe."

The whole of the States joined in mourning for Abraham Lincoln, who had met such a tragic death in the very hour of victory. The vast funeral procession was the largest America had ever known,

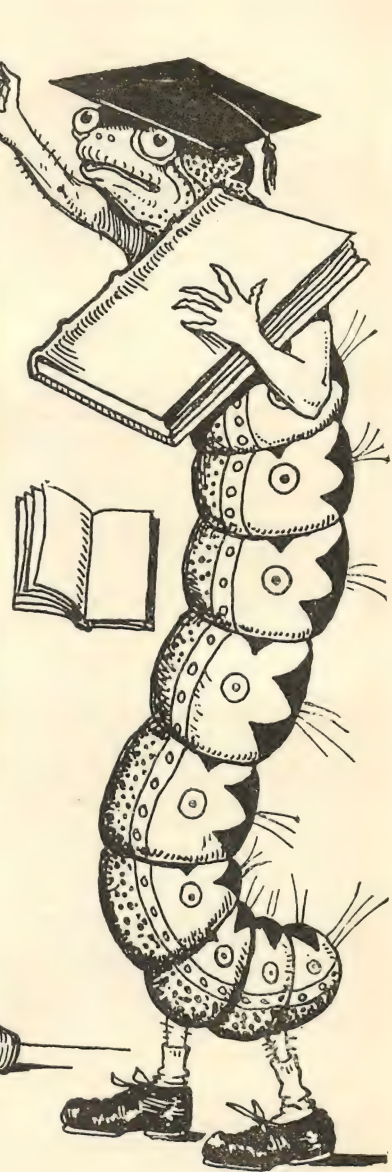


THE BOOK-WORM.

AMONG old books with leather bound
The Book-worm spends his days;
The Earth-worm burrows in the ground—
Quite different are his ways.

And both are happy without doubt
With what each one receives,
For, one indoors, the other out,
They both are fond of leaves.

M. Clayton.



and to associate the day with the work of Lincoln's life a detachment of free coloured troops marched at the head of the line.

Lincoln's memory is still green in the heart of the American people. The little log-cabin in Kentucky, where Lincoln first saw the light, was specially honoured on the centenary day, the weather-worn walls were embowered in roses, and President Roosevelt made a stirring oration, and announced the intention of the Government to preserve this national shrine by building round it a magnificent structure of marble.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE KAFFIRS.

MANY of the readers of *Chatterbox* are no doubt interested in their black brethren 'beyond the seas.' The Kaffir race is scattered all over South Africa. On the outskirts of nearly every town is a 'Kaffir Location.' This is the dwelling-place of the civilised and partly civilised members of that race. Some of the houses in the location are made of stone, and, together with a tiny patch of ground, look quite neat and trim. Others are constructed of corrugated iron; and, lastly, there are some in a

very poor condition, being built up out of old tins, boxes, sheets of corrugated iron, and strips of canvas. All these dwellings denote the state of civilisation and the prosperity or poverty of the owners. The male portion of the inhabitants are, for the most part, employed in the town, and are obliged to wear, instead of their native blanket, the ordinary working clothes of a white labourer; but the majority of women and girls keep the custom of wearing the blanket, except in the case of any who live with their employers. These blankets are very thick and warm, varying in pattern and colour; they can be obtained from shops in or near the town, known as 'Kaffir stores,' for the sum of ten shillings and upwards.

Men and women gather inside and outside these stores, waiting their turn to be served. Their purchases, apart from blankets, are usually different kinds of ornaments for their bodies, such as rows of coloured glass beads, wire bracelets, earrings, and so on. Both sexes delight in wearing these things, having about half-a-dozen bracelets on each arm, and in many cases also round their ankles. It is amusing to see what the Kaffir often puts in his ears instead of earrings—a couple of curtain-pins, for instance, with rings attached, or even bits of straw.

Standing in rows in front of the shops are three-legged iron pots of various sizes. These are a very necessary article to the Kaffirs, seeing that their chief food, 'mealie meal,' is cooked in them. This is a kind of corn, formed in a cob; it goes through a process similar to that of wheat before it is made into flour. It is cooked and eaten like porridge, and is an excellent food-stuff.

Kaffirs are very musical, as, indeed, most black races are, and have a preference for the mouth-organ and the concertina. It is a common sight to see boys, girls, and grown-ups tripping along the streets on their various errands with their bare feet, gracefully keeping time with the musical sounds of a mouth-organ, quite heedless of the notice of passers-by, who, if new-comers, can only wonder and look at the happy unconcern of these musicians.

All street-cleaning and the lowliest forms of labour are carried out by the Kaffir men, and convicts very often are thus employed in the heart of the town, under careful supervision of native policemen, and sometimes white soldiers.

Women from the location are hired out by the day by white people to wash and iron, and some are very good at this particular branch of labour. A Kaffir woman generally brings her baby on her back when she comes to wash, and the little thing is usually well-behaved, sometimes sitting on the floor while its mother is busy, and then, when sleeping, hushed off and put in the folds of its mother's blanket on her back. Occasionally a mother, where the baby is older, will bring also a girl of about seven years old to mind it while she does her work. Other women will wash all the time with a baby on their back. The girl-nurse sometimes receives a wage of five shillings per month for her trouble.

Boys from eleven years and upwards to about fifteen make splendid nurses for white babies, wheeling them about in pambulators and crooning a

native song until baby finally drops off to sleep. Where the baby is older and not so weakly, the boy-nurse can be entrusted with the task of lifting it out and placing it in its cot, covering it over and watching by its side to 'hush off' again in case of wakefulness. In their spare time these boys may be put to cleaning knives and polishing forks and spoons for the cook. They do their own washing, their clothing in summer consisting of a white suit piped with red. For winter wear, any spare suit of boys' thick clothes a family may have can be worn by them. They also cook their own food, which consists of 'mealie meal,' in their own little Kaffir pot, together with scraps from the table.

THE MISADVENTURES OF JACKSON.

VII.—THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

'WHAT a decent old chap the General is!' exclaimed Jackson, one Saturday in February, as he and Perkins strolled through the Priory ruins. The owner, having taken his grandson with him, was yachting in the Mediterranean, but he had given his chauffeur orders to fetch the two boys from St. Olaf's any Saturday they chose.

'I wish we could do something for him while we're out here. Let's really find Fiery Dick's Ladder.'

'I believe the whole thing is a yarn,' said Perkins. 'Still, it will be rather a lark hunting for it, and the General would be pleased if we found it.'

'Hullo! there's "grey-beard" again,' exclaimed Jackson, as an elderly man in shabby clothes tried to conceal himself behind one of the buttresses at their approach. Then, finding he had been seen, he made off hastily towards the house, while the boys watched him suspiciously.

'I don't believe he's up to any good,' said Jackson. 'He always seems to be hunting for something. Perhaps he knows of a buried treasure.'

The chancel was the only part of the old buildings that still stood erect. The rest had been more or less given up to Nature. Creepers wound their way about the ancient walls and ruined monuments, and wild birds built themselves comfortable nests in all the nooks.

On the first two Saturdays the boys hunted diligently for the entrance to the 'Smugglers' Ladder,' but after that their interest began to flag, and they amused themselves with 'scouting' the mysterious stranger, and watching the birds. Thanks to the General's love of natural history, they had learnt a secret which many boys never find out at all—namely, that it is far more exciting to watch a bird on her nest, or feeding her young ones, without disturbing her, than to frighten her away and steal her eggs.

The Saturdays passed quickly, and they were surprised when, towards the end of March, the chauffeur told them that the General had returned that morning, and that they were to have tea with him, though he would be too busy to see them before.

'I vote,' said Perkins, as they entered the ruins, 'that if we find old "grey-beard" here to-day we take him to the General and make him explain himself.'

'Right you are!' said Jackson; 'but he's got such a trick of slipping off as soon as he gets to the garden hedge. I believe he's got a friend in the stable or the kitchen who hides him. It may be a conspiracy to rob the General, for all we know.'

So, fired with the noble idea of saving their friend's life, the boys kept a sharp look-out for the shabby figure while they finished cleaning the moss out of the letters on one of the tombs.

'There he is! Drop!' cried Jackson, suddenly, and the two boys crouched behind the tombstone to watch the stranger, who entered the chancel and began his usual careful examination, stone by stone, of its walls.

The boys crept up behind him and seized him, one by each arm.

'You impudent vagabonds!' he cried angrily as he turned round. 'What do you mean by this behaviour?'

'You'd better not talk about behaviour,' said Perkins, sternly. 'We're going to take you to General Woodhouse, to see if you can explain why you're always searching for hidden treasure on his property.'

'Treasure! treasure!' stuttered the prisoner. 'What do you know about treasure? Yes, I'll come to the General, I'll certainly come to the General, and we'll see what *he* has to say about it,' and, muttering angrily to himself, he accompanied the boys to the house.

The General was in his study when the boys knocked and asked if they might come in.

'Yes, come in, boys! Glad to see you!' Then, on seeing the third figure, he added in astonishment: 'Hullo, Ted, what have *you* been doing?'

'He's always poking about in the ruins, sir, and then when he sees anybody he hides or runs away, and we thought you ought to investigate the matter,' said Jackson.

'Is this the way you like your brother to be treated, Frank?' asked the little man angrily, and the boys dropped his arm in consternation at the words, and then waited for an outburst of wrath from the General.

But none came, for he was in fits of laughter.

'I always told you, Ted,' he said, 'that you'd be taken up for a tramp some day if you would persist in wearing such old clothes and in always taking to flight if you came across a fellow-creature.'

'We're very sorry, sir!' stammered both boys together.

'It's all right,' answered the General; 'there's no harm done!' Then he turned to his brother and asked, 'Well, Ted, have you found the passage?'

The stranger immediately forgot his anger in the interest of the fresh subject, and answered eagerly, 'No, I'm afraid I haven't.'

'He came across an old manuscript,' explained the General, 'which he thinks has given him a clue to the entrance to the Smugglers' Ladder.'

'Yes, it certainly seemed as if it was your Priory that was referred to,' said the antiquarian; 'but I have nearly finished searching the walls of the chancel, and I can find no trace anywhere of the

'skull and cross-bones' which are supposed to be the clue to the entrance.

'There's a "skull and cross-bones" on one of the tombs,' interrupted Jackson. 'We wondered what it had to do with the figure of the Crusader on the top.'

'Is that so?' cried the antiquarian enthusiastically. 'What a fool I was only to search the chancel. Come on! We have plenty of time to investigate before tea.'

'Here, wait a bit!' said the General. 'If we're really going to discover anything, we'd better take some lanterns and ropes with us.'

The tomb, on examination, was found to have been arranged with hinges, so that the top opened back like a lid, and the four explorers found themselves gazing down into a dark and cavernous vault.

'Hold on a minute!' said the General, as the boys were preparing to go down an old ladder at the side. 'We must test the air first.'

A candle was lowered, and as it burned clearly, the party of four descended the rickety steps, though not without some misgivings.

The chamber had evidently once been a family burial-place. Round it ran shelves and niches.

'Here's another trap-door,' cried Jackson, from a corner.

It was lifted up, and, standing at the top of a long ladder, they gazed down into a large, dimly-lighted cave.

A rope was tied round Jackson's waist and he descended carefully, but as the rungs proved firm he was quickly followed by the other three.

They had undoubtedly reached Fiery Dick's private haunt. There was an opening on one side so shrouded with creepers that it must have been quite invisible from the beach below, and from this had originally opened a steep and precipitous pathway down the face of the cliff, which had evidently been swept away by a landslip which occurred soon after the days of the smugglers.

The cave itself was strewn with open boxes and cases, as if the contents had been rifled in haste, and in a corner lay a grim figure, which they had no difficulty in recognising as the smuggler chief himself. The skeleton, in queer, old-fashioned clothes, lay face downwards on the ground. One arm was stretched out, and beyond it lay a pistol.

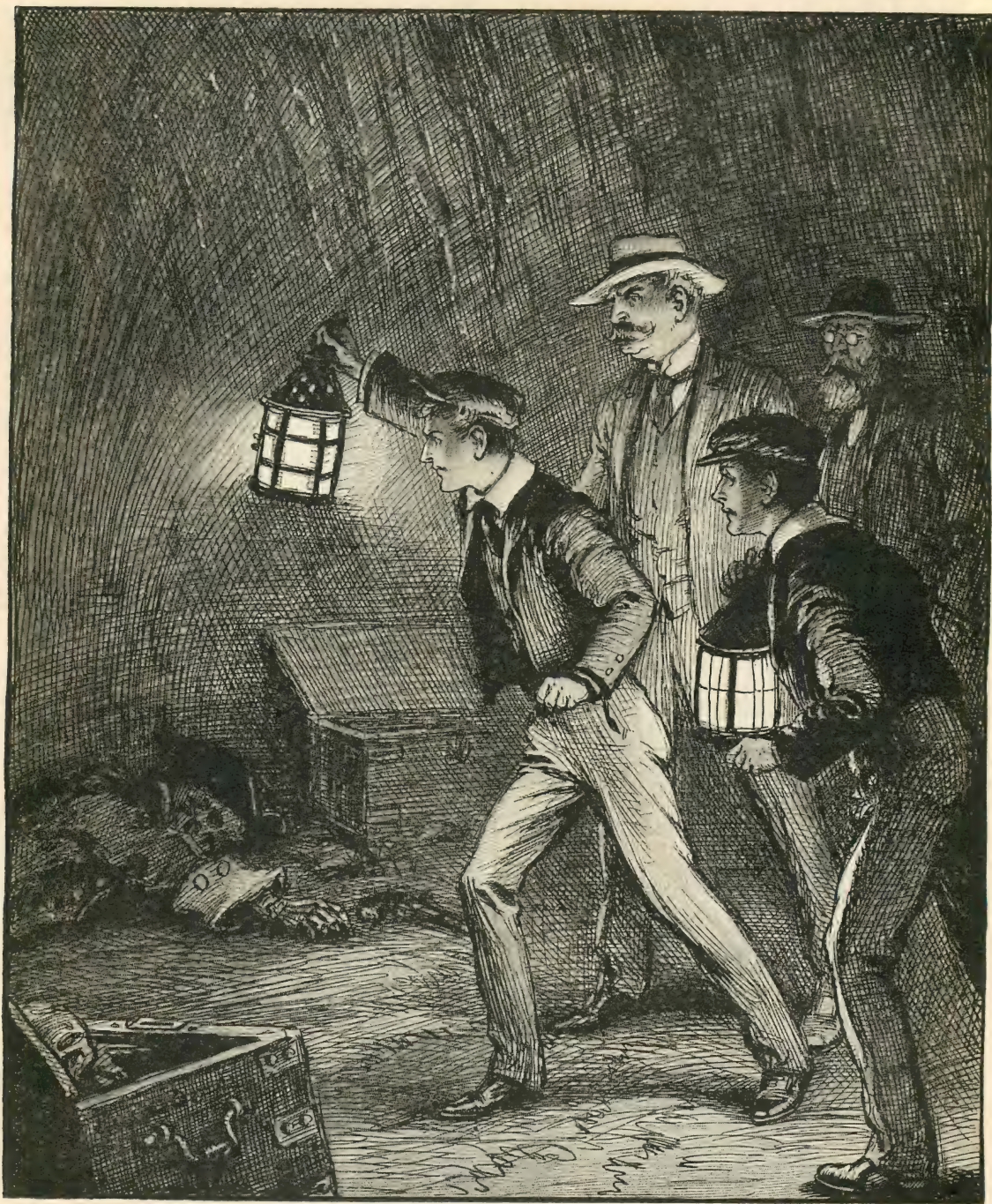
'It's easy to see what happened,' said the General. 'Fiery Dick did, as they say, creep up here to die, and his men, as soon as they thought he was too far gone to object, began to rifle his hoards. Then he made one last effort to defend them, and fell dead in the attempt.'

There were a few quaint garments and other curiosities, including some weapons, left in the cases.

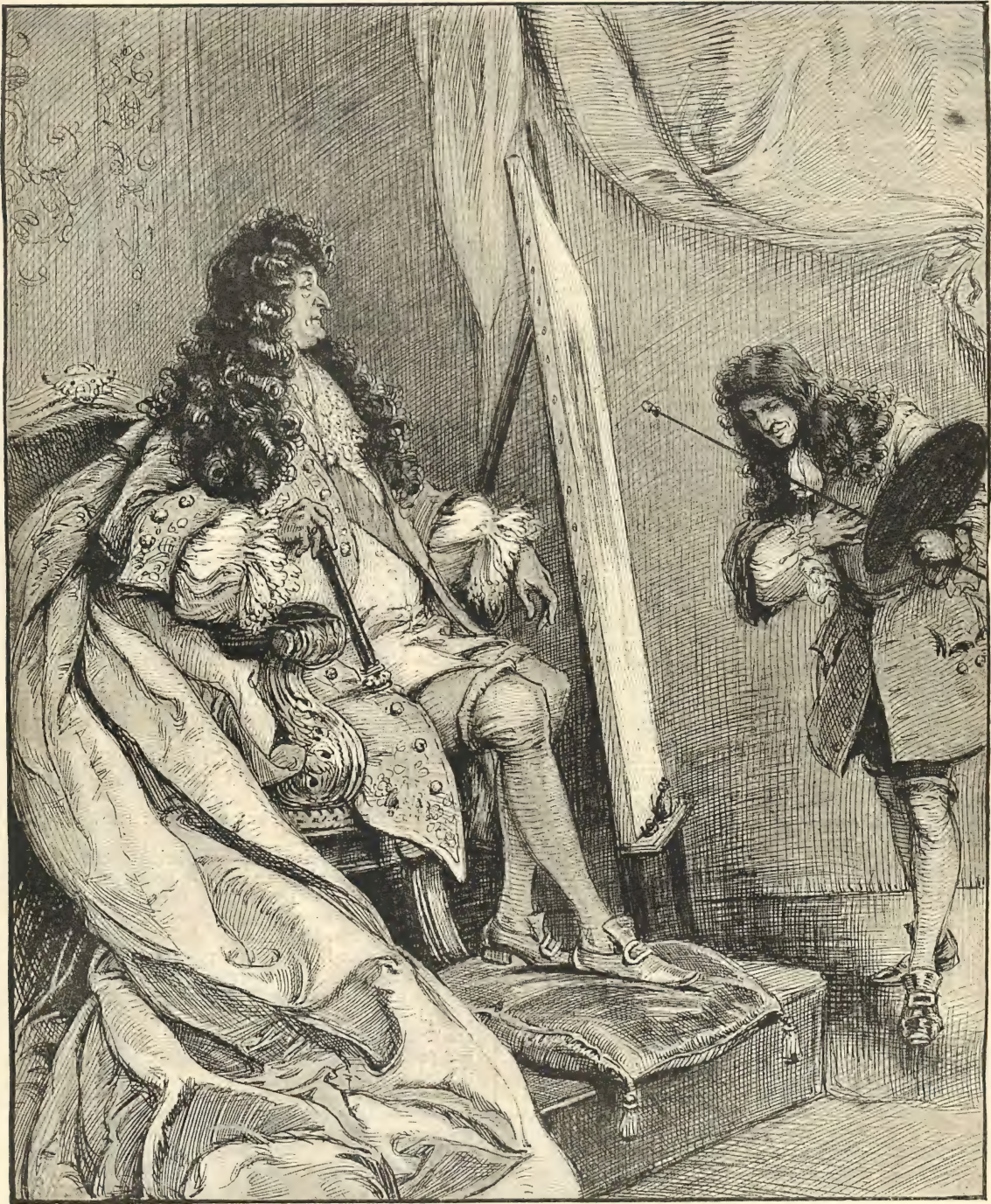
Later on the other things were removed, the skeleton was buried, and a fresh pathway with ropes and steps made from the shore. Then the ladder to the vault was taken down, the entrance blocked up, and the Crusaders and their families rested once more in peace.

And, on the whole, Jackson and Perkins were distinctly pleased with their share in the discovery of 'Fiery Dick's Ladder.'

A. KATHARINE PARKES.



"They had reached Fiery Dick's private haunt."



“ Louis asked whether he did not look older.”

SOME CELEBRATED COMPLIMENTS.

MORE than all other persons, kings and queens, of course, have in all ages been the recipients of compliments. Our own Queen Elizabeth was extravagantly flattered; Louis XIV. of France was a much complimented man who sometimes paid compliments to himself! All the flatteries offered him he took as a matter of course and his rightful due; from his boyhood the lesson had been dinned into his ears that 'Homage is due to kings—they do what they like.' In the Imperial Library of St. Petersburg there still remains the sheet of paper on which young Louis, at his master's bidding, transcribed these words half-a-dozen times.

When the 'Grand Monarque,' as he was called, inquired what time it was, he was told, 'Whatever time your Majesty desires' (this kind of answer one would imagine must have been rather irritating if he really desired accurate information). In his old age, when Louis at dinner-time was complaining of his lack of teeth, a courtier said, 'Teeth! Who has any?' When Mignard was painting the king's portrait for the tenth time, Louis asked whether he did not look older. 'Sire,' replied the tactful artist, 'it is true that I see some more victories on the forehead of your Majesty.'

Even children became adepts in this art of compliment. Upon one occasion Louis was chiding his young son, the Duc de Maine, for his slow progress in his studies.

'Sire,' said the boy, 'I do not learn more because my tutor gives me a holiday for each victory of your Majesty!'

Louis himself could compliment others very prettily when it pleased him to do so. The Prince de Condé, who was old and gouty, apologised for keeping the king waiting. 'Do not hurry, my cousin,' replied Louis. 'It is impossible to move quickly when one is loaded with honours.'

Among Englishmen, probably no one has ever surpassed Sydney Smith in the saying of pretty things. One day, on meeting two ladies whose names were Mrs. Tighe and Mrs. Cuffe, he exclaimed, 'Ah, there you are!—the cuff that every one would wear and the tie that no one would loose.' At another time, he was walking in his garden with a beautiful girl. 'Oh, what a pity, Mr. Smith!' the young lady said, observing a plant which was in some way injured, 'this pea will never come to perfection.'

'Permit me, then,' said the polite host, taking her hand, 'to lead Perfection to the pea.' E. D.

A BIRTHDAY MISTAKE.

'WELL, my dear, so you are thirteen to-morrow?' Cecily Norris nodded her brown head and smiled happily, feeling sure that this remark would soon be followed by the mention of a birthday present, and she was not mistaken.

'I haven't forgotten,' continued her aunt. 'You may expect a small parcel at breakfast-time.'

'Thank you, Auntie, ever so much,' cried Cecily. 'How lovely of you to remember me. I must run and tell Dick; he has been teasing me so about the number of presents I shall have.'

The little girl ran off, her face bright with smiles. 'I'm sure the present will be money,' she told herself as she hurried along. 'Auntie knows how much I want to buy Elsie Potter's bicycle, but I have got to get one pound more, and I know that Mother and Father can only manage to give me ten shillings.'

Cecily's train of thought was here interrupted by a gay voice from the depths of the black-current bushes. 'Hullo! Where are you rushing to?' it said.

Cecily stopped with a cry of delight, and, darting up a well-worn track leading from the garden path, quickly joined her brother, and poured her good news into his ear.

'Now, don't you think it will be money?' she ended breathlessly; and Dick nodded his head wisely, and began to talk of the rides they would soon have together, for he himself had lately been given a machine by his godfather, whilst his sister had been saving all her pocket-money for many months in the hopes of hearing of a cheap bicycle. Just as she was almost despairing, a friend who was going abroad had suddenly determined to sell her machine for quite a small sum, and it seemed as if Cecily's dream might at last be realised.

With her head full of these thoughts, Cecily presently scampered back to the garden, and had almost reached her aunt when she unexpectedly caught her foot in her skirt and fell heavily to the ground.

'My dear child,' cried Aunt Miriam, springing up from her chair, 'the hem of your dress has a long rent in it. How very dangerous!'

'I quite forgot to mend it,' replied Cecily, rather shamefacedly. 'But I shan't be wearing it to-morrow, so I will do it then.'

Auntie said no more, but she shook her head and looked disappointed.

The next morning dawned bright and clear, and, on going downstairs to breakfast, Cecily found the promised ten shillings from her parents, together with several other presents, lying on her plate. She had hardly finished distributing kisses all round when the postman came up the path, carrying a parcel from Aunt Miriam. It certainly seemed rather large for such a small article as a piece of money, but Cecily remembered that her aunt was very fond of playing practical jokes, and had probably put the coin into a box. Laughing at this idea, the little girl eagerly tore off the paper, disclosing a beautiful work-basket, fitted up with everything that could possibly be needed, and bearing on the top a piece of paper with the words: 'To my dear little niece. Don't forget to mend your skirt!'

'Oh,' exclaimed Cecily, getting very red in the face, 'how could Auntie write like that on my birthday?'

Mrs. Norris made no remark, for she felt there was nothing comforting to say, and she saw that Cecily was trying bravely not to show her disap-

pointment. Dick, however, was not so wise, and spoke in a way which did not at all improve matters; and when Cecily returned from school at lunch-time, saying that the bicycle would probably soon be sold to some one else, Aunt Miriam, for the first time in her life, was very much in the bad graces of her small nephew and niece.

It is hardly necessary to mention that Cecily, partly through annoyance, partly through forgetfulness, never thought again of the unlucky skirt, and it was not until a week later, when she saw Aunt Miriam one evening coming through the garden gate, that she remembered it was torn.

'Well, Cecily,' cried her Aunt, 'I had a very nice letter from you about the work-basket, but you did not speak about the other surprise. I suppose you had not found it then.'

'What other surprise?' asked the child in great amazement.

'Why, the half-sovereign which I put into the needle-case. I reminded you of your torn dress on purpose, so that you should use it.'

When Aunt Miriam learnt that Cecily had never found the coin, and the coveted bicycle had been sold to some one else, she declared that she would never play a practical joke again. But her niece, though very disappointed, knew that really she herself was to blame, and, during the many weeks which passed before she obtained the longed-for machine, she began to carry into practice the old saying, 'Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.'

UNA WOODS.

CLIMBING A BELFRY.



HERE is an old saying that man was born to climb; it is an evident fact that the world upon which he lives abounds with hills and dales. It is also true that to persons of all ages climbing is a pleasure, and, we might add, often a benefit too. People who are old have occasionally persevered in climbing, even going up lofty mountains, but the pursuit is best suited to the young. To a boy it is delightful to scale a high wall, or run up a hill, or to reach the top of a tower; if there is a little danger, that makes it more exciting.

In one of his books, Richard Jefferies, who wrote so much and so charmingly upon natural history and other subjects, tells his readers how he mounted the belfry of an old church. Many have climbed church towers and belfries just for fun, or to get a grand view from the top. Sometimes it happens they make a discovery, as, for instance, when a gentleman found, lodged amongst the brickwork, masses

of honey-comb, placed there by many colonies of bees.

This old church and its tower was on the edge of a hill, just above a wa-h-pool, to which, years and years ago, the shepherds used to bring their flocks. It is built of flint, set in cement which has become hard like stone. Alone, Mr. Jefferies entered the tower by the narrow door, thickly studded with nails, and slowly mounted the winding staircase of stone, requiring care, as there was not much room, and only a dim light came from the arrow-slits, which were choked by cobwebs, dust, and dead leaves. It was only by passing them that Mr. Jefferies could guess how high he was getting, and, as the steps went round and round the central pillar, he had to keep near the outer wall, because the steps were much broken, especially next to the pillar.

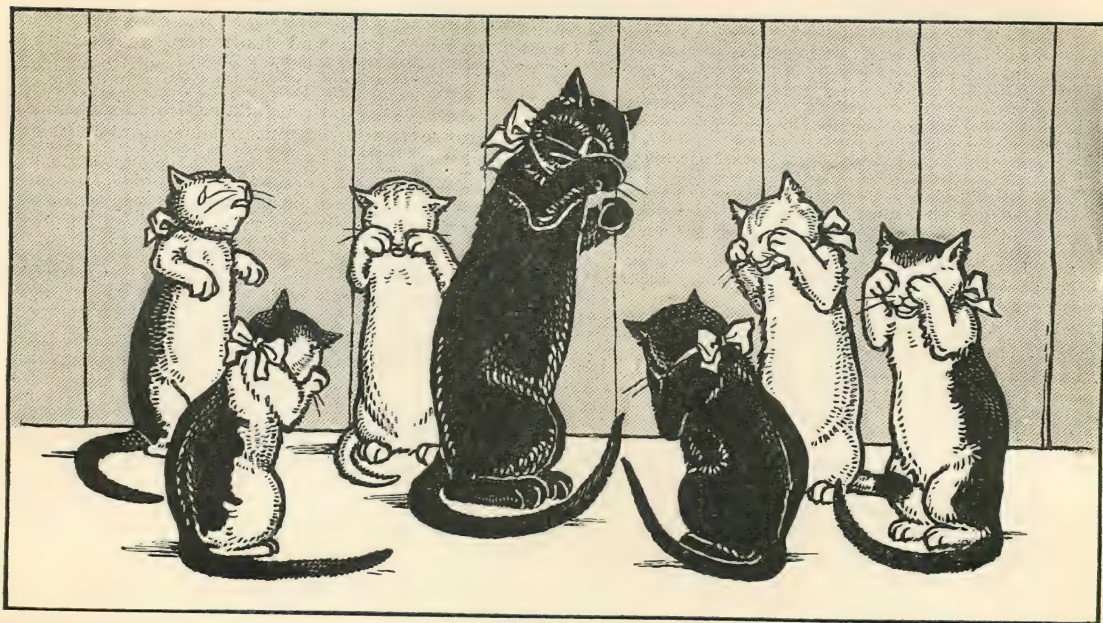
Curious sounds came from above—the rustling made by the jackdaws in the belfry, and the dull, creaky ticking of the clock, which, like other ancient ones, had a solitary pointer, and no minute-hand. Higher still, the stairs were slippery, because thickly covered with little brown sticks and twigs, dropped by the jackdaws.

After the perils of ascending, Mr. Jefferies stepped into the belfry. The planks were decayed and worm-eaten, but he trod upon the beams of the floor, and peeped down to the pavement below, where stood the ringers when pulling the bells. It may be dangerous to touch a bell if you are unused to the employment. Some have broken their bones, or been stunned, by being flung against ceiling or wall; for, having given the rope a pull, you must quickly loose your hold. Dearly do many of the village ringers love their work, and are proud to think their grandsires made the hills resound with the same sweet chimes centuries ago.

Even in the belfry Mr. Jefferies could smell the clover and the new-mown grass, and some bees buzzed in at the larger windows. Outside, he heard sparrows chattering, and the jackdaws repeated their peculiar cry. Very distinct, too, was the sharp screech of whirling swifts. Steps above the belfry led to the leaden roof, dark with age, close to the venerable weathercock, far too stiff to move unless the wind blew fiercely. Here he could observe the places chosen by the jackdaws for their nests amid the adornments of the top of the tower—outside the belfry windows, that were boarded up, where a ledge gave a safe resting for the nest, or in the quaint old gargoyles, which were broken or choked so that the water does not flow through them. Fond of church towers as they are, there are times when the jackdaws keep away from them, and associate with the rooks in copses or woods.

After taking a view of the churchyard, where one large, square tomb was very notable, over which the plough-boys leaped sometimes now, and on which formerly the loaves were put for the needy poor, who received bread in that strange way, Mr. Jefferies came down cautiously. He was not sorry to have finished his investigation, and handed back the keys to the wife of the aged clerk, who lived not many paces from the church, near the blacksmith and the village tinker.

J. R. S. C.



Picture Puzzle: Find the Lost Kitten.

A ROW-BOAT VOYAGE.



IN November, 1834, a political crisis in England rendered the presence of the great Sir Robert Peel essential, and as he was at the moment on the Continent, a special messenger was sent to call him home. There was in those days no telegraph to outstrip all means of travelling, no swift railway trains by which to reach Dover, or steamers to cross the Channel. Thus the messenger on this occasion had to depend on his own and other people's muscles.

Scorning even the use of the wind (which was unfavourable at the moment) the messenger embarked at Dover in a row-boat, manned by six powerful oarsmen. Over the broad blue billows they went, rowing with rhythmic swing, and, four hours after leaving England, entered the port of Boulogne, thirty good miles away. Taking into consideration the currents and sea winds which their bark encountered, the good sailors must have accomplished more than eight miles an hour, a speed that some of our Channel steamers cannot *always* improve upon.

SEEDS AND FLOWERS.

I WALKED within a garden,
And there, in bright array,
All yellow, blue, and crimson,
I saw the blossoms gay.
By bower and lawn and garden walk,
Each bloomed a lovely thing;
And I knew the flowers of summer
Came from seeds once sown in spring.

And would I have my life to be
A useful one and good,
I must set seeds of kindness now
In sweet and gracious mood;
And then I know my after-days
A goodly yield will bring,
For the flowers that grace the summer
Come from seeds once sown in spring.

PICTURES AND THEIR PAINTERS.

From the Wallace Collection, London.

V.—AN ALBANIAN SENTINEL, BY DECAMPS.

WE have, in 'An Albanian Sentinel,' a typical picture by the French artist, Alexandre Gabriel Decamps. He attempted many subjects—animals, domestic scenes, big historical pictures, by which he always hoped to win fame and fortune. But nothing suited him so well as these Eastern people, with their warm colouring and their rich, brilliant attire. He was a rolling stone, this French artist, running wild in Picardy as a little boy



An Albanian Sentinel. By Alexandre Gabriel Decamps.

knocking about the world afterwards, never settling down to the serious study which would have made him a very great painter. He was most at home with wild scenery, and with the fierce, half-civilised people of the East, and quite out of his element in the

drawing-rooms of ordinary polite society. And his death was caused by a fall from his horse when hunting in the forest of Fontainebleau, a characteristic end for a man who loved a free, unconstrained life in the open air.

He has given us here the portrait of one of those wild soldiers who form the flower of the Turkish army, and yet are no true Turks, a restless, high-spirited nation, owning no rule but such as they choose to accept for the sake of gratifying their love of fighting and, we fear, also their strong taste for plunder. A picturesque people they are, with their gold-embroidered jackets and short kilts, which form the native dress and leave the active limbs free play. But this soldier wears the Turkish garb, and will serve his leaders well until more profitable employment presents itself. One would be sorry to interfere with him as he stands there on sentry duty, so bristling with weapons that one wonders which comes most easily to his hand. It has been hinted that the Albanian becomes a regular soldier only when the profession of systematic robbery is over-stocked; but we cannot help a friendly feeling for these wild warriors, who fought stoutly in our cause during the dark days of the Crimean war.

TAKING THE LABOURING OAR.

WHEN the great Bishop Selwyn was a boy at Eton, he gave many proofs of the moral courage and muscular strength which distinguished him in after-life. Eton was, in those days, hardly so rich in river-boats as now, and one of the craft used was a clumsy vessel furnished with eight oars. Seven of these would have been scorned by a modern schoolboy, while the eighth was a 'punt pole,' hard to row with and very ineffectual unless plied by a strong and willing arm. Thus it fell out whenever a party of oarsmen made for this boat, there was a race to secure the best oars, the last arrival having to satisfy himself with the 'punt pole.' In the little expedition that followed, this unfortunate youth was wont to put on a sulky air, and, if his labour allowed him to speak at all, he would grumble loudly at his implement.

'You should not have been last,' one of the party would retort, while the others urged him to greater energy. 'You are not even pulling your own weight,' they said; 'and we have quite enough to do without being obliged to drag you along as well.'

Of course, such talk as this only increased the ill-humour of the poor oarsman, and altogether the company was hardly a harmonious one. He was a fast runner himself, and there was small risk of young Selwyn coming in last man, but, after the first two or three excursions, he was noticed to drop behind in the race, for some unaccountable reason, always being the last to reach the landing-stage. With a cheerful air he would take up the unpopular oar, and row away with such vigour that there were no complaints from his more fortunate companions. When they chaffed him for being the last arrival, he would reply: 'It is better for me than if I had come sooner, for then I should have had to help pull along some sulky fellow who put all the crew out of temper by being discontented himself. Now you are all good-humoured, and I don't mind the work.'

And, as those who knew him best, were wont to say: 'George Selwyn, with a cheerful heart and ready hand, always took through life the labouring oar, that others might benefit by his good energies.'

MARTIN HYDE.

(Continued from page 291.)

WE had swung round, facing towards Lyme, when the noise of the hoofs first came to us. When the turn of the road showed us a squad of cavalry coming to us at the charge, led by half-a-dozen riderless horses, we waited for no more. We spurred up our nags in a panic, till we, too, were going full tilt for Lyme, shouting out as we went any nonsense which came to our heads. We were in a panic fear; I believe that the horses in some way felt it too. We galloped back to Chideock as though we were chased by witches, while the gun-firing at Bridport steadily grew less, till at last it stopped altogether. At Chideock some of the cavalry came up with us. They were our own men, our own troop of horse, not an enemy after all. The riderless horses were a few of the militia chargers which had been seized from a cavalry outpost to the west of the town. We had bolted from our own crazy terror; but we were not the only fliers. Our cavalry had bolted first, at the first volley outside the town. It is unjust to say that they were afraid. Lord Grey was not a coward; our men had stout hearts enough; but they had not reckoned on the horses. The first discharge of guns scared the horses almost frantic. They swung about out of action in a couple of seconds. Another volley made them all bolt. It was when they were bolting that the men began to grow alarmed. Fear is a contagious thing; it seems to pass from spirit to spirit, like a flame along a powder train, till perhaps a whole army feels it. Our horsemen pulled up among us in Chideock in as bad a scare as you ever saw; it was twenty minutes before they dared walk back to find out what had happened to the foot at Bridport, after their retreat.

Our foot came back very angry with the horse. They had fired away a lot of powder to very little purpose, before orders reached them bidding them retire. They had not wished to retire; but at last they had done so sullenly, vowing to duck Lord Grey for deserting them. We had taken about a dozen horses without harness, instead of the two hundred equipped chargers which we had promised ourselves. We had killed a few of the militia, so everybody said; but in the confusion of the powder smoke who could say how many? They were certain that none of our own men had been killed; but in a force so newly raised, who could say for certain which were our own men? As a matter of fact several of our men had been taken by the royalists, which is as much as to say that they had been killed. Altogether the affair had been a hopeless failure from the very beginning. The foot had learned to despise the horse. The horses had learned to be afraid of gunfire. The cavalrymen had learned to despise Lord Grey. The militia had learned to despise us. The only valuable lesson which our men had learned was that a battle was not so terrible a thing. You knelt down, fired your gun, shouted, borrowed your neighbour's water-flask, took a long swig, then fired again, with more shouting, till somebody clapped you on the shoulder with orders to come away. But this lesson, precious as it was, did not console our men for their beating. They were cross with the long night-march

as well as with Lord Grey's desertion. We dragged our way back to Lyme very slowly, losing a good fifty of our number by desertion. They slipped away home, after falling out of the ranks to rest. They had had enough of fighting for the Duke; they were off home. The officers were strict at first, trying to stop these desertions; but the temper of the men was so bad that at last they gave it up, hoping that some at least would stay. That was another evil consequence of fighting for the crown with an undisciplined mob; they could sustain defeat as ill as they could use victory. We did not trail into Lyme until after noon; for we marched like snails, fearing that the militia would follow us. When we got into camp the men flung their arms from them, careless of the officers' orders. All that they wanted was sleep (we had eaten a late breakfast at Charmouth), they were not going to do any more soldier's foolery of drill, or sentry-go. As for Lord Grey, whom everybody called a coward, the Duke could not cashier him, because he was the best officer remaining to us. Poor Fletcher, who might have made something of our cavalry, was by this time far away at sea. The other officers had shown their incapacity that morning. For my own part I chose out a snug billet on a hearthrug in the George Inn, where I slept very soundly for several hours. While I slept, the Duke held a melancholy council to debate what could be done.

They say that he ought to have marched that morning to Exeter, where Lord Albemarle's militia (all of them ripe for rebellion) would have joined him. Exeter or Bristol, one or the other, would have been a fine plume in his cap, a strong, fortified town, full of arms, where he could have established himself firmly. I do not know why he decided against marching to Exeter. He may have had bad reports of troops being on the road waiting for him; or he may have thought that his friends (who were plentiful on the Bristol road) would rally to him as soon as he appeared. He was deceived by those protesting gentry, his friends, who had welcomed him so warmly only a few months before. He thought that all the countryside was ready to join him. He had been deceived, as perhaps a cleverer man would have been deceived, by the warmth of his welcome on his earlier visit. An Englishman is always polite to a Duke when he meets him in a friendly gathering. But when the Duke says, 'Lend me all your ready money, together with your horses, or, rather, give them to me, since I am the King,' his politeness leaves him, he gets away to London to warn the police as fast as his horse will take him. Thus it was with the Duke's friends scattered about along the main road from Lyme to Bristol.

I know not who persuaded the Duke to march; probably it was Grey, it may have been Venner, it may have been a momentary mad resolution caused by a glass of wine. They say that he was solemn about it, as though he expected to fail; perhaps he would have gone back to Holland if the ship had been still in the harbour, but, of course, she had gone away. He would not go in *La Reina*, for she was sluggish from barnacles, having been long uncared for. The Channel at this time was full of ships looking for him: how he escaped them when he

sailed from Holland I cannot think. He hesitated for a long time, poor man, before deciding; no man could have acted more like a Stuart at such a time. When the decision was made, he gave word to start early on the following morning; but this I did not know till one o'clock at night, when Lord Grey routed me out from my berth on the hearthrug, so that I might go from house to house calling up our officers.

I suppose that all our officers were out of bed by two o'clock, yet it took them eight hours to get their men together into some sort of order. We were hardly ready for the road at ten o'clock when the drums beat up to play us out of the town. As I was the Duke's servant, I was allowed to ride by my master—I dare say people thought that I was the young Prince. We marched up the hill gaily, with a multitude flocking all about us; but there were many of that crowd who looked doubtfully at my master's sad face, thinking that he looked over-melancholy for a conquering King.

We marched out of Lyme into a valley, through a sort of suburb called Uplyme; after that, we marched steadily uphill, a long climb of two miles, having a great view of the countryside on our left hand—our right was shut from us by a wooded hill. It was a warm, sunny June day, the grass just ripe for hay harvest, the country at its best, everything at its full flower, so that you wondered at the world's abundance. We sent out scouts when we were about a mile from Lyme, but when we were at the top of the hill we could see for ourselves without putting scouts abroad. We could see horsemen on the high ground away to the left, two or three hundred of them; besides these, there were some companies of foot drawn up in good order in the fields outside Axminster, at some distance from the town. When this army caught sight of us, it began to file off towards the town as though to dispute it with us, so our advanced guard pushed on to drive them out of it.

The sight of so many men in order was a very moving one: to see them advance their colours, to see the light on the shifting steel, to hear the low, beating hum of the feet, was stirring to the heart. Word ran along the line that there was going to be a battle; our foot left the road, so as to spread out into line in the open, where they could take up positions behind hedges. I was sent back to the rear at this instant to order up the ammunition waggons, so that I missed some part of the operations; but I shall never forget how confidently our men spread out. They marched as though they were going into the fields for partridges; the drums began again to hearten them: but there was no need for drums in that company—they began to sing of their own accord, making a noise which drowned the drums altogether.

I gave my orders to the ammunition waggons, which were blocked in a jumble of sightseers, camp-followers, and the like, so that they could hardly move; the drivers got me to charge my horse through the mob to make a path, which I did, with a good deal of pain to myself, for the people thus thrust aside struck at me, and the drivers struck out at them in turn—we had a little fight of our own while Axminster was being won.

(Continued on page 306.)



“The turn of the road showed us a squad of cavalry coming to us at the charge.”



“How to cook their meat without saucepans.”

MARTIN HYDE.

(Continued from page 303.)

THE next thing which I remember was coming out of the mob with the waggon just behind me, going at a smart pace to a position on the army's right. The road was pretty full of all sorts of people, but as we shouted for them to clear the way, they made a lane for us. I saw the Duke's little clump of staff-officers on a pitch of rising ground, but there was no firing, only a noise of many voices singing; just as we were about to turn off the road into the fields behind our right wing, I saw the little, old, lame puppet-man sitting on a donkey by the ditch at the side of the road; I shouted to the drivers to pass on, which they did at full tilt, while I drew rein by the old man's side.

'Aurelia,' I said, 'this is no place for you. Do get away from here before they find you out.'

'Why,' she said, very calmly, in the broad, burring peasant's voice which she imitated so exactly, 'I be come here to find you out. You're going to your death, boy. You get out of this here army before you're taken. I tell 'ee thy Duke be a doomed man: look at his face. Why, boy, there be eleven thousand soldiers a-marching to put him down; you've only got a quarter of that lot. Come out of it, boy—doan't 'ee be led wrong.'

I was touched by her kind thought for me: she was risking her life for me for the second time, but in the hurry of the moment I could not put words together to thank her.

'Aurelia,' I said, 'I can't talk to you now, only get out of this. Don't stay here—I'm all right.'

'No, Martin,' she said, in her ordinary voice, 'you're not all right. Come out of this. Slip away to-night to Newenham Abbey: it is over there not more than a couple of miles. Oh, come, come! I can't bear to see you going away to certain death—I know that this force cannot win.'

'Yes, Aurelia,' I answered; 'but I'm not going to be a hang-back for all that—I'm not going to be a coward. You risk a horrible death only to tell me not to do the same. You wouldn't give up a cause you believed in merely because it was dangerous. I'll stick by my master, Aurelia: don't try to tempt me.'

She would have said more; she would, perhaps, have persuaded me from my heroics, had not the guns began firing: that broke the spell with a vengeance: nothing could be done after that. I shook up my horse, hardly pausing to say, 'God bless you.' In another minute she was out of sight, while I was cantering off to the extreme right wing, with the Duke's orders to its officers to cut in on the road to Chard.

As I rode along behind the scattered line of our men, I could see the rolls of smoke from the firing on the left; the men on the right were not firing, but being raw troops, they were edging little by little towards the firing, in which I do not doubt they longed to be, for the sake of the noise. They say now, that the Duke threw away this battle at Axminster. He could have cut Albemarle's troops to pieces had he chosen to do so: they made a pretty bold front till we were within gunfire of

them, when they all scattered off to the town, pell-mell. While they were in the town, we could have cut them off from the Chard road, which would have penned them in while we worked round to seize the bridges; after that, one brisk assault would have made the whole batch of them surrender.

Some of our officers galloped from our right wing, where I was, to see how the land lay before leading off their men, as I had brought them word. A few of them fired their pistols when they came to the road, which was enough to make the right wing double forward to support them without order. In a minute about a thousand of us were running fast after our officers, while the Duke's aides charged down to stop us. He had decided not to fight, probably thinking that it would do his cause no good to kill a lot of his subjects so early in his reign. We know now, that had he made one bold attack that morning, the whole of Albemarle's force, with the exception of a few officers, would have declared for him; in other words, we should have added to our army about a thousand drilled, armed men who knew the country through which we were to pass. By not fighting we discouraged our own army, who grumbled bitterly when they found their second battle as ineffectual as the fight at Bridport.

I remember next that I saw the whole of Albemarle's troops flying for their lives along the Chard road, flinging away their weapons as they ran; they had the start of us, but a resolute captain could have brought them to a stand by pushing forward his cavalry. However, 'a bridge of gold to a flying foe' is a good saying—we let them go. When our cavalry advanced, to keep them on the move, not to fight with them, they passed the time in collecting what the militia had flung away: about four thousand pounds' worth of soldiers' stores, chiefly uniforms. I went forward with the horse on that occasion; I picked up, altogether, about a dozen muskets, which I gave to some of our men who were armed only with clubs, then I rode back to report myself ready for service to my master, who was getting ready for camp, thinking that his men had done enough for one day.

It was a sad waste of time. A rough camp was formed; we went no further for that time. About half a precious day was wasted, which might have brought us nearly to Taunton under a resolute man sworn to conquer. Some of our men went out to forage, which they did pretty roughly; it was theft with violence, coloured over by some little touch of law. The farmers who were unpopular thereabouts had their cattle driven off, their ricks carted off, their horses stolen, their hen-roosts destroyed. We were like an army of locusts, eating up everything as we passed; our promises to pay when the King came to his own were really additional insults, for the people robbed knew only too well how Stuart kings kept their promises. One strange thing I saw that night: the men who were cooking their newly-stolen beef at the camp-fires, kept crying out for camp-saucepans in which to boil the joints. We had no camp-saucepans, but an old campaigner came forward to the Duke's quarters to ask if he might show the men how to cook their meat without

saucepans; the Duke at once commanded him to show us how this might be done.

Like most useful inventions, it was very simple. It was one of those things which are forgotten as life becomes civilised, but for want of which one may perish when one returns to barbarity, as in war. The man began by placing stout poles in tripods over the camp-fires, lashing them firmly at the top with faggot-binders. Then he took the hide of one of the slaughtered cattle, gathering it up at the corners, so as to form a sort of bag. He cut some long, narrow strips from the hide of the legs, with which to tie the four corners together. Then he lashed the four corners to the tripod, so that the bag hung over the fire.

'There,' he said, 'there is your saucepan. Now put water into 'en. Boil your victuals in 'en. That be a soldier's camp-saucepan. You can carry your saucepan on your beef till you be ready for 'en.'

Indeed, it proved to be a very good kind of a saucepan, after one got used to the nastiness of it, though the smell of burning hair from these saucepans was disgusting. To this day, I have only to singe a few hairs in a candle to bring back to my mind's eye that first day in camp at Axminster, the hill, the valley ringed in by combs, the noise of the horses, the sputtering of the fires of green wood, the many men passing about aimlessly, wondering at the ease of a soldier's life after the labour of spring ploughing. It was a wonderful sight, that first camp of ours; but the men for the most part grumbled at not fighting. They wanted to be pushing on, to seize the city of Bristol, instead of camping there. How did they know, they said, that the weather would keep fine? How were we to march with all our ten baggage-waggons if the weather turned wet, so that the roads became muddy?

The roads in those parts became deep quagmires in rainy weather. A light farmer's market-cart might go in up to the axles after a day's steady rain. To march through such roads would break the men's hearts quicker than any quantity of fighting, however disastrous. Thus they grumbled about the camp-fires, while I bustled over the Duke's dinner, in the intervals of running errands for the colonels.

(Continued on page 318.)

HOW THE PARTY CAME.

DIRK was standing by his nursery window watching the thickly falling snow with a very doleful face. He was so sad that when his big brother threw a snowball up at him he hardly smiled.

'I say, old chap,' shouted Jock at the top of his voice, 'what's up?' Dirk shook his head mournfully, for it was no good trying to make his voice heard through the tightly-closed window, and Nurse had said he was not to open it. Jock disappeared, and the next minute burst into the room.

'What's the matter?' he said kindly.

'It's my birthday party,' said Dirk. 'The snow has come, and I didn't have it last week, because Amy was ill, and Mother said we must wait till she was better.'

Amy was his cousin, and he loved her better than

all his other playmates. Jock sat down on the edge of the table. 'That's hard lines,' he said. 'But won't any of them manage to get here?'

'I don't expect so,' said Dirk.

Dirk himself was only five, and as most of his 'party' would be as small as himself, it did not seem very likely that they would wade through two feet of snow. And it was still snowing.

Just then Jock's father called him to go to the post, and he ran out of the room. As he bounced downstairs his mother came out of the morning-room.

'Poor Dirk,' she said. 'It doesn't look very hopeful for his party. Can't you amuse him a bit, Jock?'

'Oh, bother,' said Jock. 'I want to go tobogganing.'

'Oh, well, if you have other plans, dear,' returned his mother, 'I will have him with me.'

But as Jock was running down the garden, an idea suddenly occurred to him. He posted the letter, but instead of running off at once to the hill where he could already see the tobogganing beginning, he came slowly back towards the house. There was a way in which Dirk's party could come after all, and it would really be rather a joke, but it would take the whole morning to contrive it, and he did so want to go tobogganing. It was so seldom that there was a chance.

A remembrance of Dirk's pathetic face won the day, and Jock turned off into the wood-shed. Very soon he grew interested in his work, and he could hardly believe that he had been busy for two hours when at last he pushed out on the snow quite a fine sleigh.

After dinner he harnessed himself to it with two strong straps, and tried it round the garden. It answered splendidly, and he went into the house to get a muffler and a pair of warm gloves, before he started on his errand. As he passed the nursery door he caught a glimpse of Dirk trying hard to be good with his paint-box, but his face showed suspicious traces of tears. Jock shouted to him to keep up heart, and ran down again to his sleigh with a knowing little smile. In another quarter of an hour he was off, and really enjoying the run through the soft white snow. He looked nothing short of a Father Christmas as he called from house to house for his passengers. The sleigh would only hold three at a time, but he took care that one of them was Amy, though he had almost a battle with his aunt before she would trust her excited daughter to his care. However, he knew he had won the day when Aunt Jessie ended up her objections with, 'Really, Jock, what a coax you are!'

So he started back with his load, promising to come again for the others, and with Amy in the centre of the sleigh, so wrapped up that she looked like a bundle of rugs. It really was hard work going back, and Jock was all but breathless when he reached the gate. Dirk caught sight of them from a window, and was at the door, a most eager little boy, when the sleigh arrived.

'Oh, Jock,' he cried, 'what is it?'

'It's the party,' said Jock; and he felt more than repaid for all his labours by Dirk's happy face.

'I do think,' said Amy, as Dirk began to unroll her out of her big coat, 'that Jock is the very nicest brother that any one could have.'

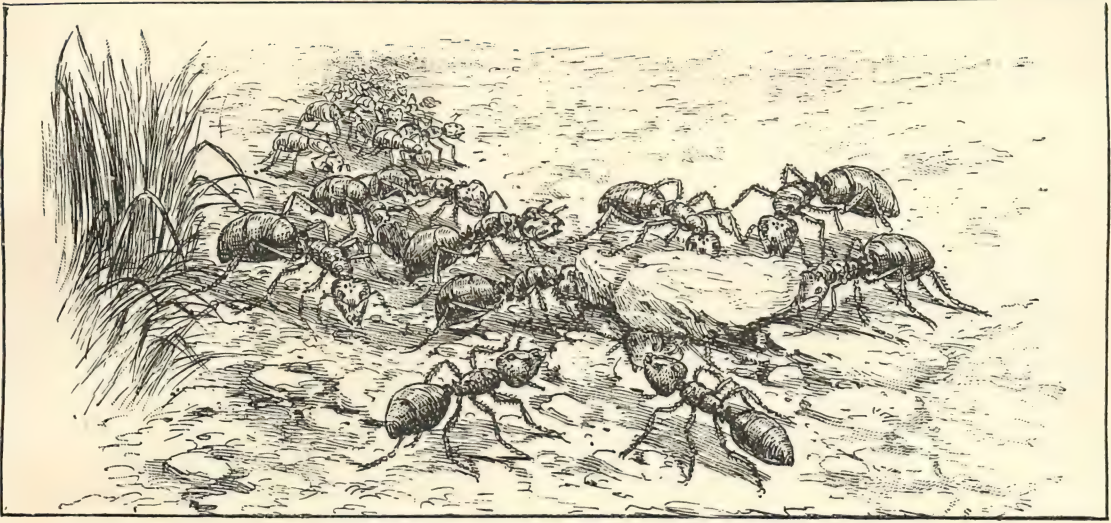


"Dirk was at the door when the sleigh arrived."

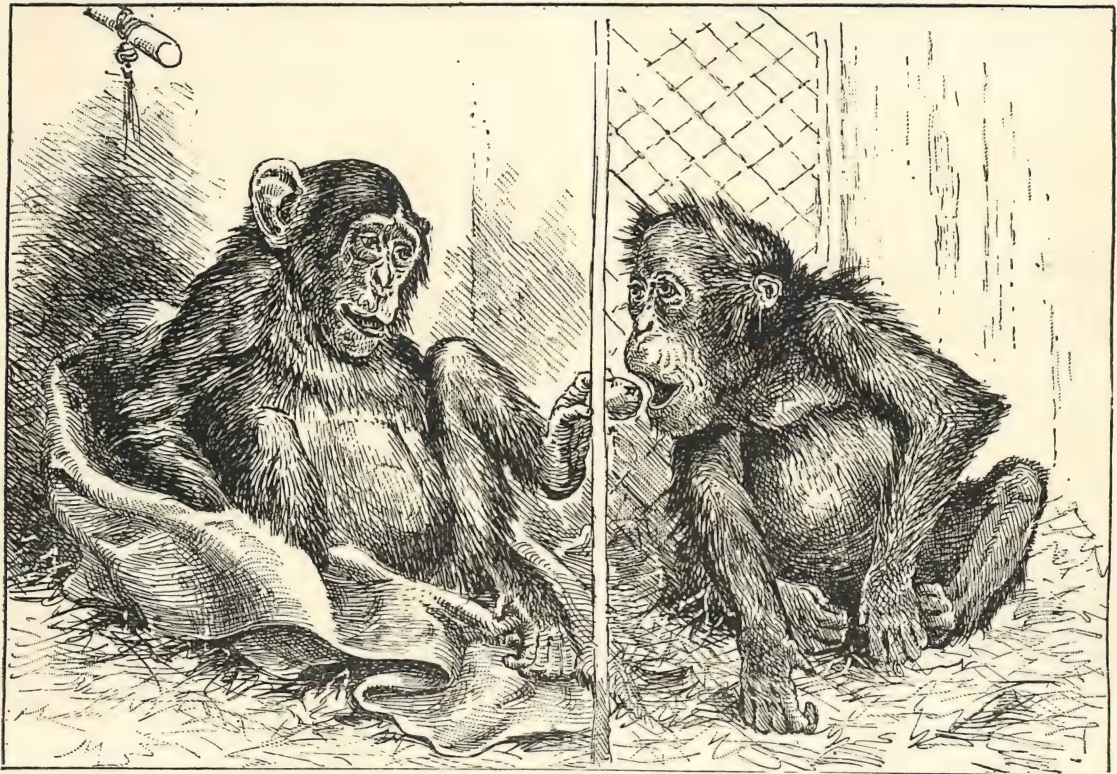
And Jock, who pretended rather to look down on little girls, tried to look as if he did not hear, though he half smiled and turned rather red. But perhaps this was only the effort of drawing the sleigh. Anyhow, the party came after all.

**ANIMAL
INSTINCT AND INTELLIGENCE.
IV.—SYMPATHY.**

ALTHOUGH we commonly regard the higher animals, such as birds and beasts and mankind,



Ants releasing a Prisoner (highly magnified).



A Generous Action by an Orang-outan.

as alone capable of actions which are not purely 'instinctive,' it is extremely difficult to say where instinctive action ends and intelligent action begins. Even birds and beasts cannot be regarded as 'thinking' animals, but they, and creatures much

lower in the scale of creation, display actions which in the human race are often conspicuous by their absence.

Take sympathy, for example. Most of us have met people who display an almost brutal indifference

to their neighbours in time of need; while in others sympathy is developed to an excessive degree, whereby, to those so afflicted, the world comes to lose much of its beauty and gladness, for such people seem to have eyes only for the pain and suffering in the world, and to be blind to all its joyousness.

In illustrating sympathy as it appears in humbler creatures than ourselves, I shall take a few examples at random.

One of the most striking that has ever come within my own experience was a little scene I witnessed in the Aquarium in Berlin some years ago.

I was watching a sick chimpanzee which was lying huddled on a couch of coloured rags in a large cage, separated by a partition of coarse wire-netting from a similar cage containing a young and very lively orang-utan.

Whilst I was studying them I noticed that the orang was casting longing eyes on a pear which lay on the floor of her neighbour's cage. The chimpanzee, noticing this, got up from her bed, and crawling with evident pain towards the coveted fruit gave it a push, so that it rolled close to the dividing meshwork. After watching the orang for some moments vainly endeavouring to seize the pear by thrusting his finger through the netting, the chimpanzee again left her couch, and sitting down seized the pear in one of her feet, and pressed it against the meshes of the partition, so that the orang was enabled to feast himself on the long-coveted morsel, by taking bites of the pear through the spaces in the network. From time to time, as he was feasting there, he would slowly turn his head and stare, or rather gaze, with a somewhat mournful expression, at the visitors who played the part of unbidden witnesses of this little scene. Then he would fix his eyes upon those of his kindly neighbour as though mystified by so generous an action!

In a short time the pear was sufficiently reduced to allow of its being drawn through the netting and finally devoured. As soon as the chimpanzee had passed the remains of the fruit to her companion, she slowly dragged herself back to her couch and lay down to rest again.

Another touching story is told by Edwards, the celebrated naturalist, illustrating sympathy in birds. He had shot a tern, or sea-swallow—a small kind of gull—which fell, wounded, into the sea, and was at once surrounded by a crowd of its companions. Wading into the water to capture his prize, he was astounded to see two of the unwounded birds take hold of their companion in distress, each by one wing, lift him out of the water, and bear him out seawards. After about six or seven yards had been covered the precious burden was gently let down again, and picked up by two others who had followed. In this way they conveyed him to a rock and landed him in safety. Edwards then made for the rock, determined to secure his victim. Instantly a crowd of birds began to buffet him, and as he approached the rock, two other birds seized the poor wounded one and bore him out to sea.

No less remarkable is the story of a goose which had been brought up in a farmyard, and took under its care another goose which, having gone blind, was turned out of the flock by its companions.

He made himself her constant companion. When he considered it well for her to have a swim, he would gently take her neck in his bill and lead her down to the water's edge. Having launched her safely he kept close by her side, and guided her from dangerous places by arching his neck over hers, and so turning her in the right direction. After cruising about for some time he would guide her to a convenient landing-place, and taking her neck in his bill as before would lead her to land again!

Lord Avebury is one of our greatest authorities on ants, and he relates the following story, which seems to show that even the humble ant is not devoid of sympathy. An ant which had been ferociously attacked by one of another species was left badly wounded. A companion, finding her in this plight, examined her carefully, then picked her up tenderly and carried her away to the nest.

Another no less celebrated naturalist, Mr. Belt, was one day watching a column of ants on the march, and desiring to secure one, placed a small stone on it. The next one that passed quickly discovered its companion's misfortune, and rushed off in a most agitated manner, evidently to carry the news to the others. At any rate, a number soon returned, and rushing to the spot, at once set about the work of rescue. Some tried to bite the stone, some seized the poor prisoner by the legs and pulled so hard that it seemed they would be pulled off! But they persevered, and at last set the captive free.

We began this chapter with a story of a monkey, and we can do no better than end with one. The late Professor Romanes, who was one of our greatest authorities on the subject of the instincts and intelligence of animals, in one of his books tells how his friend, Sir James Malcolm, had the good fortune to witness a most remarkable incident. He was on board a steamer where there were two East Indian monkeys, one much bigger than the other. The smaller one day fell overboard, whereupon the larger one became frantically excited, and running to the side of the vessel held on with one hand, and with the other threw out a cord with which she had been tied up, and one end of which was fastened round her waist.

The incident astounded everybody on board. Unfortunately, the cord was not long enough for the drowning animal to grasp. It was, however, saved after all, for one of the sailors threw out a longer rope, which the monkey happily caught hold of, and was hauled up on deck, safe, but exhausted.

W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., A.L.S., &c.

MISTAKES WILL HAPPEN.

MISTAKES will happen, as everybody knows, but some mistakes are harder to understand than others. When the Postmaster-General publishes his report concerning the doings of the Post Office, year by year, we read of some very strange blunders. Thus, in the year 1905, there were 4599 letters posted with no address whatever on them. One of these contained cheques worth 2500*l.* while the contents of the rest equalled a total of more than 8000*l.* Another form of carelessness on the part of the public is proved by the quantity of money

and other things found loose in the post, due, probably, to insecure packing. This same year, 1905, yielded a harvest of no less than 1380% in cash, and 12,272% in cheques and orders.

Thus we see that the postal officials, in keeping a record of this lost property, and seeking to restore it, have a great deal more to do than the mere collecting and delivering of letters. And the only excuse that careless people usually offer is, 'Well, mistakes *will* happen.'

'I-WILL'—THE PILGRIM.

I-WILL was a gallant pilgrim,
Strong and brave and true,
And whatever task was set him,
That did I-will do.

From the doorway of his cottage
Rose a mountain gray,
With a summit touched by sunlight
Shining far away.

'Yonder crest,' said I-will bravely,
'Shall my footsteps gain;
Rock and cleft and mountain torrent
Cross my path in vain.'

Staff in hand, and cheerful-hearted,
Rough roads did he trace,
Till the sunlight of the summit
Shone upon his face.

Once, to sail a stormy ocean,
I-will trimmed his bark.
Feared no waves around him swelling;
Feared no tempest dark.

Steered his ship to meet the tumult;
Read his compass true,
And with songs of cheerful courage,
Sailed his journey through.

Then the shadows fled before him,
Left a cloudless sky,
Where, with colours kissed by sunlight,
I-will's flag did fly.

So at last, in triumph sailing,
Came his vessel home,
Rich with treasures bravely gathered
From the stormy foam.

Learn his story; take his guidance—
His the hero's form—
Those will prosper who with courage
Face the height and storm.

KNOWLEDGE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

THE Swiss are wonderfully eager to learn English, and the following account of how a Swiss boy strove to add to his stock of English words, even in the face of death, may astonish our boys, who (some of them!) take as much pains to avoid

learning a foreign language as this boy did to acquire it.

One summer evening an Englishman, climbing in the Alps with his wife and young son, found himself in a very awkward position. He was cutting steps in the ice for the party to descend, when he carelessly slipped, and immediately began sliding down the glacier with great rapidity. His ice-axe flew out of his hand, and he thought all was over, when the snow suddenly piled up in a crack, and stopped with a crunch, and the climber found himself safe, for the time, and only with a wound on his right hand, from which the blood streamed freely.

His ice-axe was about thirty yards above him in the crack, utterly out of his reach; without it, he could not cut steps in the precipitous ice-slope. He knew, however, that in time a rescue-party would be sent out to him, as he had seen and waved to people on the moraine below; but whether before that time—and it must take many hours—the water might not have worn away the little patch of snow on which he stood was a question that occurred only too often to him.

An hour or more passed. Suddenly he saw a Swiss boy making his way over the rib of ice, and coming towards him. The boy moved with the utmost caution, scraping now and again a foothold with his alpenstock, which was all but pointless.

'I forgot my own danger in watching him,' said the Englishman afterwards. 'A single slip meant death. Presently he worked down to within thirty yards of me, when his quick eye noticed my ice-axe. Then he addressed me in English, which he had learned something of in the winter.

"Are you much wounded?"

"No."

'I pointed to the ice-axe. "Can you get it?" I said.

"I will try." Then presently, as he walked towards it, "What call you that in English?" he said, with a thirst for knowledge which even his perilous position could not quench.

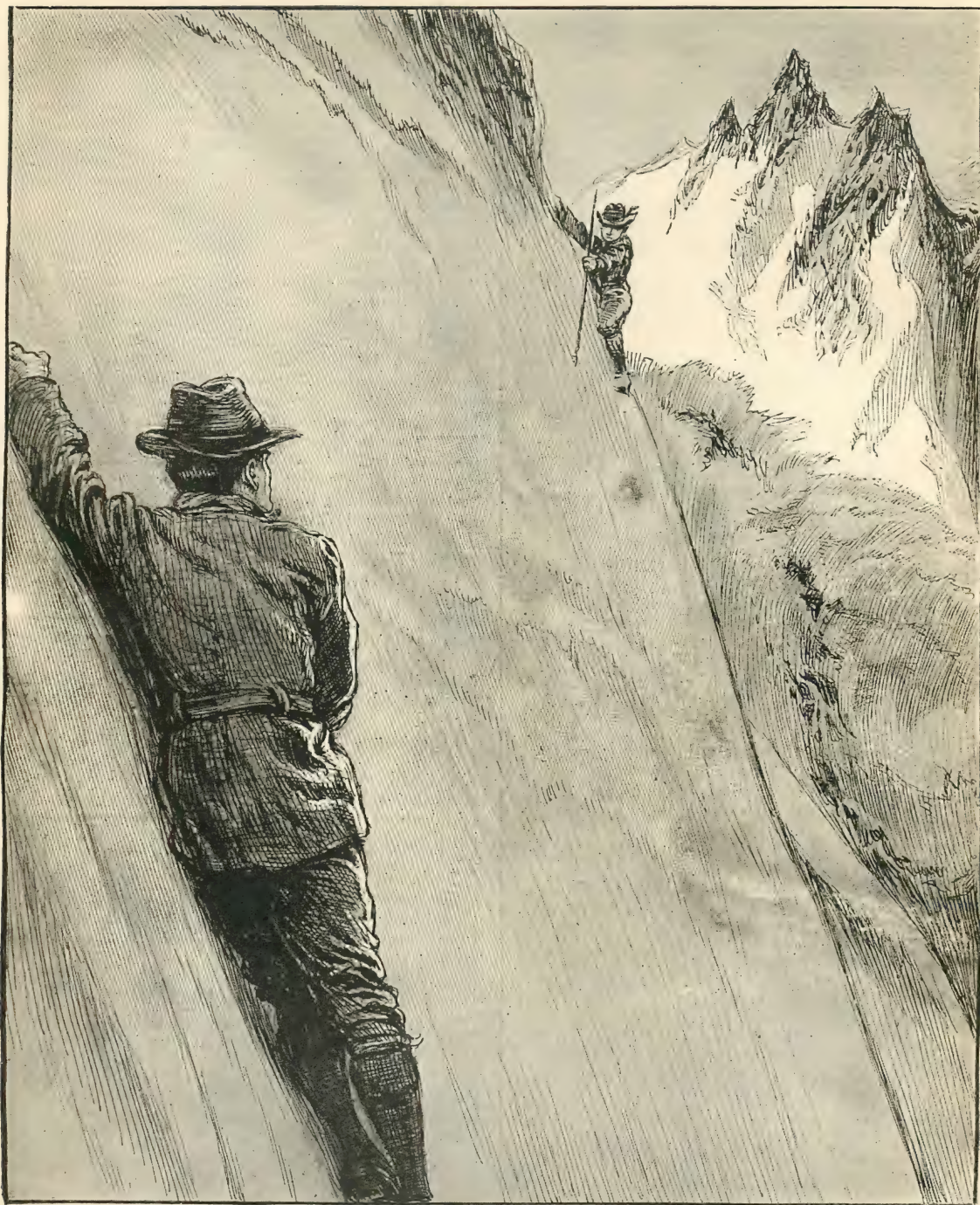
"Ice-axe," said I.

Then, to make a long story short, the boy, after several attempts, at last reached the ice-axe; but it took him nearly an hour to climb those dangerous thirty yards, for he was without any means of cutting steps in the ice.

'It was a most daring and skilful feat,' said the Englishman in a paper read before the Alpine Club. 'One mistake, however slight, would have been fatal. Yet he never faltered.'

The boy finally recovered the ice-axe, and with that things were comparatively easy. He set to work to cut big steps in the ice-slope, and, having conducted the Englishman across the slope on to a place of safety on the rocks, where he could await the rescue-party, the boy left him to assure his wife on the slope above of the perfect safety of her husband.

He went yodelling up the slippery rocks, and, having reached the lady and given his joyful news, he spent the time, some three hours, till the rescue-party arrived from the hotel, in learning all the English she was willing to teach him.



“ ‘A single slip meant death.’ ”



"The boy was counting the rings on the sword-handle."

JAPANESE HONOUR.

A HIGH standard of honour is prevalent amongst the Japanese, as the following story will show.

A Japanese nobleman happened to slide back the thin wall which separated his room from an ante-room, in which a young page was on guard.

This boy was amusing himself by counting the rings on the nobleman's sword-handle, and the man, seeing that the lad had not heard the almost noiseless withdrawal of the wall, quietly slid it back again and said nothing.

That evening, however, when all the household, including the page-boy, was gathered together, the nobleman set them to guess how many rings there were on his sword-handle, promising a reward to the one who guessed rightly.

Some guessed one number and some another, but the page-boy said nothing.

'Why do you not guess?' said the nobleman in a stern voice to his page. 'Are you lazy?'

'Oh, sir!' answered the boy 'it would not be fair for me to guess, because I *know*. I counted them this morning. There are eleven, but I could not pretend to guess.'

SEA AND SUN BATHING.



ALTHOUGH Norderney is an island just off the coast of West Friesland, it formerly belonged to the mainland, but, like the other islets of the group, was cut off by the breaking in of the sea in the thirteenth century. The journey from Norden to Norderney by water is a long one, as the steamer is obliged to go far out to sea to avoid the sandbanks that lie near the coast. The path is marked by buoys, and the pilot must keep strictly to the channel, or the boat may stick on a bank for hours.

Persons who are too delicate to bear the crossing can reach the island by cart; the immense stretch of water that separates Norderney from the mainland is quite shallow at low tide, and specially-constructed waggons, rather like boxes on wheels, are used to carry passengers across the 'Watte,' as this piece of shoal-water is called. The horses are very often breast-high in the water, but the good animals are used to the waves, and, being very sure-footed, make their way across without difficulty. The journey, however, is both long and expensive, and most people prefer the cheaper route by steamboat.

The island of Norderney is composed entirely of sand-dunes, covered with rushes; very few trees are to be seen, and these are small and stunted. Large colonies of hares live among the long, rank grass, and regiments of sea-gulls and other birds make a breeding-place of the island. Visitors are not allowed to interfere with them while sitting, and owing to this regulation the birds are generally very tame. The inhabitants of the island are principally fishermen; their life is a hard one, owing to the swift currents and high winds that make boating very

dangerous. It is often impossible to go out for days together, and with all their toil they merely earn a bare living.

The town of Norderney, the most fashionable seaside place in Germany, lies at the west end of the island; the coast is quite flat, and is composed entirely of long stretches of sand; no rocks or cliffs are to be seen, and it would seem to be a splendid place for bathing. This, however, is not so; the rough seas and swift currents that sweep past the island carry everything with them, and make it very unsafe. The 'Kur' Commission does not allow private people to let out machines, but keeps the business in its own hands. A strip of beach is marked off for the purpose, and a space of the sea strictly reserved for bathing. People are only allowed to go out a very little way, and must keep within the limits marked by a series of little red flags attached to buoys. The bathing-ground is also marked off by ropes, so that any one may save himself from being carried away by clinging to them. No one is allowed to swim out to sea, and in rough weather not only women and children, but men as well, are obliged to stand at the edge of the water and just allow themselves to be splashed by the waves. Rows of stalwart attendants keep a strict watch, and do not permit them to go any further; any attempt to go into deep water is checked by a shout from the shore. In case any one should be washed out and not be noticed by the sharp eyes on the shore, a man is posted on a look-out, and the tooting of a horn gives warning that some one is in danger. Good swimmers sometimes disregard the signal the first time that they hear it, but they do not often repeat the offence. A rapid swimmer starts off in pursuit, and drags the offender back to land in the roughest manner possible, letting him swallow a good allowance of water, and doing everything possible to make an example of him, for more than one attendant has lost his life attempting to save people that were being carried away by the current. Boats on wheels are always kept in readiness for launching should any one be in danger. Persons who persist in swimming out to sea are forbidden to bathe off that shore. In the height of the season it is often necessary to wait two hours for a bathing-machine, and in order that the first comers shall be served first, every one is obliged to take a numbered ticket and then to wait his turn. On a mast, made fast in the sand, a platform is erected, and from the top of this the numbers are called in a voice that can be heard right down the beach. The bathing-women wear a peculiar dress in business hours; it is extremely practical. Skirts are quite unknown; their place is taken by short, baggy knickers of scarlet cloth, immense top-boots reach to the knees, and a blue jacket and a spotless white cap complete this costume.

The sea-water at Norderney contains a large percentage of salt; the air, too, is very fresh, and this, with the roughness of the waves, makes it impossible for many persons to bathe in the sea, so they take 'sun' baths. There is a large enclosure, carefully shut in by high walls, so that the wind does not make a draught, where they can disport themselves in the sunshine and go through various exercises.

Ladders and other apparatus are provided. Should any accident occur, the sand forms a soft falling-place. The bathing-dresses are naturally more elaborate than those used for the water; most of the wearers also have an immense towel that they use to drape themselves in while resting. People often spend the whole morning taking a 'sun' bath, and do not seem to feel cold in spite of the low temperature and the thin garment. In the afternoon the bathing-machines are moved above high-water mark, and the beach is left free for promenaders and donkey-riders. The long stretch of sand is just the place for a scamper. Unfortunately the German donkeys are as lazy as those of other countries, and, since the introduction of the camera, their favourite occupation consists in having their portraits taken. This they understand perfectly: a whole group will stand as if turned to stone; the only difficulty is in getting them to move on again.

A noticeable feature of the beach in Norderney is the wonderful work done in the damp sand. Not only do children build fortresses and make gardens, but their parents, some of them artists of note, help in the work of modelling, and statues in high and low relief may be seen. The sea rarely comes up as far as the dunes, and these real works of art remain for weeks, only slightly damaged by the powdery sand that is blown over them.

THE MISSEL THRUSH.

A FINE handsome fellow is the Missel Thrush, who is said to get this name from his partiality for mistletoe berries—though, indeed, he is quite royal in his titles, amongst which Storm Thrush, Storm Cock, and Holm Thrush are the best known.

Most of us must be familiar with him, and will easily recognise his brown coat, spotted breast, well-set head, bright eyes, and saucy, half-defiant demeanour. We remember his song when he was perched on a high bare branch in winter-time, when snow lay all around, and angry winds threatened to toss him from his resting-place.

Was he exultant in his strength and power of resisting the wild blasts, or was he 'whistling aloud to keep his spirits up?' Or, when sunshine lies on lawn and meadow, we know him hopping blithely over the turf, keeping a wary eye ready for some hapless caterpillar, beetle, worm, slug, or snail, all equally toothsome to his palate. Or in winter, when such dainties are not available, we may see him with a party of industrious friends clearing off the berries from mountain ash, juniper, holly, ivy, hips or haws. He is quite entitled to have a good appetite, as he is the largest representative of the thrush family, often measuring twelve inches in length; and besides his size he has his wonderful spirits to keep up.

Missel thrushes are very strong on the wing, and go much higher into the air than song thrushes or blackbirds. In winter as many as fifty or sixty often associate together, and it is then that many a fine fat fellow finds his fate in some village cooking-pot, for the pretty creatures are often cruelly shot by rustic 'sportsmen.' When spring appears the

flock divides, the birds pair and decide upon a desirable place for nest-building, though they are in no hurry to enter upon the cares of housekeeping, and will fly round their projected home many times before laying a single twig. When they do begin to build, however, they do their work strongly and well, using sticks, straws, hay, leaves, wool, and moss, cemented firmly together with mud mixed with fibrous roots. If one material is not to be had, they take another. A story is told of a poor lady who lost a valuable lace cap, and after mourning it all the summer, recovered it from a missel thrush's nest when the bare branches allowed the white object to be visible. Another case is recorded, when one of these birds carried off a long narrow piece of net, which was put out to bleach in the sun, and wove it in amongst the ordinary materials. The nest is usually placed in forks of branches or where a branch joins the main trunk, and in it are deposited, by the end of April, four or five greeny or reddish-white eggs, spotted either with purple or brown: but the eggs vary very much in colour.

As soon as the babies are hatched the father bird ceases his song. Possibly he is afraid of keeping the little ones awake, or it may be that he fears to call attention to them. If, however, by any melancholy accident, such as will sometimes occur, Mr. Missel Thrush becomes a widower, he forthwith pours out his sweetest melody.

Missel thrushes will fight boldly for the defence of their family, and are usually successful in driving away intruders; but White, the naturalist, tells a harrowing tale of several evil-minded magpies who invaded a nest. Mr. and Mrs. Thrush did battle bravely and fiercely, but alas! the robbers were too strong for them, and not only was their pretty home torn to pieces, but their babies were swallowed alive by their rapacious enemies.

When angry, the voice of missel thrushes is harsh and scream, but they have a musical call-note, used by the sentinel who keeps watch whilst the flock is feeding; and when the warning sound is heard, the birds instantly rise and vanish.

When the winter is especially cold, the parties often migrate from high moorlands into sheltered valley pastures, and, made bold with hunger, forsake lonely places for the neighbourhood of houses and cultivated land.

Although strictly amongst the numbers of our 'feathered friends that stay,' a great many missel thrushes are added every winter to our home birds from northern climates, arriving about the same time as the flocks of field-fares.

MAY.

LITTLE maiden, tell me truly
Where, O where, you go to-day?
'Through the woods and through the valley
Just to welcome merry May.'

Little maiden, tell me truly
How you know that May has come?
'In the hedge the rose is budding;
Bees across the meadow hum.'

Little maiden, tell me truly,
Have you very far to go?
'No; for o'er the hawthorn bushes
May has shed her scented snow.'

Then, my little maiden, truly
We have met the season's queen,
For these pretty meadow blossoms
Show us where her feet have been.

THE RUBY-COLOURED GLASS.

HOW TO LEARN A CURIOSITY'S STORY FROM ITSELF.

I HAVE on my desk a rather pretty, but peculiar ornament, made of ruby-coloured glass. It is a sort of mug without handle attached to a tiny saucer made of the same coloured glass. Round the waist of the mug there is a cream-coloured pattern of vine-leaves and grapes touched here and there with gold. A few leaves of a similar kind adorn the inner side of the saucer, and the edges of both the cup and saucer have been gilded (Fig. I.).

It is easy to see, by the extent to which the pattern and the gilt have been dulled and worn off, that the ornament is not new. It has none of the glitter and flash which a new ornament of this kind would certainly have. And yet it has not been roughly handled, since it is not broken or cracked in any way; and therefore we must conclude that the dulness and defects of the decoration are due to the slow changes which always result from long usage, however much care may be taken of an object.

Now there are many things which might be learned from this piece of ornamental glass, if we cared to question it silently from time to time; but, in order not to attempt too much at once, let us confine ourselves to its colour. As I have said, it is a beautiful

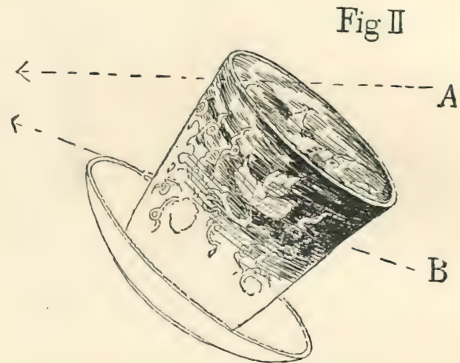


The Ruby-coloured Glass.

ruby red. If we hold the glass in front of us, and tilt it in such a way that the front part of the rim is a little higher than the back part, we may look through one thickness of glass by directing our eyes to the top of the cup, or two thicknesses by directing them to the lower part. In this way we discover that the colour of the glass, or rather of the light coming through the glass, is deeper where the glass is double

than where it is single. In short, the amount of the coloured glass alters the shade of colour which is seen through it (Fig. II.).

But if we look through one side of the glass only, we shall see that it is not equally coloured. There are bands and streaks and folds of darker colour in the midst of glass of a slightly lighter shade. I can

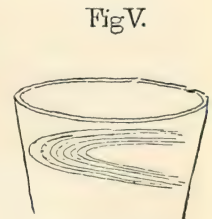


The Glass tilted to show two thicknesses.

see these darker bands quite easily. They go round and round the glass in a spiral wreath, though there is at one point a sharp bend, and the wreaths turn back in the opposite direction.

We must be careful not to jump to hasty conclusions, but we must have courage to rely upon our eyesight and to use our judgment. It is quite clear that whatever it is which colours the glass, it is not spread equally through it or upon it. We have already seen that the more coloured glass there is, the darker is the shade of the light which it transmits. The darker wreaths suggest to us that there is more coloured glass in them than in the rest of the cup, though there is some coloured glass in the whole of it. The colouring material, whatever it was, was not melted with the whole of the glass, because, had such been the case, the colour would have been equally diffused through the mass. It must, therefore, have been in some way introduced afterwards, and spread rather imperfectly in or upon it.

The fact that the colour in the glass is wreathed helps to confirm this impression. The glass-worker, in order to shape a cup like this, attaches it, while it is still hot, to the end of a rod, and rolls it round and round on the arms of a sort of arm-chair, while he shapes the cup with a pair of nippers (Fig. IV.). The action of these nippers, pressing on the inside and the outside of the cup as it is twirled round, would tend to draw the substance of the glass, or anything which it contained, into the form of rings or wreaths. And we can account for that sharp bend, which we have

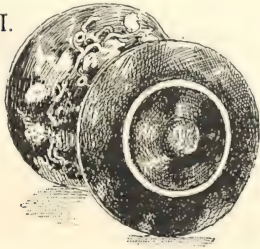


The curve of the wreaths of colour.

seen in one of the wreaths (Fig. V.), by the fact that the glass-worker rolls his rod to and fro, and consequently changes the rotation of the glass, each time he reverses the rolling of his rod, as it approaches the ends of the arm.

It is desirable, however, to know exactly where the colour of this ornament is placed. Is it in the

Fig III.

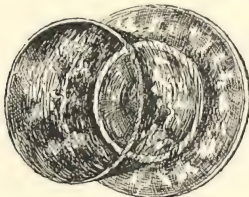


The worn ring underneath the glass.

substance of the glass, or is it on the surface? That is a puzzling question, and perhaps you will think that it cannot be answered without reference to books, or without seeing such an object made. Yet the glass itself, when rightly questioned, will give us a clear and unmistakable answer.

Turning the cup upside down, we find the bottom of the saucer worn where it has touched the shelves, the cabinets, and the tables upon which the glass has stood (Fig. III.). As glass is hard and wears away slowly, this worn ring is a good proof that the ornament is old. The bottom of the saucer is so hollowed

Fig III. a.



The worn ring seen from above.

that it is only a very narrow ring which has been worn away, a ring not more than a sixteenth of an inch in width at its widest part. It is exactly below the angle formed by the junction of the cup and the saucer. Holding the glass up to the window with its mouth towards us, and looking down the sides of the cup, we can see the narrow worn ring through the bottom of the saucer. And what is it like? Simply a ring of clear, uncoloured glass, proving to us that *the colour was on the surface of the glass*, and has been worn away as the ring was formed (Fig. IIIa).

Slight scratches on the inside of the cup itself prove the same thing. Wherever there is a scratch, the coloured surface has been removed, and the clear

light shines through. A magnifying-glass is of great help in examining these scratches.

So far we have examined the glass only, and reasoned upon what we have seen. It is just possible, however, that you will hesitate to trust this reasoning.

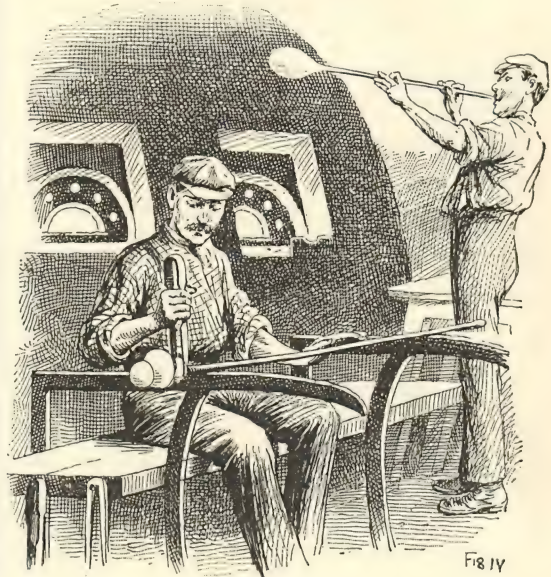


Fig IV

Shaping the Glass.

Let me tell you, then, what a worker of coloured glass commonly does. He dips his blow-pipe into a pot of melted coloured glass, and takes up a very small quantity. He dips the pipe again into a pot of uncoloured glass, and takes up a much larger quantity on the outside of the other. He blows, cuts, and shapes the two, as if they were a single mass, until at last he obtains a glass or an ornament which, though it appears at first sight to be coloured throughout, is really only thinly covered with coloured glass, like the ruby-coloured ornament which we have studied.

W. A. ATKINSON.

SELMIS THE COOK.

ABOUT the middle of the seventeenth century, a baby was born into the world who was destined to become a somewhat distinguished man. He was a French baby, born in Paris in the year 1655, and his name was Regnard. The boy received an excellent education, and after he had left school he travelled about the world, in order further to inform and enlarge his mind. Then, when he was about twenty-two years of age, something very dreadful happened to him.

A little ship—there were no big steamers in those days—was conveying Regnard and a few other passengers and a cargo of merchandise from Italy to France, when she was captured by pirates, who carried her off to Algiers. There the cargo was sold in the market, with the unfortunate captives. For

Regnard, because he was young, handsome, and evidently bright and capable, a big price was paid by a wealthy Arab, named Achmet. This man, having taken home his slave, proceeded to examine his newly-acquired property.

'What can you do? What is your trade?'

'I can make verses, write romances, tell stories,' replied the Frenchman.

'I have no use for verses,' said Achmet. 'What is your name?'

'Regnard.'

'A ridiculous, outlandish name. I shall call you "Selmis," and shall employ you in my kitchen, where you will be under the orders of my head cook.'

What a come-down for poor Regnard! He had dreamed of literary fame, of a glorious future, of rivalling Molière, and now he was a miserable slave, whose task it was to wash pots and prepare vegetables for a hard, cruel master! But Regnard was a philosopher, and he very sensibly determined to make the best of his lot.

Fortunately for him, he had gained already, while 'knocking about' the world, some experience in cooking, and now, by means of pains and patience, he so delighted the palate of his master that within a very brief space of time he was promoted from his subordinate position and was himself appointed head cook. By this promotion the captive's lot was considerably bettered: he was allowed the use of writing materials, and wrote to his relatives begging them to ransom him.

At that time, however, letters did not reach their destination in a hurry, and before the reply to Regnard's appeal arrived, the poor fellow was compelled to accompany his master to Constantinople. Here, the cook was not nearly so important a person as he had been at Algiers; Achmet enjoyed the sumptuous hospitality of the nobles and was never at home. Selmis suffered many privations.

On his return to Algiers, after an absence of two years, Regnard, who had by now given up all hope of receiving any reply from his family, made an attempt to escape; the attempt failed, perhaps because he took into his confidence a woman who had been captured by the same pirate and sold at the same time as himself. In his kindness he had wished to free her also; anyhow, his plan was discovered and he was condemned to death. But 'the darkest hour precedes the dawn:' at this very moment the French Consul received from Regnard's relatives the sum of twelve thousand livres for his ransom, and, happily, Achmet's love of gold proved stronger than his desire to punish his slave.

The good spirits and adventurous temper of the young Frenchman were in nowise impaired by his troubles. After a short rest, nothing daunted, he again set out on his travels, in the course of which he is said to have penetrated almost to the icy regions of the North Pole: he visited Sweden, Germany, Hungary, and even Turkey.

Tired, at last, of wandering, he settled down in his native France and became a famous writer, a worthy successor, some have even said, of Molière. So we see that no misfortunes have power to harm the soul, if only they are met with courage.

MARTIN HYDE.

(Continued from page 307.)

THAT evening, after the summer dusk had come, but before the army had settled to sleep, I heard an old man, one of our cavalymen, talking to another trooper.

'Ah,' he said, 'I was fighting in the old wars under Cromwell. I have seen wars enough. You mark my words, boy, this army won't do much. We have not enough men, for one thing. We could have had fourteen thousand, or more, if he'd thought to bring muskets for them. We have no cavalry, that's another thing. When we come face to face with the King's men we shall be sore put to it for want of a few trusty horses. Horsemen are the very backbone of armies in the field. Then, boy, we have no captains—that's worst of all. The Duke's no captain. If he'd been a captain he'd have fought this morning. The others aren't captains either, none of them. Besides, what are they doing sitting down in camp like this, when we ought to be marching? We ought to be marching now. Marching all night, never setting down once; marching in two armies, one to Exeter, one to Bristol. We should have the two towns by late to-morrow night, if we was under old Oliver. It'll take us a week to get to Bristol at this rate. By that time it will be full of troops, as well as secured by ships. As for us, by that time we shall have troops all round us, not to speak of club-men.'

'Ah,' said the younger man, 'what be club-men, gaffer?'

'You'll know soon enough what club-men are,' the old man answered, 'if there's any more of this dirty robbery I saw this afternoon. Those thieves who stole the farmers' cattle would have been shot in Oliver's time. They'd have cast lots on a drum, in sight of all on us, drawn up. The men who got the low numbers would have been shot. The captains would have pistolled them where they stood. If this robbing goes on, all the farmers will club together to defend themselves, making a sort of second army for us to fight against—that is what club-men means. It's not a nice thing to fight in a country where there are club-men all round you. No, boy. So what with all this, boy, I am going to creep out of this army. I don't like the look of things, and I don't like the way things are done. If you take an old man's advice you'll come too.'

'Noa,' said the honest oaf. 'I be going to fight. I be going to London town to be a soldier.'

'Ah,' said the old man, shortly, 'you be a fool, Tummas. Wish 'ee good-day, maister.'

Then the old man turned sharply on his heels to leave the camp, which he did easily enough, for he knew several of the sentries. Even if he had not known them it would have made little difference, because our sentries were so lax that the camp was always swarming with strangers. Women came to see their husbands or sweethearts. Boys came out of love for mischief. Men came out of curiosity, or out of some wish to see things before they decided which side to take. Our captains were never sure at

night how many of their men would turn up at muster the next morning.

After the old man had deserted I sat down on the high ground above the camp, in the earthen battery where our four little guns were mounted. I was oppressed with a sad feeling that we were all marching to our deaths. The old man's words, 'We shall have troops all round us,' rang in my head till I could have cried. My mind was full of terrible imaginings. I saw our army penned up in a little, narrow valley where the roads were quagmires, so that our guns were stuck in the mud, our horses up to their knees, our men floundering.

On the hills all around us I saw the King's armies, fifty thousand strong, marching to music under the colours, firing, then wheeling, forming with a glint of pikes, bringing up guns at a gallop, shooting us down, while we in the mud tried to form. I knew that the end of all would be a little clump of men round the Duke, gathered together on a hillock, holding out to the last. The men would be dropping as the shot struck them. The wounded would waver, letting their pike-points drop. Then there would come a whirling thunder of cavalry, horses' eyes in the smoke, bright iron horse-shoes gleaming, swords crashing down on us, an eddy of battle which would end in a hush as the last of us died. I saw all these pictures in my brain as clearly as one sees in a dream.

You must not wonder that I looked over the misty fields towards Newenham Abbey with a sort of longing to be there, well out of all the war. It was only a mile from me. I could slip away so easily. I was not bound to stay where I was, to share in the misery caused by my leader's want of skill. Then I remembered how my father had believed in the right of the Duke's cause. He would have counselled me to stay, I thought. It seemed to me, in the dusk of the night, that my father was by me, urging me to stay. The thought was very blessed, it cleared away all my troubles as though they had not been. I decided to look no more towards Newenham, but to go on by the Duke's side to whatever fortune the wars might bring us. Somehow, the feeling that my father was by me made me sure that we were marching to victory. I went to my quarters comforted, sure of sleeping contentedly.

Like the rest of us, I had to sleep in the open, without any more shelter than a horse-cloth. Even the Duke was without a tent that night. He slept in camp with us, to set an example to his men, though he might well have gone to some house in the town. I liked the notion of sleeping out in the open. In fine, warm summer weather, when the dew is not too heavy, it is pleasant, until a little before dawn, when one feels uneasy, for some reason, as though an enemy were coming.

Perhaps our savage ancestors, the earliest ancient Britons, who lived in hill-camps, high up, with their cattle round them, expected the attacks of their enemies always at a little before the dawn; so that, in time, the entire race learned to be wakeful then, lest the enemy should catch the slumberers with flint axe-heads in the skull. It may be that to this day we feel the fear felt by so many generations of our ancestors.

On this first night in camp I found that many of the men were sleeping uneasily, for they did not know the secret of sleeping in the open. They did not know that to sleep comfortably in the open one must dig a little hole in the ground, about as big as a porridge-bowl, to receive one's hip-bone. If you do this you sleep at ease, feeling nothing of the hardness of the bed. If you fail to do it you wake all bruised, after a wretched night's tumbling; you ache all the next day.

After grubbing up a hollow with my knife, I swathed myself in my blanket, with a saddle for a pillow. I watched the stars for a while, as they drifted slowly over me. The horses stamped, shaking their picket-ropes. The sentries walked their rounds, or came to the camp-fires to call their reliefs. The night was full of strange noises. The presence of so many sleeping men was strange. It was very beautiful, very solemn. It gave one a kind of awe to think that thus so many famous armies had slept before the battles of the world, before Pharsalia, before Chalons, before Hastings. Presently the murmuring became so slight that I fell asleep, forgetting everything, only turning uneasily from time to time, to keep the cool night wind from blowing on to my cheeks so as to wake me.

It must have been two in the morning when I was wakened by some armed men, evidently our sentries, who rolled me over without ceremony.

'Wake up, young master,' they said, grinning. 'You're wanted. You are to get up to go on an errand. You are a soldier now. You do your sleeping in peace-times when you are a soldier.'

I sat up, blinking my eyes in the early light, thinking how nice the other forty winks would be.

'Heigho!' I yawned. 'All right, I'm awake. What is it? What's the matter?'

'Lord Grey is a-wanting you, young master,' said one of the men. 'Down there, where them horses are in the road.'

I picked myself up at that, wishing for a basin of water, into which I might shove my head. 'Yes, yes,' I said. 'Thank you. I'll go down.'

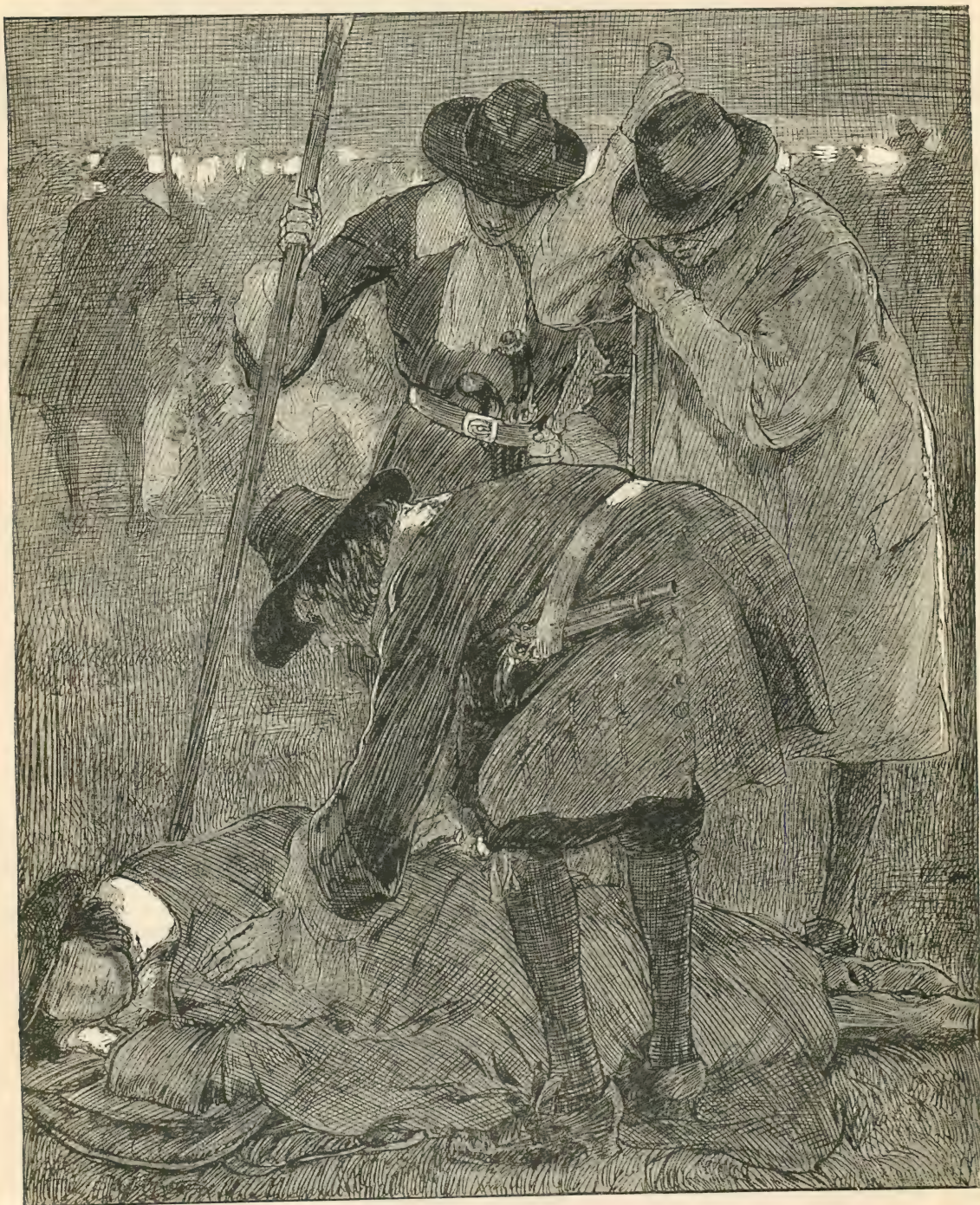
I left my blanket where it was, as I expected to be back in a few minutes. I walked downhill out of the camp to the road where the horses stood. There were four horses, two of them mounted. The mounted men were regular country bumpkins, with green sprays in their hats, like the rest of our men, but their horses were pretty good, much better than most of those we had. One of them was a stocky old cob, which was no doubt to be mine. The other was a beast with handsome harness for Lord Grey.

'Alas!' I thought, 'no more sleep for me. I have to ride. I wonder where we are going.' The men touched their hats to me, for as I was in the Duke's retinue I was much respected. Some of them, no doubt, thought I was a princeling or little lord.

'Where are we going?' I asked the troopers.

'Going scouting out towards Colyton yonder, sir,' said one of them. 'We are to pick up his lordship in the town.'

(Continued on page 322.)



“ ‘Wake up, young master,’ they said.”



THE TINKER'S JIG.



"I burrowed my way among the ferns."

MARTIN HYDE.

(Continued from page 319.)

I WONDERED when I was to get breakfast ; but I knew Lord Grey well enough to be sure that he was not a man to go willingly without food for more than a few hours at a time. Breakfast I should have presently, nor would it be skin-boiled beef, smelling of singed hair. So I mounted my cob with a good will. The first trooper rode by my side ; the other waited for a moment to examine the feet of Lord Grey's charger. He trotted after us, leading the riderless horse, some fifty yards behind us. We trotted smartly through Axminster, where we set the dogs barking. People sprang from their beds when they heard us, fearing that we were an army coming to fight. We cantered out of the town over the river, heading towards a hilly country which had few houses upon it.

I looked back, after leaving Axminster, to see if Lord Grey wanted me. He had mounted his horse somewhere in the town ; but he was now a couple of hundred yards behind us, riding with a third man, whom I judged to be Colonel Foukes, by his broad white regimental scarf.

After we had gone a few miles we came to a cross-roads, where my guide bade me halt to wait for orders. The others had pulled up too. I could see Lord Grey examining a map, while his horse sidled about across the road. The trooper who had been riding with him joined us after a while, telling us to take the road to our right, which would take us, he said, towards Taunton. We were to keep our eyes open, he said, for any sign of armed men coming on the high road from Honiton, so as to threaten our left flank. The gentlemen were going to scout towards the sea. At eight o'clock, if we had seen no trace of any armed force coming, we were to make for Chard, where we should find the Duke's army. We were to examine the roads for any signs of troops having passed recently towards Taunton. We were to inquire of the country people if troops were abroad in that countryside, what troops they might be, how led, how equipped, and so on. If we came across any men anxious to join the Duke we were to send them on to Chard or Ilminster, on the easterly road to Taunton. We were to ride without our green boughs, he said ; so before starting on our road we flung them into the ditches.

Lord Grey waved his hand to us, as he turned away with his friend. We took off our hats in reply, hardly in a soldierly salute ; then we set off at a walk along the Taunton road. It is a lonely road, leading up to the hills ; a straight Roman road, better than any roads laid in England at that time ; but a road which strikes horror into one, the country through which it runs is so bleak.

By about six o'clock (according to one of the troopers, who judged by the height of the sun), we were in a clump of firs, high up on a hill, looking over a vast piece of eastern Devon. We had scouted pretty closely all round Honiton, examining the country people, without hearing of any troops. We were now looking out for some gleam upon a road, some rising of dust over a hedge, some scattering of

birds, even : any sign of men advancing which might be examined more closely.

The morning was bright, but the valleys had mist upon them, which would soon turn to the quivering blue June heat-haze. The land lay below us, spread out in huge folds, the fields, all different colours, looking like the counties on a map ; we could see the sea ; we could see the gleam of a little river. We could see Axminster far to the east of us ; but the marching army was out of sight, somewhere on the Chard high road.

After scanning pretty well all round us, I caught sight of moving figures on the top of one of the combes to south of us. We all looked hard at the place, trying to make out more of them. They were nearly a mile from us. They seemed to be standing there as sentries. At first we thought that they must be people with Lord Grey ; but as we could see no horses we decided that they could not be.

One of the men said that, as far as he had heard tell, the combe on which they stood was what they call a camp, where soldiers lived in the old time. He didn't know much more about it ; but he said that he thought we ought to examine it before riding on to some inn where we could breakfast. The other man seemed to think so, too ; but when we came to talk over the best way of doing our espials, we were puzzled. We should be seen at once if we went to them directly. We might be suspected if we approached them on horseback. If the men went, they might be detained, because, for all that we knew, the combe might be full of militia. So I said that I had better go, since no one would suspect a boy. To this the men raised a good many objections, looking at each other suspiciously, plainly asking questions with their raised eyebrows. I thought at the time that they were afraid of sending me into a possible danger, because I was a servant attached to the Duke's person. However, when I said that I would go on foot, taking all precautions, they agreed grudgingly to let me go.

I crept along towards this combe on foot, as though I were going bird's-nesting. I beat along by the hedges, keeping out of sight behind them, till I was actually on the combe's north slope, climbing up to the old earthwork on the top. I took care to climb the slope at a place where there was no sentry, which was, of course, not only the steepest bit of the hill, but covered with gorse clumps, through which I could scarcely thrust my way. Up towards the top the gorse was less plentiful ; there were immense foxgloves, ferns, little marshy tufts where rushes grew, little spots of bright, wet, green moss. Yellow-hammers drawled their pretty, tripping notes to me, not starting away even when I passed close to them. All the beauty of June was on the earth that day ! The beauty of everything in that intense blue haze was wonderful.

The top of the combe was very steep, steeper than any of the ascent, because it had been built up like an outer wall by the savages who once lived there with their cattle. I could see just the bare, steep wall of the rampart standing up in a dull, green line of short-grassed turf against the sky, now burning with the intense blue of summer. One hard, quick scramble, with my finger-nails dug into the ground,

brought my head to the top of the rampart, beyond which I could see nothing but great ferns—a forest of great ferns, already four or five feet high, stretching away below, into the cup of the camp or citadel. I did not dare to stand up, lest I should be seen. I burrowed my way among the ferns over the wall into the hollow, worming my way towards the edge of the fern-clump, so that I could see. In a minute I was gazing through the fern-stems into the camp itself; it was a curious sight.

About fifty people (some of them women) were sitting about a hollow in the ground, which I guessed to be a sort of smokeless fireplace or earth-oven. Everywhere else, all over the hollow of the camp, which must have been a full three hundred yards across, were various kinds of farm-stock, mostly cattle, though there were many picketed horses, too. At first I thought that I had climbed into a camp of gipsies, which gave me a scare; for gipsies then were a wild lot, whom wise folk avoided. Then, as I glanced about, I saw a sentry standing not thirty yards from me, but well above me, on the rampart top. He was no gipsy. He was an ordinary farmer's lad, with the walk of a ploughman. His sleeves, which were rolled back, showed me a sunburnt pair of arms, such as no gipsy ever had. What puzzled me about him was his heavy double-barrelled pistol, which he carried in his right hand, with something of a military cock, yet as though awed by it. He was not over-sure of that same pistol. I could see that he confounded it in some way with magic.

Then I remembered what the old soldier had said the night before about club-men. This camp must be a camp of club-men, I thought. They had come there to protect their stock from the rapine of our vile pillagers, who had spread such terror amongst the farmers the day before. Perched up on the combe, with sentries always on the look-out, they could see the Duke's raiders long before they came up within gunshot. If an armed force had tried to rush the camp, after learning that the beasts were shut up within it (which, by the way, no man could possibly suspect until he saw them from the rampart-top), the few defenders clubbed together there could have kept them out without difficulty; for there was only one narrow entrance to the camp, so constructed that any one entering by it could be shot at from three sides, if not from all four.

(Continued on page 333.)

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

12.—DECAPITATION.

I am a long cut. Behead me, and I become settled. Behead me again, and I am it. Behead me once again, and I am now a consonant. What am I?

[Answer on page 355.]

R. M. B.

ANSWER TO PUZZLE ON PAGE 286.

11.—

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A DISTINGUISHED GUEST.

LIEUT. JAMES BURNLEY, of King George's navy, brought to London, about the year 1775, a native from the far Pacific Isles,—a tall, well-built 'savage' named Omiah, whom, it is little wonder, people were interested to see. It is natural to suppose that one who had passed his days far from sight or sound of civilisation would display some shyness and embarrassment when introduced to company in a London drawing-room. But it was not so with Omiah. Dressed in modern attire, with lace ruffles surrounding his dusky wrists, in accordance with the prevailing fashion, and with a handsome sword, presented to him by King George III., dangling at his side, he was to be seen among the most distinguished people, and was completely at his ease in every sort of society. Though unable to speak English, we are told by James Burnley's sister (the celebrated authoress, Fanny Burnley) that he had the ways of a cultivated gentleman. 'Indeed,' writes the lady just mentioned, 'his manners are so extremely graceful, and he is so polite, attentive and easy, that you would have thought he came from some foreign Court.'

But Otaheite had been his home, and the story of this 'gentle savage,' as Cowper called him, is another proof that gentleness is not taught only, but grows from the good heart itself.

ECHO ANSWERS.

WHAT must be done to conduct a newspaper aright?—Write.

What is necessary for a farmer to assist him?—System.

What would give a blind man the greatest delight?—Light.

What is the best counsel given by a justice of the peace?—Peace.

What cry is the greatest terrifier?—Fire.

AN EMBARRASSED CONJURER.

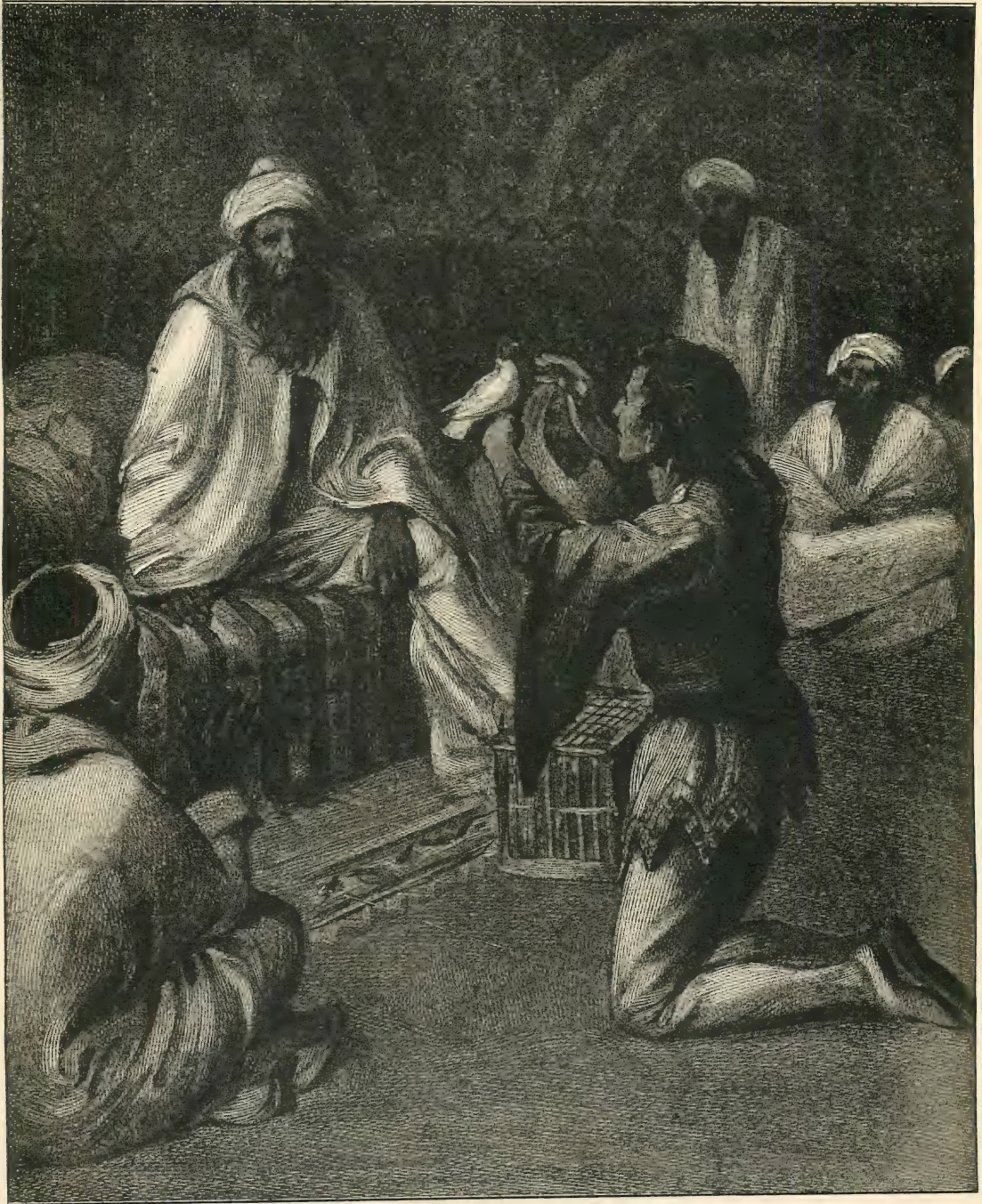
A VERY long time ago there lived a famous conjurer named Bellachini. This man, who was a great traveller, was once in Morocco, performing before the Sultan.

By way of climax to his exhibition, he took a snow-white pigeon and a grey one, cut off the head of each, then placed the white head on the grey pigeon and the grey head on the white pigeon, after which the two birds, each with the other's head on, flew away, alive and well, as if nothing had happened: or rather, appeared to do so.

The Sultan highly approved of this performance, and, having ordered two of his men—a light Berber and a negro—to step forward, he commanded Bellachini to cut off *their* heads, and to exchange them as he had exchanged the heads of the pigeons.

Perhaps Bellachini was not so clever as some of our modern conjurers, although even they might be taken aback by such a proposition as this. He was clever enough, however, to find a way out of the difficulty.

'Pardon me, most gracious Majesty,' he said



"The conjurer placed the grey head on the white pigeon."

(through an interpreter), 'but to-day my apparatus is arranged only for pigeons, not for men. I must have at least fourteen days in which to prepare for such a performance as you desire. Will your Majesty graciously allow me an extension of that time?'

'I will,' replied the Sultan, who, fortunately, happened to be in a good temper.

The conjurer, thankful to have got off so easily, left the palace, and immediately fled from the country.



“Can this be one of my pupils?” he said, wrathfully.”

AN OLD AGE PENSION.

ONE summer's day, in the year 1748, when Louis XV., called the Well-beloved, was on

the throne of France, two young girls were slowly pacing the shady avenue of their old castle in Touraine.

They were seriously discussing how to help

their old dancing-master, Monsieur Marcel, who was now too old to earn his own living.

'And he's so dreadfully proud,' said Irma. 'It's so difficult to help him—he won't take anything from us, and yet we cannot let the good old man starve. I wonder if we could get him a pension?'

Lucette, the elder sister, looked up in astonishment. 'That would be capital, if only we could get it,' she said, 'but who would give it him?'

'The Government,' said Irma promptly.

'But how is the Government to know anything of our poor old dancing-master far away in Touraine?' rejoined Lucette.

'He hasn't always lived here,' said Irma quickly. 'He lived in Paris once, and taught Monsieur Machaut his first steps. I remember him telling us so one day.'

'Monsieur Machaut! The great Monsieur Machaut!' said Lucette, in intense surprise.

'Yes, the great Monsieur Machaut!' said Irma, mimicking her sister's awe-struck voice. 'He is Comptroller-General. He manages the King and does what he likes with the money of the country, and I mean to write and ask him to give poor old Monsieur Marcel a pension.'

'You are brave, Irma!' said Lucette, looking admiringly at her younger sister. 'I wonder what you will say to the great man?'

'I must go indoors and think,' said Irma, 'and you must help me, Lucette—it takes two people to move a Comptroller-General.'

The letter was duly written and sent to Paris by a trusty friend, who undertook to deliver it himself into Monsieur Machaut's hands. Then many weeks passed by, and Lucette and even Irma were beginning to despair of ever hearing any more of their letter, when one autumn afternoon, as the girls were sitting on the terrace, they saw a courier come galloping up the castle avenue.

'He wears the king's livery. It will be the pension!' said Irma joyously.

She was right. In a few minutes the courier had dismounted, and, having begged an audience of the young ladies, he placed in their hands the great parchment brevet, which conferred on Monsieur Marcel, maître de danse, a pension of sixty pounds a year, 'with the compliments of his old pupil—the Comptroller-General.' The delight of the two girls were unbounded.

'Let us go at once and tell him the good news!' said Irma.

'You must tell him,' said Lucette. 'I am always afraid of him—he is so particular.'

'He won't be particular to-day!' laughed Irma, 'when he hears what I have got for him. I must tell him at once.'

So, flushed and excited with her pleasant errand, Irma tapped at the door of the little sitting-room, and hearing 'Entrez,' in somewhat feeble tones, she opened the door, and ran hastily up towards the old man. 'Monsieur Marcel! Monsieur Marcel!' she exclaimed. 'See! See here! This parchment'—here she held out the bulky parcel—'this parchment is your pension! The Government have allowed you a pension of sixty pounds a year for life because you have been such a celebrated teacher of dancing. I do congratulate you.'

As she spoke, Irma handed the important document to the old man, but to her intense surprise he did not put out a hand to take it, but let it fall on the floor, whilst an expression of great anger swept swiftly over his wrinkled face!

'Can this be one of my pupils? Can I believe my eyes?' he said, wrathfully. 'Is this the way I have taught Mademoiselle de Chauville? To burst into a room like a tornado! No reverence! No curtsy! And then to hand me a paper in such a boisterous way as a country bumpkin might pitch a load of hay into a cart!'

Poor Irma! She was thoroughly frightened by her old master's vehemence, and blushing furiously, she made a stately curtsy, and then said humbly:

'Dear Master, forgive me! I was excited! I forgot to be elegant.'

'Forgot to be elegant!' said the old man, lifting up his hands in dismay. 'That I should hear a pupil of mine say such a thing!' continued the old dancing-master, angrily. 'Do you not remember how I told you deportment was everything? Everything!' he repeated. 'Is it in this manner I taught you to present anything? Assuredly not! Pick it up, Mademoiselle, and present it to me in a proper manner.'

Irma gravely stooped down and picked up the parchment. Approaching the old man, she made her very lowest curtsy; then, rising, she took the paper in both hands, and bowing again, said very precisely:

'May I beg the honour of your acceptance of this parchment, which confers on you a pension for life?'

'That is better! Much more courtly,' said the critical old man, as he accepted the parchment, with a low bow. 'The arms were a little stiff. You have forgotten how I taught you to hold them. Next time try and round the elbows a trifle more. Now I thank you for your present, which, offered in the proper manner, I am able to accept.'

And with another courtly bow, the old dancing-master took possession of his old age pension.

E. A. B.

HOW SHIPS ARE CARRIED IN HOLLAND.

IN many places the rivers in Holland make their entrances to the sea over extensive sand-beds, the water being so shallow that large vessels cannot sail in it. Rather than remove the sand-beds, which were looked upon in olden times as a defence, since they then kept men-of-war at a distance, the Dutch adopt the plan of sending out two large flat-bottomed craft to the small trading vessels that wish to enter the harbour. Arrived on either side the ship, three pontoons, as they may be called, are partially sunk by admitting water, and when their sloping sides are well under the hull of the ship to be carried, the water is pumped out, and they rise buoyantly with their burden between them. Across the shallows they then bear it in triumph, and lower it gently into the deeper water of the harbour. With equal care the return journey is made when the merchantman is ready to sail away.

ANIMAL INSTINCT AND INTELLIGENCE.

V.—ANIMAL VIRTUES AND VICES.

I PROPOSE in brief outline to mention a few of what we may call the simple 'virtues' which men and the lower creatures share, more or less, in common; and at the same time we may briefly refer to some of the 'vices' which also appear in both.

Courage and self-sacrifice, cruelty and cowardice, are the themes which we must consider. The pages of history furnish us with a wealth of information as to these virtues and vices among men; and there is surely not one among my readers who could not quote a score of instances of brave deeds done by men and women—ay, and children too. And it would not be less easy, though far less pleasant, to match these by their contrast in cowardice and cruelty. Thus, then, there is no need to seek our facts from the annals of human life. But it is otherwise with the lower animals.

Let us take first a few facts with regard to courage in animals. Somehow or another we do not generally credit monkeys with many attributes save quarrelsomeness and mischievousness. Yet this view of the monkey-world is really quite untrue, as was shown long since by our great countryman, Charles Darwin. In one of his books he tells a most charming story of a little monkey which saved its keeper's life. This little hero, a native of South America, was a captive in the Zoological Gardens in London, and was much attached to its keeper. It was kept in a large cage with a huge and spiteful baboon; and one day, as the keeper was kneeling on the floor of the cage, the baboon rushed upon him, and stuck its great fangs into his neck, inflicting dreadful wounds. The little monkey, on perceiving the danger of his friend, risked all, and rushed to the rescue; and by screams and bites so distracted the baboon that the man was able to escape, after running great risk of his life.

In a wild state these creatures are no less courageous. A story is told of some baboons which the German naturalist, Boehm, encountered when travelling in Africa, which will illustrate this fact. The animals were crossing a valley, and most of the troop had ascended to the opposite mountain, while some were still in the valley. The latter were then suddenly set upon by wild dogs, when the old males suddenly descended, and with widely opened mouths roared so dreadfully, and looked so fierce, that the dogs drew back discomfited. They again returned to the attack, but by this time all the troop had got almost out of range, excepting a young one, some six months old, that had got left behind. The poor little beast had only just time to scramble on to a rock before he was surrounded by a fierce mob, all striving to pull him down. Calling loudly for help, one of the largest of the male baboons, a true hero, rushed back to his rescue, and bursting through the ranks of the infuriated beasts, seized hold of the youngster and bore him away in triumph. In yet another case, a young monkey was seized by an eagle, but his intended victim was quick enough to clutch hold of a bough

just in time. To this he held like grim death, and yelled loudly. Upon this, the rest of the troop, with much uproar, rushed to the rescue, and surrounding the eagle pulled out so many feathers that he at once released his intended prize and made all haste to escape.

Revenge is met with among many of the lower creatures; in monkeys and elephants especially so.

As a case in point, a story is told of a captive baboon, kept in a barrack-yard, which was persistently teased by one of the officers at the barracks. On seeing him approach one Sunday for parade, the animal poured water into a hole and hastily made some thick, sticky mud, and as the officer passed him he skilfully bespattered him, much to the amusement of some of his brother-officers. For weeks after the memory of this victory remained, for the creature danced with delight every time he saw his victim.

Elephants, as is well known, are very revengeful, but, to their credit it must be said, they become so only after the greatest provocation. A story is told of an elephant in a travelling menagerie in the West of England, which inflicted a very just and ample punishment on a practical joker. A man who came to see the show regaled the gentle giant with ginger nuts, handing them out one at a time. Suddenly he produced a large paper bag containing about a pound of these sweetmeats made fiery hot, and placed the whole, bag and all, in the creature's trunk. Of course there was speedily a roar of pain, much to the delight of the practical joker. The suffering beast seized the bucket which stood near him and passed it to his keeper to be filled with water. This was given him, and he proceeded to pour its cooling contents down his burning throat.

'Ha!' said the joker to his victim, 'I guess those nuts were a trifle hot, old fellow!'

'You had better be off,' said the keeper, 'unless you want the bucket at your head—which you deserve!'

The man took the hint, for there was an unpleasant look in the creature's eye; but he fled only just in time. As he reached the door the empty bucket was hurled by the uplifted trunk with tremendous force, and only by a hair's-breadth missed its mark!

A year later the elephant was back in the same place; and among his visitors came the practical joker once more, intent on the same silly trick. One pocket he had filled with 'best' ginger nuts, and one with 'hot' nuts. He first gave the poor beast some of the 'best' nuts, then one of the 'hot' ones. No sooner had the latter been tasted than he seized the coat-tails of his tormentor, and with one whirling sweep of the trunk he lifted him from the ground! The coat-tail giving way, the man fell with a thud, and was again caught. The enraged beast, holding down his victim by a foot placed on what was left of his coat-tail, proceeded, in a leisurely fashion, to help himself from the pocket containing the good nuts. When the last was disposed of, he drew forth the bag of hot nuts, and trampling them to powder under his foot, tore off the remaining fragments of the coat-tail and flung them in his terrified victim's face, after which he allowed him to escape.

W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., A.L.S., &c.



"One of the male baboons seized hold of the youngster."



“‘Hullo, what’s the matter?’ he asked, cheerfully.”

THE TURNING-POINT.

RELATIONS between Mr. Jasper Grant, junior partner of the well-known firm of solicitors, Gordon and Grant, and his 'subordinate,' a term which that minor personage preferred to the more strictly exact one of 'office-boy,' Stanley Hundert, were somewhat strained. Stanley was in his present position greatly against his own inclinations, but also against the strongly expressed wishes of Mr. Jasper Grant.

When the white-haired, genial senior partner informed Mr. Grant that he was taking the fatherless son of an old school chum of his own into the office, the junior demurred, the more strongly when he heard particulars of the circumstances.

'If you will pardon my differing from you, Mr. Gordon, the experiment you are about to make is one rarely successful. A boy who has been brought up in luxurious surroundings, and educated at one of our best public schools, will consider himself far above the duties of office-boy; and above all others in an office, that person must be quick and cheerfully obedient.'

'But the boy's father having died penniless, he realises that he must support his mother, and will be only too grateful for the chance we offer him,' said Mr. Gordon mildly.

The younger man grunted, but in spite of his objections, Stanley came into the office, which he disliked quite as much as Mr. Grant had prophesied, although he disappointed that gentleman's anticipations by performing all his work with regularity and instant obedience. Nevertheless, Mr. Grant was ever on the outlook for insubordination, for he acknowledged to himself that the lad's position was certainly a trying one after that to which he had been accustomed, and Stanley instinctively knew he was not a favourite with his employer.

One thing Mr. Grant never guessed at, or even thought could be possible; that was Stanley's earnest endeavour to win his favour. Mr. Gordon was at the office but little, and the main part of the business was carried on by his partner, and Stanley was quick to grasp the fact that he must look for promotion to the latter. Much as he disliked his present menial tasks, he had sense enough to know that they were stepping-stones to be crossed firmly and steadily, if he were to advance, as he meant to do, for his widowed mother's sake. So he studied Mr. Grant's weaknesses and habits with a carefulness which would have surprised the worthy man, and never lost an opportunity of doing anything he thought would please him.

'Dear, dear,' he heard Mr. Grant say one afternoon to a friend who had just entered with wet umbrella and mackintosh. 'Raining, is it? Left my umbrella at home this morning. Just like me.'

Stanley had brought his, not through any forethought on his part, but because with motherly anxiety Mrs. Hundert had insisted on its being carried. Now he saw a chance of doing Mr. Grant a good turn. Mr. Grant was always the last to leave the office, and when he was dismissed, Stanley waited down in the entrance porch for his employer's exit, that he might proffer the umbrella.

Sheltering just inside the doorway he found a girl who carried a large paper parcel. Looking at her shabby, patched dress, and worn-out shoes, Stanley was not surprised she was taking refuge from the deluge outside. He saw, however, that the girl's eyes were full of tears and her lips were quivering.

'Hullo, what's the matter?' he asked, cheerfully, and as well as she could, the burden-bearer told her troubles. She didn't mind the rain for herself, she said, but her parcel contained a newly-made party frock for a little girl, and that would certainly be ruined by the wet.

'Never mind: the rain's bound to stop soon,' said Stanley, consolingly.

'But I promised to deliver it by five o'clock,' sobbed the girl, 'and it's nearly that now. You see, the lady gave Ellen—that's my sister, who's a dress-maker—the work to do as a trial, and if it's all right she will give her more work to do, and we do need it, badly. But if it's not taken home at the right time, she won't have anything more to do with us, and if I do take it through this rain, the dress will be spoilt, and——'

She began to cry again, and Stanley drew a deep breath, listening for Mr. Grant's footsteps on the stairs. If he didn't wait for Mr. Grant, he could help this poor girl. There was a moment's pause, but Stanley could not stand the sight of such distress.

'Here, my umbrella's a big one,' he said. 'I'll hold it over the parcel, if you'll lead the way to where you're going.'

Joyfully the girl dried her tears, and the two set out, and the precious parcel was delivered safely at its destination, and the girl's gratitude was so overwhelming that Stanley's last trace of regret at the failure of his own plan quite vanished.

Late that evening a radiant little figure in a dainty white silk frock danced into Mr. Grant's study.

'Well, Edith, have you had a good time?' asked her father, fondly.

'Splendid!' cried the child, happily. 'But I nearly couldn't go, Father, and I was so miserable. My dress didn't come, and didn't come, and I watched and watched from the window all the afternoon. And then—oh, Father, have you a very, very nice boy in your office, who is ever so good and kind and generous like the knights in story-books?'

'Whatever do you mean, my dear?'

'Well, I looked out of the window, and just when I thought it wasn't coming at all, I saw a girl hurrying down the street with a big parcel, and there was a boy holding an umbrella over her. They looked so funny, because she was poor, and ragged, and untidy, and he was quite a gentleman, and so different, somehow. And when the girl brought my dress up, she told me where she had stopped to shelter, and about this boy offering her his umbrella, and how nice he had been, and when she told me where he came from, I knew it was your office. Who is he, Father, and what's his name? I want to know him, because if it hadn't been for him, I could never have gone to the party, and it was such a lovely one, with a Christmas-tree, and a conjuror, and——'

But though just then Edith went into raptures over her pleasure, she did not forget about Stanley

Hundert, and would not rest until her father promised to bring his office-boy home with him, to make her acquaintance. And since Mr. Grant's chief ambition in life was to please his little daughter, and to encourage every one who did anything for her, he consented before long.

This unexpected turn of affairs, however, did not lessen Stanley's efforts to win Mr. Grant's approval, but it now became an easier matter, for the solicitor had learned to appreciate his subordinate.

Mr. Gordon made no comment when his junior partner suggested that Stanley Hundert deserved promotion to a better position in the office, but consented cheerfully.

AFTER A GREAT REBELLION.

WHEN Richard III., in the hope of strengthening his hold on the English crown, caused the murder of his two nephews in the Tower of London, many who had favoured his cause withdrew their friendship. Among these was the great Duke of Buckingham; but the rebellion he raised, with the object of placing the Duke of Richmond on the throne, failed, and in the autumn of that sad year, 1483, he was a fugitive. From the banks of the river Severn he fled through the darkness to his own castle at Brecon, only to set out again with his wife and eldest son, Lord Stafford, a boy not yet in his teens, for some safer place of hiding. In every town proclamations were posted offering high rewards for his capture, or that of any member of his family. Eventually, at Sir Richard de la Beare's stronghold, Kinnersley Castle, twelve miles from Hereford, he found a home for his son, and himself set out again in a vain search for safety. It must have been sad news for his son when, a little later, the report of his capture and execution reached the castle.

Scarcely had the Duke departed when King Richard's agents came to Kinnersley. Though the castle was in those days a strong fortress surrounded by a moat, its strength on this particular occasion consisted in offering no resistance. The Lady Elizabeth de la Beare, taking charge of the castle in her husband's absence, threw open its doors to King Richard's messengers. Only a few hours before, warned of the approach of her unwelcome visitors, she had sent Lord Stafford, under the care of a faithful servant, to a town eight miles away. The search was, of course, quite fruitless, and when the disappointed men had departed, the young lord was brought secretly back to the castle.

But the cloud that had threatened a storm still hung on the horizon, for the King was not deceived. Enraged at failing to secure his prey, he ordered the arrest of Sir Richard de la Beare, and sent again to the castle, thinking that the threatened danger of her husband would induce the Lady Elizabeth to deliver up her charge. By good fortune a warning of the approach of this second messenger was received a few hours in advance, and the boy was hurried to a hiding-place a short distance away among the hills. Here he remained in great distress for three or four days, often without food during long periods, as the risk of approaching his retreat was great.

At last, wearied out by their long searches, the King's men again withdrew. Cautiously returning to the castle, the boy remained in apparent safety for a few days, when his good protectors were suddenly alarmed by a rumour of a fresh search. Snatching her charge up in her arms, the brave Lady Elizabeth bore him into an unfrequented corner of the castle park, wading a deep brook to reach it. Here, in fear and trembling, she sat for four hours, after which time a servant came to inform her that the rumour was false.

It was only too clear, however, that Kinnersley was no safe retreat; so, disguising the young nobleman in a manner which his boyish courage probably resented (for they braided his curls and dressed him in a frock), Lady Elizabeth and her serving-man took him on horseback to Hereford, where he remained in the house of a widow lady as her 'young kinswoman,' till the dark days cleared.

It is sad to remember that the good dame of Kinnersley and her trusty servant saved him from Richard III., only to share the fate of his father under the tyranny of Henry VIII.

PICTURES AND THEIR PAINTERS.

From the South Kensington Museum, London.

VI.—GEORGE SMITH.

GEORGE SMITH, the painter of the picture which forms our illustration, was born in 1829, and studied at the Royal Academy School. When the present Houses of Parliament were built, after the great fire of 1834, a prize was offered for a cartoon suitable for the decoration of the walls, and was won by the painter Cope, who received a commission to execute some of the frescoes. George Smith was chosen as his assistant and worked with him upon his three pictures, 'King Edward III. investing the Black Prince with the Order of the Garter,' 'Prince Hal before Judge Gascoigne,' and Chaucer's story of 'Patient Griselda.'

But it is not with historical pictures that Smith's name is chiefly associated. In the Royal Academy, the British Institute, and the Suffolk Street Gallery, he was known by a number of pictures in the style of our illustration, scenes from home life and country ways. The children here are quite ordinary little rustic boys and girls, sturdy and fair, with flaxen heads and round limbs and soft, kissable apple-cheeks. They lived before the days of perambulators and 'mail-carts,' and the solid little carriage was surely not bought second-hand or 'picked up' at a sale, but made at home, and recalls Cowper's little coach, in which,

'The Gardener, Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way.'

Looking at these healthy, happy little souls, with the fresh air around them and the wild flowers free for their gathering, we sigh over other little ones we know, whose play-place is the street or the narrow back-yard, where the washing leaves little room for games. How they run after the visitor, with coaxing entreaties for just one flower out of the basket which is destined for the sick folk in the parish. Even in these surroundings they manage to be merry enough:



Children gathering Wild Flowers. By George Smith.

we meet no brighter faces than among the children of the city. But, as we stumble over their skipping-ropes and find ourselves in the middle of a cricket pitch as we cross a side-street, we long to turn the

boys and girls loose in a spring lane, where the primroses and the stitchwort grow for every one, and where they will be in nobody's way while they run and shout to their hearts' content.



"He was on me too quickly for me to cry out."

MARTIN HYDE.

(Continued from page 323.)

I LOOKED about me carefully from my hiding-place, till I decided that I could get a better

view from another part of the fern-clump. I began to wriggle through the thick, sweet-scented stalks towards the heart of the camp, going with infinite care, so as not to break down the fern into a path. I hoped to make no more stir among the fern-tops

than would be made by one of the many pigs scattering about in the enclosure.

While I was crawling along in this way, I suddenly heard a curious noise from an intensely thick part of the fern in front of me. It was a clinking noise, followed by a sort of dry rasping, as though a very big person were gritting his teeth very hard. It stopped suddenly, but soon began again. I thought that it must be some one mending harness with a file, or perhaps some old sheep or cow, with the remnants of a bell about her neck, licking a stone for salt. As I was in an adventure, I thought that I would see it out to the end; for I was enjoying my morning. In spite of the want of breakfast, I felt very like a red Indian or a pirate, creeping through the jungle to the sack of a treasure-train. So I wormed on towards the noise. As I came near to it I went more cautiously, because in one of the pauses of the noise I heard a muttered curse, which told me that the unseen noise-maker was a man. If I had been wise I should have stopped there; for I had learned all that I came out to learn. But I was excited now. I wished to see everything, before creeping away unseen to make my report. Perhaps I wished to see something which had nothing to do with the club-men—a private main of cocks, say, or a dog-fight, carried on with some of the local squire's creatures, but without his knowledge. I had a half-wish that I might have something of the kind to report; because in my heart I longed to say nothing to any of the Duke's party which might lead to the ruin of these poor people who were trying so hard to protect their property.

A few feet further on, I was wishing most heartily that I had never left my room in London. It was like this. In the very heart of the fern-clump, where the ferns were tallest, a little spring bubbled out of the ground, at the rate, I suppose, of a pint of water in a minute. The ferns grew immensely thick there, but some one had thinned out a few of the roots from the ground, leaving the uprooted plant to form, with the ferns still living, a rough kind of thatch above a piece of earth big enough for a man's body. In the scented shade of this thatch, with the side of his face turned towards me, a big, rough, bearded man sat, filing away some bright steel irons which were riveted on his ankles. He talked continually in a low whisper as he worked, not even pausing when he spat on to the hollow scraped in the irons by his file. He was the fiercest-looking savage of a man I have ever seen. His face had a look of stern, gloomy cruelty which I shall never forget. His general appearance was terrible; for he had a face burnt almost black by the sun (some of it may have been mud), with a nasty white scar running irregularly all down his left cheek, along the throat to the shoulder. He was not what you might call naked. A naked man, such as I have seen since in the hot countries, would have looked a nobleman beside him. He wore a pair of dirty linen knickerbockers, all frayed into ribbons at the knees, a pair of strong hide slippers bound to his ankles by strips of leather, a part of a filthy red shirt without sleeves, a hat stolen from a scarecrow—nothing else whatever, except the mud of many days' gathering. His shirt was torn all

down the back in a great slit which he had tried to secure by what the sailors call 'Bristol buttons'—that is, pieces of string. The red flannel hung from him so as to show part of his back, all criss-crossed with flogging scars. I knew at once from the irons that he was a criminal escaped from gaol; but the criss-crossed scars taught me that he was a criminal of the most terrible kind—probably one who had shipped into the navy to avoid hanging.

I took in a view of him before he saw me. His image was stamped on my brain in less than ten seconds. In the eleventh second I was lying on my back in the gloom of the fern-growth, with this great ruffian on my chest, squeezing me by my windpipe. I cannot say that he spoke to me. It was not speech. It was a snarling, wild-beast gurgle. He was on me too quickly for me to cry out; I could only lie still, cackling for breath, while the fierce face glowered down on me. I understood him to say that he would have my windpipe out if I said a word. I suppose he saw that I was only a very frightened boy, for his clutch upon me relaxed after a few awful, gasping moments. When he loosed his hold, his great hand passed over my throat till he had me by the scruff of the neck. He drew me over towards the spring as one would draw a puppy. Then, still crouching in the fern, he hurried me to a single stunted sloe-bush which grew there.

'Go down, you!' he said, giving me a shove towards the bush. 'Down the hole!'

Just behind the sloe-bush, under a fringe of immense ferns, was an opening in the earth about eighteen inches high by two feet across. It was like a large rabbit or fox-earth, except that the mouth of it was not worn bare. I did not like the thought of going 'down the hole'; but, with this great, gripping fist on my nape, there was not much sense in saying so. I wormed my way in, helped on by prods from the file. It was a melancholy moment when my head passed beyond the last filtering of light into the tomb's blackness, where not even insects lived.

After a moment of scrambling, I found that the passage was big enough for me to go on all fours. It was a dry passage, too, which seemed strange to me; but, on reaching out with my hand, I felt that the walls were lined with well-laid stones, unmortared. The roof above me was also of stone. You may wonder why I did not shoot this ruffian with my pistol. You boys think that if you had a pistol you would shoot any one who threatened you. You would not. When the moment comes, it is not so easily disposed of. Besides, a fierce, raging pirate on your throat checks your natural calm most strangely.

The passage led into the swell of the rampart for about twenty yards, when it opened into a dimly-lighted chamber about four feet high. A little blink of light came through a rabbit-hole, at the end of which I saw a spray of gorse with the sunlight on it. I could see by the dim light that the chamber was built of unmortared stones, very cleverly laid. The floor of it was greasier than the passage had been, but still it was not damp. On one side it had a bed of heather-stalks, on the other there was some-

thing dark, which felt like cold meat. The man came grunting in behind me, chinking his leg-irons. After groping about in a corner of the room, he lighted a rushlight with a tinder-box.

(Continued on page 342.)

THE COSTUME OF A MONKEY.

HAVE you ever wondered why nearly all the monkeys which accompany the foreign organ-boys should be dressed in a red coat, with a sort of jockey cap?

The explanation is very simple. This costume is no fancy one, but is an almost exact copy of the winter dress worn by the organ-boys' fathers in the distant valleys of Piedmont, where the peasants usually wear a red coat rudely cut, with very stiff little tails, and knickerbockers and jockey cap of the same colour.

These clothes are spun and woven by the peasants, and dyed red with the madder which grows in the valleys. The long roots are boiled, then mixed with alum and tartar, and the result is a red dye, which, though not very bright, does not fade. The monkey's coats are made of the bits which are left over when the peasant's coat is cut out.

SHELLS OF THE OCEAN.

DOWN by the shore of the ocean,
Where the wide sea surges and swells,
The children come in summer,
And gather the beautiful shells.

Wrought into delicate seeming,
Lovely with rainbow hues,
Sweet with the ocean's dreaming,
This one and that they choose.

So from the ocean of Childhood,
On the shore where we linger and play,
May we gather up beautiful treasures,
That never shall fade away.

Thoughts that are tender and lovely,
Wrought into sweetness and truth;
Shells from the shoreway of Childhood,
Pearls from the ocean of Youth.

FRANK ELLIS.

HOW A CONTRACTOR PAID HIS WAGES.

MR. BRASSEY, a famous constructor of railways, was once in a difficulty which caused him more anxiety than the most perplexing problem in civil engineering. At Vienna he stood face to face with the knowledge that in a few days the large army of men whom he was then employing to lay a railroad through the northern provinces of the Austrian Empire would expect to receive their wages.

The railroad had progressed as far as Lemberg, in Galicia, nearly five hundred miles to the north-east of Vienna, and here the men in question were engaged. In an ordinary way the paymaster would have taken train from the Austrian capital with the necessary funds under his charge, duly distributing

them on arrival at headquarters; but at this particular time such a journey was fraught with many perils. It was the year 1866. Prussia and Austria were at war: on either side the line between Cracow and Lemberg their hostile armies were stationed and all traffic was suspended: Were the beneficent labours of peace to be checked by war? Were thousands of men to be thrown out of employment in the midst of winter because two governments were opposed to each other? There was one man who decided that it should not be so; this was Mr. Victor Offenheim, a loyal co-worker with Mr. Brassey.

Setting out from Vienna with the money-bags under his charge, he travelled by train without much difficulty as far as Cracow; but here a serious obstacle was met: when he explained the object of his journey to the officials at the railway station, they shook their heads in a despondent way.

'The enemy is watching the railroad,' said they, 'and would never allow you to reach Lemberg.'

'I must try,' was Mr. Offenheim's answer. 'If the men are not paid they will leave the work, and not return till the spring.'

'Even so,' said the authorities, 'what are we to do in a state of war?'

'But it is not *only* a question of the wages being paid,' urged the traveller, 'for if the line is not completed by a certain date, many people will be ruined by losing the fortune they have invested. Let me have an engine to continue the journey with.'

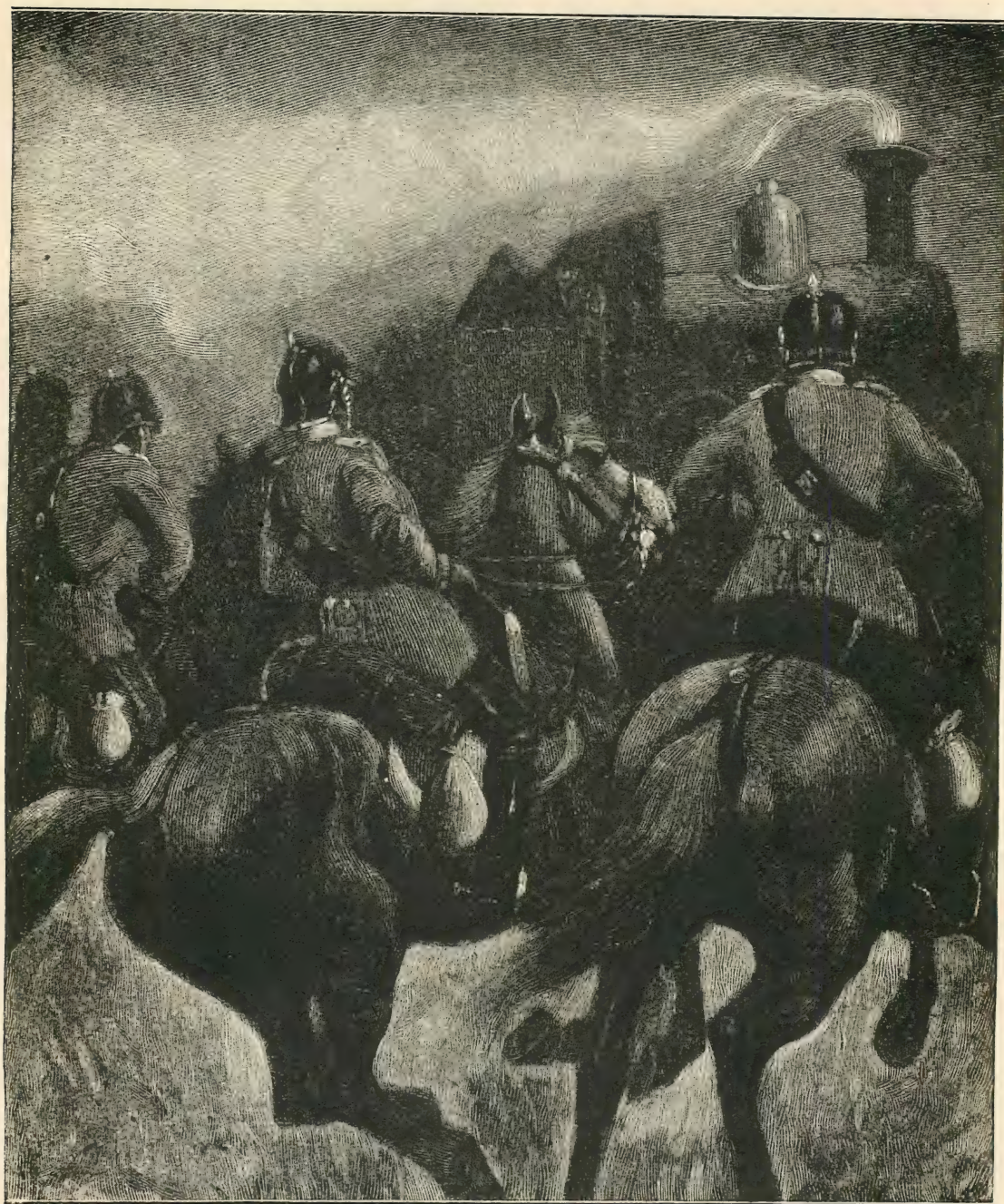
'All the engines have been sent away,' was the answer, 'and we cannot oblige you.'

Mr. Offenheim retired from the contest, but he was not defeated. By making a diligent search, he found an old disused engine lurking in an obscure shed; it was sadly out of repair and had been forgotten by the officials, but, like an old warrior retired from active service, it was still capable of achieving great things, and Mr. Offenheim caused the fire to be once more kindled beneath the boiler. Now came the more difficult task of finding a driver. The danger in passing between the hostile camps was certainly great, and it was only after the promise of a substantial reward that a man was found. At last, to Mr. Offenheim's joy, the old engine steamed away from Cracow with himself and the driver in the cabin.

A journey of some hundred and fifty miles lay before them. It was a wild rush, most of the distance being accomplished at nearly fifty miles an hour. The soldiers were probably taken too much by surprise, as he and his companion flashed past, to make a careful attack. A greater risk than that of the enemy's rifles, however, lay in the possibility that some rail had been taken up to prevent the passage of a train. In every yard of their momentous flight this danger threatened; but the task had been undertaken for accomplishment or death, and the old engine was urged to its greatest speed.

In a little more than three hours after leaving Cracow, Lemberg was reached, and true to time the workmen received their pay.

Thus, in the interests of a peaceful enterprise, Mr. Victor Offenheim ran the gauntlet of a great peril and triumphed over the obstacles of war.



"The soldiers were taken by surprise."



"The cyclist volunteered to descend the well."

ADVENTURES WITH FOUL GAS.

A YOUNG man was lately cycling through an English village, when he heard that a little boy, two years of age, had fallen into a well, sixty feet deep, with two feet of water at the bottom. He at once hurried to the well and found that the boy's brother had been lowered in a bucket to see if he could reach the child. Just as the cyclist reached the spot, the boy in the bucket screamed up the well that he was suffocating from bad air, and he was immediately pulled up again. The cyclist, although a complete stranger, at once volunteered to descend the well. He stepped into the bucket and was lowered to the bottom and succeeded in bringing the child up. Unfortunately the little boy was dead. This was an act of great bravery, for not only was there the undoubted presence of foul air in the old well, but, as is the case with many village wells, the windlass and rope, not to mention the bucket, were all in a very rotten state, and might have broken with the man's weight at any moment.

A short time ago a man was at work at a depth of fifty feet, sinking a well, when he felt himself being overcome by foul air. He called to his assistants to lower the bucket, but before it reached him he fell down unconscious. Not a man present would venture down the well to his assistance, and he would have perished had not the local policeman happened to pass that way. He volunteered to go down, and was lowered by a rope. He had to remain at the bottom long enough to secure the rope around the unconscious man and send him to the surface first. The rope was then again lowered for the gallant constable. He managed to slip into the noose and was also brought to the surface. Both men recovered.

W. J. Hermitage and Richard J. Bigg were at work in a kiln at the Borstal Cement Works, Rochester, when Hermitage was overcome by fumes from an adjoining kiln. Bigg at once called for help, and tried to carry his comrade to the ladder, but lost consciousness himself. George Pet then called Henry Hill, the foreman, and went down into the kiln followed by Hill, and as they were dragging Hermitage to the ladder Hill was overcome by the fumes, but Pet managed to get his head through the eyelet-hole and call for help before he himself lost consciousness, being eventually dragged out by another workman named Payne. Ropes were now procured and a rescue party formed: Ernest Godden, with a rope round his waist, being the first to go down, taking with him a spare rope with a noose, which he was able to fasten round Hermitage, and both men were then dragged out, Godden being nearly exhausted. John Tong then went down with a rope in like manner which he fastened round Hill, and both were got out, Tong being unconscious. Edwin Harmer now went down, and in the same way got a rope round Bigg, and was also unconscious when drawn up. Artificial respiration was then used, but Hermitage, Bigg, and Hill did not recover. Tong and Harmer recovered soon after being got out.

In 1903, in connection with the operations in Somaliland, a party consisting of Bombay Sappers and Miners and 2nd Sikhs, arrived at Belambeli to

sink and clean out wells. The wells contained a quantity of decayed vegetable matter, which gave off poisonous gases. A man of the Sappers, when at the bottom of one of the wells, became unconscious from this cause: and Sepoy Ratan Singh, of the 2nd Sikhs, went down and managed to get a rope round him, when he himself was overcome. As the first man was being hauled up, his body caught in an overhanging ledge, and remained fast. Major Brooke, seeing what had happened, at once went down and cleared the body from the ledge, and going on to the bottom got a rope round Ratan Singh, who was then drawn up. Another rope was then lowered to Major Brooke, who was brought up just in time, as he was on the verge of fainting. Ratan Singh was unconscious for four hours after rescue.

(Concluded on page 351.)

THE TWINS' TEST.

A S Molly Lester wheeled the perambulator up and down the road, her face wore a very troubled expression, and once or twice she sighed rather sadly. Suddenly she caught sight of two girls riding down the road on bicycles, and she brightened up as they jumped off their bicycles to speak to her.

'Oh, Molly! we have had such a lovely surprise,' was the greeting.

'What is it, Miss Honor?' asked Molly.

'You know how Winnie and I have always longed for a bicycle of our own, don't you? Well, yesterday Auntie Alice came to see us, and when we told her we were saving up to buy one, she said she would give us a bicycle for our birthday, on one condition.'

Honor paused for breath, and Winnie took up the tale. 'It's like a competition,' she explained. 'Auntie has hired a bicycle for each of us for a week, and the one who makes the best use of hers is to have the new one. Of course, we shall both be able to ride it, but Auntie will decide who is to have it for her very own. Isn't it lovely? Honor's going to ride into Birchstone for her music lessons, and put the train fare she saves into the Hospital Fund box, and she's going to do Mother's errands too; but I can't think what to do.'

Molly was very interested, but she could not help a little sigh escaping her, which Winnie was quick to notice.

'What's the matter, Molly? Hasn't your grandfather found any work to do yet?'

'No, Miss Winnie, but that wasn't what I was thinking of just then. It's nothing much.'

'Tell us what it is,' begged Winnie. 'Couldn't we help you, somehow?'

Molly shook her head. 'It's like this, Miss Winnie. I have got a chance of a place as under-nursemaid with the Rector's wife at Birchstone, only I should have to go every day for a week first, on trial. I'm sure I could please her, for the work's very light, and just what I like, but you see it's too far to walk, and Grandfather can't afford to pay train fares, even for a week. So I'm afraid I shall have to give it up.'

Winnie wrinkled her forehead thoughtfully. 'What a pity. Can't you manage anyhow? If some one would give you a lift, or—'

She stopped suddenly as her eyes fell on the bicycle she was supporting. That would be the very thing, but—a week would mean that she must give up her chance of winning the coveted new machine. Then a look at Molly's troubled face decided her.

'Of course you can go, Molly,' she said. 'You can ride a bicycle, can't you?' for she remembered that Molly's dead father had kept a cycle-repairing store. 'Well, if I lend you mine, you could manage to ride there and back, couldn't you? What a lucky thing I have got this for a week!'

Molly's face lit up, and then looked sad again. 'No, I couldn't take your machine, Miss Winnie, though it's good of you to suggest it.'

But when Winnie made up her mind, she was not easily discouraged, and in the end she gained her way. Honor begged to be allowed to lend hers for half the time, but even this Winnie refused. Although it was impossible not to wish for a chance to win that brand-new machine, Winnie was quite resolute in her resolve, and Molly's happiness and gratitude were very consoling.

Honor carried out her plans for being useful very thoroughly, but there was still plenty of time for pleasure, and she insisted on Winnie sharing all the rides and excursions they planned; just to show, she said, that whichever won the promised bicycle, they could both enjoy it.

When the week was ended, Auntie Alice listened gravely and seriously to the two accounts, and considered them carefully.

When she began to speak there was a twinkle in her eyes. 'Well, Honor,' she said, 'there is no doubt you have more results to show for your week, and I think you have made very good use of the time. I think you have well earned the new bicycle, and I hope you will make as much use of it as you have of the one you have just used.' Then, as Honor was about to speak, she added, with a smile: 'But I'm quite sure that if Winnie had had her machine, she would have found just as many ways of employing it, and I hope she will prove this by the use of her own.'

The twins looked at each other, and at Aunt Alice, in surprise. Their aunt laughed at their puzzled faces. 'It's all right, my dears,' she said. 'I knew beforehand you would both do your very best, so I solved the difficulty by bringing two new bicycles instead of one, and I think you have both earned them.'

And Molly Lester, happily installed in her new 'place,' quite agreed with this decision.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

True Tales of the Year 1809.

VI.—THE BATTLE OF TALAVERA, JULY 28 & 29, 1809.

OF all the battles of the Peninsular War, none was more stubbornly contested than that of Talavera, and none brought greater honour to the British Army, and its commander, Sir Arthur Wellesley, afterwards Duke of Wellington.

Talavera is a town in Spain seventy-five miles south-west of Madrid, and it was to this place that Sir Arthur Wellesley had advanced from Portugal with his army, when he was attacked by the French on July 27th and 28th, 1809. The British took up their position at right angles to the river Tagus, with the town of Talavera in rear of their right wing. The strongest point in Sir Arthur Wellesley's line was on the extreme right, and here he placed his Spanish allies. They were of little use, however, for hardly had the battle begun than a charge by the French Dragoons so shook them that the majority of them fled, spreading the report that the British were defeated.

Such was the news that reached General Crauford, who, with the Light Brigade, had recently landed from England. He was, however, not a man to be easily daunted, and immediately ordered his buglers to sound the 'fall in.' The men had just marched twenty miles in the almost tropical heat of a Spanish sun. But they were made of the same stuff as their commander, and started forth again with the fixed determination not to halt until they had found Sir Arthur. They arrived too late to take part in the battle, but they performed a march which will ever remain one of the proudest boasts of the British Army. In this march eighty miles were covered in thirty hours during the heat of summer; we must remember, also, that at that time each man carried no less than sixty-two pounds of equipment.

But to return to the battle, where the British Army was withstanding the attack of an enemy nearly double its numbers. Deserted by their allies, alone they had to contend with the French, who, throughout two long days, again and again essayed to break the British line. In this they were almost successful, for at one time during the second day's fight they pierced our line; but the Forty-eighth Regiment (the Northampton's) threw themselves in the gap, and the French were driven back.

On both sides great bravery was shown, and that the British and French mutually respected each other as gallant men the following incident shows. In part of the field a slight lull occurred in the fighting, which was eagerly seized upon by both sides to obtain a much-needed drink of water from a stream which flowed between them. French and English, friend and foe, here met and exchanged greetings, drank from each other's flasks, and treated each other like good comrades. Then the bugles sounded and the soldiers sprang up to return to their regiments, not before, however, each had grasped a foeman's hand and tried to speak a few words of farewell. Then back they went to the fight. Both sides as good soldiers knew no other call but duty, but as good soldiers each knew how to appreciate the valour of their opponents.

One other incident of this battle stands out from many, both on account of the gallantry shown, and the important effect it had on the final result of the battle. The French were attempting to turn the left flank of the British. The Twenty-third Dragoons dashed forward, and, forcing their way across an apparently impassable ravine, charged with superb



"Friend and foe treated each other like good comrades."

recklessness. They lost half their number, but their charge had the effect of throwing into disorder a whole division of the French Army.

With night came the end of the battle. The

French had been defeated at all points and the English remained masters of the field. Talavera was won, and another victory had been added to the roll of British glory.

J. I. BULLEY.



"The prince, waking suddenly, realised his danger."

A FAITHFUL WATCHER.

MANY illustrious Dutchmen are buried at Delft, but the greatest of them all is the Prince of

Orange, the noble patriot whose life was spent in the struggle to save his country from submission to Spain. He was assassinated at Delft in 1584, and a splendid marble monument marks his last resting-

place. An effigy of the Prince, lying at full length, adorns the monument, and at the feet of the effigy there is a figure of a little spaniel, the Prince's favourite.

In the year 1572, the struggle between the Dutch and the Spaniards centred around Mons, which the Spaniards sought to capture. The Prince of Orange, in the hope of throwing reinforcements into the town, had camped near, and the two forces were intently watching each other's movements. One night, a small body of six hundred Spaniards, led by an officer named Romero, made a sudden attack upon the Prince's camp. So quickly and unexpectedly did they strike their blow that the Hollanders were completely taken by surprise. A few of the boldest attackers, led by Romero himself, made for the tent, where the Prince of Orange, fatigued with his anxious labours, lay sound asleep. His careless guards were also asleep, and they were overpowered before they had time to raise an alarm.

But there was one little friend which slept lightly and heard the first sound of commotion outside the tent. This friend was a little spaniel, which was accustomed to sleep every night on the soldier's bed. Alarmed at the unusual noise, the dog barked furiously, and even scratched at his master's face. The Prince, waking suddenly, realised at once his danger, and had just time to make his escape from the tent. His horse stood saddled outside, and springing hastily into the saddle, the Prince rode off under cover of darkness. His servants, his secretaries, and his master of horse, all of whom were roused a moment later, lost their lives.

This sudden attack crushed the efforts of the Hollanders for the moment. The Prince was compelled to disband his army, and Mons passed into the hands of the Spaniards. But the patriot himself was saved, and in due time he renewed his efforts, until, by his noble perseverance, the independence of Holland was won. And amidst all the cares and anxieties of his arduous and busy life, he never forgot that he had once owed his escape to the watchfulness of a dog; and to the end of his life he always kept a little spaniel in his bed-chamber.

AN IDYLL OF THE CITY.

AN old man played in a crowded street
Mid the noise of traffic and tramp of feet,
And seated alone on a doorstep near
Was a quaint little child who had waited to hear.

She gazed at the organ with awe and surprise,
And wistfulness dawned in her wondering eyes;
To her it was beautiful music, and grand—
She thought she was wafted to Fairyland.

Some paper flowers she had found that day
She pinned in her dress, in her childish way:
Poor little mite! they were all she had seen—
She had known no land where the Summer was green.

What was she thinking of, resting there,
With her dreamy eyes and her tangled hair?
Lover of beauty, she found it bloom
In a weedy soil, in a garden of gloom.

MARTIN HYDE.

(Continued from page 335.)

THERE,' said the man, not unkindly, 'there's a nice little home for you. Now, you, tell me what you were doing spying on me! First of all, have you any money?' He did not wait for me to answer, but dug his hands into my pockets at once, taking every penny I had except a few shillings which were hidden in my belt. He did not see my belt, as I had taken to wearing it next my skin since I began to follow the wars. I feared from the greed which showed in all his movements that he was going to strip me; but he did not do so, thinking, no doubt, that none of my clothes would fit his body. 'Well,' he said, in his snarling voice, 'what's up here, with all these folk and their beasts here?'

I told him that the Duke had come to fight for the crown of England, with the result, as I supposed, that the country people dared not trust their livestock at home, for fear of having them pillaged. He seemed pleased at the news, but, being an utter wild beast, far less civilised than the lowest savage ever known to me, he showed his pleasure by hoping that the rich (whom he abused fluently) might have their heads pulled off in the war, while, as for the poor (the farmers close by us), he hoped that they might lose every beast they owned.

'Do 'em good,' he said. 'Now,' he went on, 'are you come spying here along with the farmers?'

'No,' I said. 'I am a servant of the Duke's, riding out to look for the militia.'

'Ah!' he said; 'are you? How am I to know that?'

'Well,' I said, 'look at my hands. Are they the hands of a farmer?'

'No,' he said. 'No, mister stuck-up flunkey, they aren't. I suppose you're proud of your hands? I'll have you wait at table on me.'

He seemed to like the notion, for he repeated it many times, while he dug out hunks of cold ham with his file from the meat which I had felt as I crawled in. He sang as he gulped the pieces down. It was partly a nightmare, partly very funny. I was not sure if he was mad—probably he was mad; but, being down in the burrow there in the half-darkness, hearing that song, made me feel that I was mad. It was all a very terrible joke; perhaps madness affects people like that. At last I spoke to him again.

'Sir,' I said, 'I've been up since two this morning. Give me a hunk of cold pig, too. I'm half starved.'

'Help yourself, can't you?' he snarled. 'Who am I to wait on you?' Then, very cunningly, he put in, 'Have you got a knife on you?'

'Why should I have a knife?' I said, cautiously. 'You searched me just now.' It was really a lie: I dared not tell him the truth. I did not wish my knife to go the same way as the money. He gave me some cold pig—very excellent ham it was, too—for which I was very thankful. He watched my greediness with satisfaction. I ate heartily when I saw that my confident way with him had made him more tender towards me.

'Yes,' he snorted; 'perhaps you are not lying to me after all. Now, how long will these folk be up in the hill?'

I did not know that; but I supposed that they would go home directly the Duke's army had got as far, say, as Taunton. 'But,' I added, 'the Duke may be beaten. If he is beaten, all this part will be full of troops beating every bush for the rebels.'

He swore at this, but his foul words were only designed to hide his terror. 'Could a fellow get to sea,' he said, in a whining tone; 'could a poor fellow in trouble slip away to sea, now, at one of these seaport towns? Boy, I have lived like a wild beast all the way from Bristol this two months. I struck a man there, and had to go. I was raised near here at a farm, so I knew of this burrow. I got here two days ago, pretty near dead. Now, I been penned up from the sea by these farmers coming here, doing sentry-go all round me. I tell you, I'll cut up sour if they pen me in, now I'm so near got away. I been with Avery. They call Avery a pirate. They said I was a pirate. It's hanging if they catch me. Do you think I could get away to Lyme or some place to get into a ship?'

I told him no, because I knew from what Lord Grey had told me that the Channel was full of men-of-war searching every ship which hove in sight; besides, he did not look to me to be a very promising hand for a captain to take aboard.

'All the same,' he said, 'I must risk it. You say there may be troops coming?'

'As for that,' I answered, 'the troops may be here at any moment from Exeter or Honiton. They've arrested hundreds of people everywhere around. You'd better stay in the burrow here.'

He did not pay much attention to what I said. He muttered something beneath his breath, as though he were a bagpipe full of foul words being slowly squeezed by some player. At last he crawled to the passage, foaming out incoherently that he would show them, he would—let them just wait.

'You stay here,' he said. 'If I find you following me, I'll smash your head.' He showed me a short piece of rope which he had twisted, sailor-fashion, so as to form a handle for a jagged piece of flint, which, as I could see, had been used on some one or something quite recently. 'Mogador Jack,' he said, 'he don't like people following him.'

With that, he left me alone in the burrow, wondering, now that it was over, why he had not killed me. He left me quite stunned, his sudden coming into my life had been so strange. It was unreal, like a dream, to have been in an ancient Briton's burial-chamber with a mad old pirate. But now that he had gone, I was eager to go, too, if it could be managed. I would not stay there till the brute came back, in spite of that flint club. After waiting some little time, I felt sure he was waiting for me at the door of the burrow. I took out my pistol. I examined the charge to see that all was well; then, very cautiously, I began to crawl up the passage with my pistol in my hand.

I waited for some minutes near the door trying to convince myself by the lie of the shadows outside whether he was crouched there, ready for me. But it

seemed safe. I could see no shadow at all except the tremulous fern-shadows. At last I took off my coat as a blind. I flung it through the doorway, with some force, to see if it would draw him from his hiding. Nothing happened. The ruffian did not pounce upon it. I took a few long breaths to hearten me; it was now or never. I shut my eyes, praying that the first two blows might miss my head, so that I should have time to fire. Then, on my back, with my pistol raised over my head, I forced myself out with every muscle in my body. I leaped to my feet on the instant, quickly glancing round for the madman, swinging my pistol about with my finger hard on the trigger. He was not there after all; I might have spared myself my trouble. I was alone there in the fern, within earshot of a murmur of voices talking excitedly. I was not going to spy into any more secrets. I was going to get out of that camp, cost what it might. I made one rush through the fern in the direction of the rampart, shoving the stalks aside as a bull knocks through jungle in Campeachy. In thirty steps I was clear of the fern, charging slap into a group of people who were giving water to the sentry, whom I had passed but a little while before. He had a broken wound on his pretty hard Saxon skull. He was not badly hurt, but he had been stunned just long enough for my pirate man to strip him. He was dressed now in a pair of leather gaiters; all the rest of his things had been taken, the pistol with them.

I saw all this at a glance, as I charged in among them; I took it all in, guessing in one swift gleam of comprehension exactly what had happened there, as my pirate made his rush for freedom. There was no time to ask if my guess were right or not. 'Out of my way,' I shouted, shoving my pistol towards the nearest of the group. 'Out of my way, or I shall fire.' They made way for me. I charged downhill by the way I had come. Some one cried, 'Stop him.' Another shouted, 'Shoot him, master.' There came a great bang of a gun over my head; but I was going downhill like a rabbit, into the gorse, into the bracken, into the close cover of the heath. Glancing back I saw a dozen excited people rushing down the rampart after me. Some flung stones; some ran to catch horses to chase me. But I had the start of them. I was down the hill, over the hedge, in the lane, in no time. There, a hundred yards away, I saw my friends, the troopers, leading my cob. I shouted to them, they heard me. They came up to me at a gallop. In ten seconds more I was riding; we were sailing away together, leaving our pursuers to fire at us from the hill.

'You have been getting into scrapes, master,' said one of the troopers. 'You don't want to meddle with the folk in these parts.'

'No,' said the other, with a touch of insolence in his voice. 'So your master may find, one of these fine days.'

Being mindful of the Duke's honour, I told the man to mind his own business, which he said he meant to do without asking my opinion. After that we rode on together a little heated, till we were out of sight of thecombe where I had had such a startling adventure.

(Continued on page 346.)



"I was going downhill like a rabbit."



"She smiled in a rather strange way."

MARTIN HYDE.

(Continued from page 343.)

AFTER another hour of riding, we pulled up at the garden gate of an old, grey, handsome house which stood at some distance from the road. I asked one of the troopers who lived in this house? He said that it was an old abbey, which belonged to the Squire; but that we were to leave word there of the Duke's movements. We left our horses at the gate while we walked up to the house. A pretty girl, who seemed to know one of the men, told us to come in, while she got breakfast for us.

'Squire,' she said, 'would be glad to hear what was going on; for he was that given up to the soldiers we could hardly believe.'

We were shown down a long, flagged corridor to a little, cool room. It had a window in it looking out on to a garden in full flower, a little rose garden, covered with lovely bushes of old English red single roses, the most beautiful flower in the world. The window was large, but the space of it was broken up by stone piers, so that no pane of glass was more than six inches wide. I mention this now, because of what happened later. There was not much furniture in the room; but what there was was very good. There was an old Dutch pewter jug, full of sweet-williams, on the table. On the wall there was a picture of a Spanish gentleman on a cream-coloured, fat, little, handsome horse. The picture looked very like Don Quixote out for a ride with his squire. The two troopers left me in this room while they went off to the kitchen. Presently the servant came in again, bringing me a noble dish of breakfast, a pigeon pie, a ham, a jar of preserved quince, a honeycomb, a great household loaf, newly baked, a big jug full of milk. I made a very honest meal. After eating, I examined the room. There was tapestry over one part of the wall. It concealed a little, low door, which led to what had once been a fishpond, now a roofed-in bath-house, where one could plunge into eight feet or so of bitterly cold spring water. This bath-house was some steps lower than the little dining-room. It was lit by a skylight directly over the bath. It had no other window whatever. After examining the bath, wishing that I had known of it before eating, I went back to the dining-room, where the servant was clearing away the food.

'I hope you enjoyed your breakfast, sir,' she said.

'Yes, thank you, very much indeed,' I answered.

'Squire will be down directly, sir,' she said, 'if you will please to make yourself at home.'

I made myself at home, as she desired, while she, after a few minutes, took away the soiled plates, leaving all the other things on the side-board, ready for dinner. I noticed that she smiled in a rather strange way as she drew to the door behind her.

I loitered away about half an hour waiting for the Squire to come. As he did not come I turned over the books in the shelves, mostly volumes of plays. I was just getting tired of them when I heard a footstep in the passage outside. I thought that I would ask the passenger, whoever it might be, how much longer the Squire would keep me

waiting. I was anxious about getting back to the army. It was dangerous to straggle too far from the Duke's camp when unbeaten armies followed on both his wings. So I went to the door to learn my fate at once. To my great surprise I found that I could not open it. It was locked on the outside. The great heavy iron lock had been turned upon me. I was a prisoner in the room there. Thinking that it had been done carelessly, I beat upon the door to attract the man who passed down the passage, calling to him to turn the key for me so that I might get out. The footsteps did not pause. They passed on, down the corridor, as though the man were deaf.

After that a fury came upon me. I beat upon the door for five minutes on end, till the house must have rung with the clatter; but no one paid any attention to me, only, far away, I heard a woman giggling, in an interval when I had paused for breath. The door was a heavy, thick oak door, bound with iron. The lock was a bar of steel at least two inches thick; there was no chance of getting it open. Even firing into the lock with my little pistol would not have helped me; it would only have jammed the tongue of steel in its bed. I soon saw the folly of trying to get out by the door; so I turned to the window, which was more difficult still, or, if not more difficult, more tantalising, since it showed me the free garden into which one little jump would suffice to carry me. But the closely-placed piers of stone made it impossible for me to get through the window. It was no use trying to do so. I should only have stuck fast midway. I began at once to pick out the mortar of the pier stones with my knife-point; it was hopeless work, though; for the old builders had used some hard cement, a good deal harder than the stones which it bound together. I could only dig away a little dust from its surface. That way also was barred to me. Then I went down to the bathing-chamber, hoping that there would be some way of escape for me there. I hoped that the escape pipe of the bath might be a great stone conduit leading to a fish-pond in the garden. It was nothing of the sort. It was a little miserable leaden pipe. I beat all round the walls, praying for some secret door, but there was nothing of any use to me, only a little iron ventilator high up, big enough to take my head, but nothing more. As for the skylight over the bath, it was beyond my reach, high up; for the moment I could see no means of getting to it.

I went back to the dining-room to give another useless pounding to the door. My head was full of miserable forebodings; but as yet I suspected merely that I had been caught by some sudden advance of militia. Or perhaps the Squire had laid plans to get information from one who knew the Duke. Perhaps I had been lured away specially by one hungry for the King's good opinion. Or could it be Aurelia? Whatever it was, I was trapped, that was the terrible thing. I was shut up there till my enemy, whoever it was, chose to deal with me. I was in arms against the ruling King of England, everybody's hand would be against me, unless my own hands helped me before my enemies came. My first thought was to get the table down the steps, to

make a bridge across the bath, from which I could reach the skylight. This I could not do at first, for being much flustered I did not put the table-leaves down. Until I knocked them down in my hurry, they kept me from dragging the table from the dining-room. When I got it at last into the bath-room, I found it would not stretch across the water, the legs were too close together, as I might have seen had I kept my wits about me. I could think of no other way of getting out.

I went back disheartened to the dining-room, dragging my coat behind me. The first thing which I saw was a letter addressed to me in a hand already known to me. The letter lay on the floor, on the space once covered by the table. As it had not been there when I dragged the table downstairs, some one must have entered the room while I was away. I opened the letter in a good deal of flurry. It ran as follows:—

‘DEAR MARTIN HYDE,—As you will not take a sincere friend’s advice, you have to make the best of a sincere adviser’s friendship. You did me a great service. Let me do you one. I hope to keep you an amused prisoner until your captain is a beaten man. By about three weeks from this 26th of June, we shall hope to have made you so much our friend that you will not think of leaving us. May I make a compact with you? Please do not shoot me with that pistol of yours when I bring you some supper to-night. That is one part of it. The other is this. Let us be friends. We know all about you. I have even talked to Ephraim about you. So let us make it up. We have been two little spittires. At any rate you have. Let us be friends. Your sincere friend, AURELIA CAREW.—Who, by-the-by, thinks it best to warn you that you had better not try to get up the chimney, as it is barred across. She hopes that the table did not fall into the bath.’

(Continued on page 354.)

A LONG SPELL.

DEAN RAMSAY, in his *Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character*, tells of a Scotchman who had come to London on his way to India, and spent there before his departure a few days in sight-seeing. The appearance of the mounted sentinels at the Horse Guards, in Whitehall, made a great impression on his mind. On his return from India, thirty years later, he saw, as he thought, the same sentinel, with the same horse, position, and accoutrements. ‘Friend,’ said the Scotchman, ‘ye hae had a long spell of it since I left!’

POSIES.

I GATHERED blue forget-me-nots,
I gathered sweet wild roses;
I bound them round with daisy-chains
And made some sweet flower-posies.
I gave one to my sister dear,
I gave one to my brother;
But, O! the sweetest one of all
I kept it for my mother.

I did some little loving deeds,
That tender were and true;
I bound them round with loving thoughts
Within my breast that grew;
I made of them a posy sweet—
It did not cost much labour—
And then I took them, fresh and fair,
And gave them to my neighbour.

THE THREE PEASANTS.

THE little village of Conerow, in the neighbourhood of Griefswald, was for some time inhabited by only three peasants. These three men had heard that things were going badly with their King, Charles XII., in Russia, and that, in want and misery, he had been compelled to take refuge with the Turks. So very sorry for him were the three loyal peasants that they gathered together all their money, and everything that could be turned into money, reserving for themselves only so much as was sufficient to provide them with the bare necessities of life. They went to Wolgast, where they changed their goods into gold; then one of them rode to Brender with the money for the King.

Charles was indeed in dire distress. He had spent all his money, and it seemed as if he and the few faithful friends who were with him must die of starvation.

Even the horses had been killed, as there was no food for them. For a time the King spared his favourite charger, who had borne him through the perils of many a battle-field. But at last even this one had to go. As quickly and painlessly as possible the King shot the horse with his own hand. Then he sat down by the body and brooded over his misfortunes.

Suddenly he heard an exclamation, uttered in good Pomeranian.

‘Alas! alas! in what a plight do I see my King!’

Looking up, Charles saw a man on horseback; it was the peasant of Conerow. Hans dismounted, knelt before the King, and drew from his riding-boots two big rolls of gold.

‘Deign to accept these, your Majesty,’ he said; ‘they are the willing gift of the three peasants of Conerow.’

Hans then told how, having heard of their King’s distress, they had got together all their money, and how he had brought it himself all that long, weary way, because they knew not how else to give it into the King’s own hands.

At this, Charles began to weep, so that great tears run down his cheeks. He raised his sword.

‘Such fidelity as yours,’ he said, ‘I have not found even among the highest of my nobles. Kneel, that I may dub you a knight.’

Hans knelt again before the King, but not to receive knighthood. He prayed to be allowed to keep the honourable name bequeathed to him by his forefathers. He did not desire to be exalted above his comrades, and he entreated that, if his Majesty indeed wished to show him favour, he would grant to the three peasants of Conerow that they might hold their farms free of rent for ever.

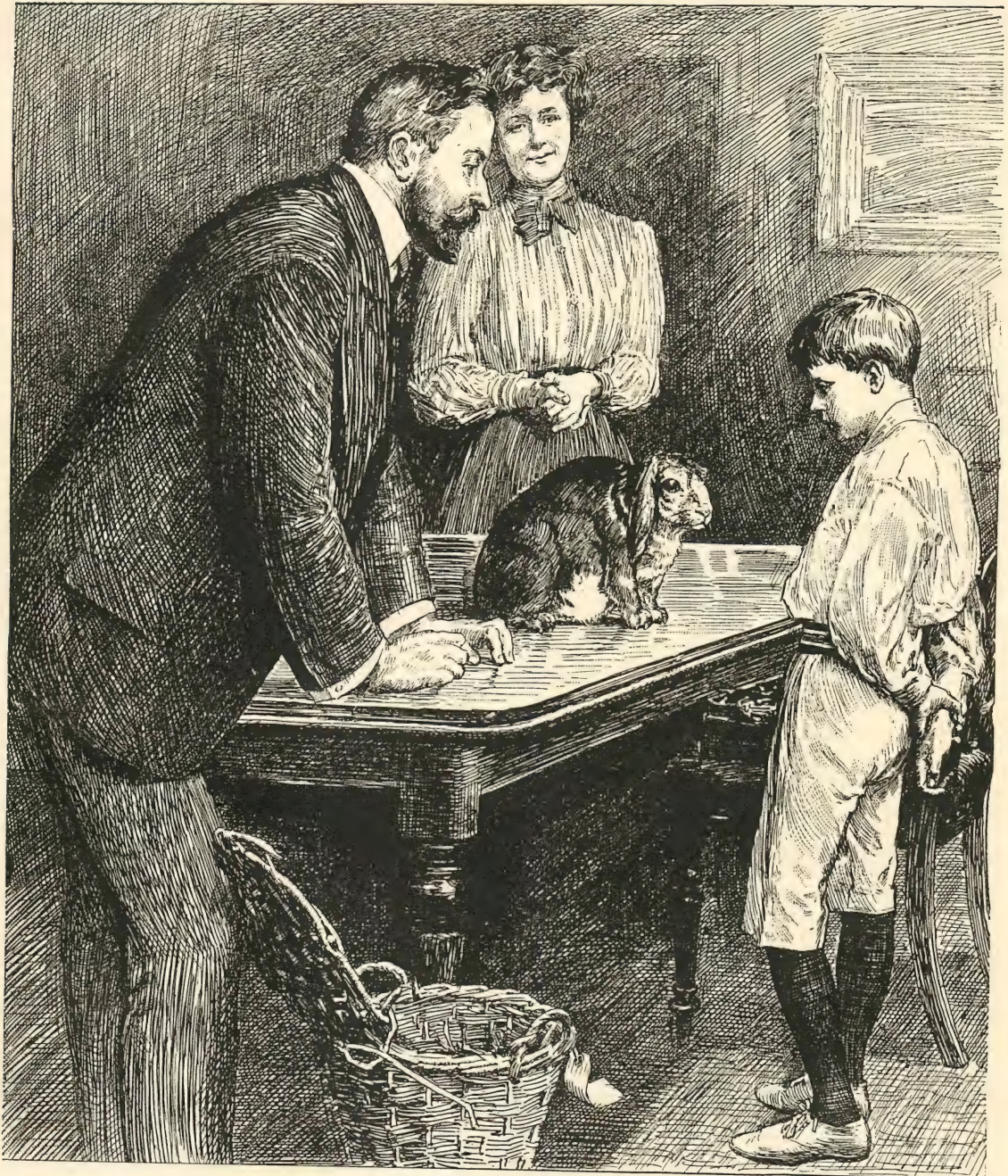


“Alas! in what a plight do I see my King!”

The King caused a deed to that effect to be prepared at once. And when it was ready, and the Chancellor was about to affix his seal to the document, Charles XII. plucked three hairs from his beard

and pressed them into the molten wax with the hilt of his sword, that they might remain a lasting witness to his royal word.

Thereupon the peasant rode back in great content.



"It was a rabbit!"

RONALD'S DISOBEDIENCE.

'NO, Ronnie, wait till Mother comes home before you do anything like that.'

'Oh, why, Auntie?'

'Because I'm so afraid you ought not to. Mother may be vexed if you do.'

'But, Auntie, it is my own hutch, and whatever is the good of it now that the rabbit is dead? I don't suppose I shall ever have another one.'

'Now, don't argue. I say no, you are not to part with it, and that ends the matter.' And Aunt May departed into the house with her hands full of the roses she had been cutting.

Ronnie slashed out impatiently at the yew hedge with the short stick he was carrying. 'Auntie is a fidget and worry,' he said to himself, sulkily. 'I wish Father and Mother were coming home to-day instead of next Saturday. I know Alan Dawson will go and get another hutch before then; and mine is no use at all to me now; it might as well be chopped up for firewood. I should be glad to get rid of it, so as to forget about dear old Fluffy.'

Ronnie was so very cross with his aunt that he was not at all nice to her at teatime.

On Monday morning Alan was all eagerness to hear Ronnie's decision.

'Come over and see the hutch, anyway,' said Ronnie. 'Aunt won't be in this evening.'

'It's a bother,' said Ronnie to himself, 'that she is so fussy; and she isn't Mother—I don't know why I should obey her.'

Of course he did know. Mother had said, 'Be a good boy, and do what Aunt May tells you.'

In the evening Alan called, and when he departed Ronnie accompanied him, and they carried between them a big, roomy rabbit-hutch.

Ronnie returned alone with a box of tin soldiers, in all stages of dilapidation, in his hands; he had a beautiful strong fort, but not nearly so many soldiers to furnish it as he desired, and the exchange of the rabbit-hutch for the soldiers seemed a splendid plan.

All the rest of the week it rained, and Aunt May did not discover the removal. On Saturday evening Father and Mother at last arrived, and they came laden with presents—presents for Aunt May, the twins, the servants, and of course for Ronnie.

Mother gave him hers first: it was a large box of the most splendid soldiers any boy could desire, and Ronnie thought with dismay of the shabby, broken ones upstairs.

Then Father brought in a large hamper, and said it was his present 'For a good boy.' Ronnie's heart sank. He knew it was a rabbit before he opened the basket—and it was!

Auntie May beamed. 'What a beauty! Oh, Ronnie, aren't you glad now that you obeyed me?'

Ronnie hung his head. 'I didn't; I disobeyed. But you need not punish me, I'm punished enough; for I can't keep the rabbit, I have nowhere to put him, and I only got some nasty little soldiers in exchange, which I don't want a bit now I have these beauties from Mother.'

But Auntie May forgave him, and bought him a new hutch, which Ronnie thought was 'stunning' of her; and now he agrees that aunts do sometimes know best.

ANIMALS' WINTER FASHIONS.

AS the winter approaches, the pulses of life gradually grow slower. The smaller plants die down and disappear, the trees shed their leaves, and the swallows hie away to where they know the sun will still shine, and with them a host of other

birds go also. But what of the birds and beasts that are left behind?

Some of them escape the icy grip of frost and snow by quietly stealing away to some warm and sheltered spot, and then dropping off into a deep, dreamless sleep, awaking whenever a spell of warmer weather makes itself felt, to partake of a meal provided for by careful hoarding during the autumn months. But there are some which have adopted a quite different device—at any rate, those which live sufficiently far north to have to face a long winter and deep snows.

Living where enough food at least is obtainable, they are spared the hardship and terrors of starvation; but they have to guard against a peril of quite another kind, a peril which is always at hand in summer and winter—to wit, the sudden attack of foes, both furred and feathered. In the summer these enemies were avoided with more or less success by the colour of their coats, which agreed so nearly with the surrounding earth and vegetation that often prying eyes were deceived. But when the mantle of snow descends, what served as a protective garment becomes transformed into one of exactly the opposite sort. The colours show against the white ground. But kindly nature comes to the rescue, and gives to such as need it a dress of white. This new livery is exchanged for the old in a surprisingly short space of time.

But nature, true to herself, dispenses an even-handed justice, and provides with no less care that the hungry flesh-eaters shall still have a fair chance of earning their necessary meat; and so they too turn white, in order that they may creep up silently on their victims as before.

In a way there seems something cruel about this killing side of nature. But this is one of the hidden mysteries of life and death that none of us can understand. We do know, however, that a life of splendid ease is good for neither beast nor man. Each degenerates so soon as the need for work or effort of any kind ceases.

The struggle that goes on between hunter and hunted is really for the good of each, for it keeps each up to the high-water mark of activity, and when death comes it comes swiftly and surely and painlessly.

Thus it is, then, that the hare in far northern climates must don a white coat in winter to escape the weasel and the stoat and the fox and the snowy owl. The same enemies beset the ptarmigan and the willow-grouse, and these too turn white.

That these changes of fur and feather are the direct result of the action of long-sustained cold is shown by the fact that where the winter is short, when snow lies at most for, say, a month or six weeks, and this only exceptionally, once in twenty years perhaps, the white dress of winter is either not assumed at all, or only very partially. Thus, in England and Ireland, the weasel and the stoat do not change, or else they put on but a patch or two of white, though occasionally, even in England, the white livery is almost perfect.

The red grouse, even in Scotland, makes no change, and this is because these birds do not ascend the mountains where the snow lies long, as do the

ptarmigan. But the red grouse of Northern Europe do change, assuming a white livery, which only the expert can distinguish from that of the ptarmigan.

The Polar bear, it should be noted, which lives in a region of perpetual snow and ice, is always white. Thereby he is enabled to take seals by surprise, as well as such smaller game as he may come across.

A white livery is not, however, always to be interpreted as a winter dress. Thus, some birds of tropical regions are white, and pelicans and swans are white. But in such cases, we may safely assume, this white dress, conspicuous though it may seem, does not unduly expose the wearer to attack.

Where the white dress is worn in temperate climates by birds of relatively small size, however, it will generally be found that it is to serve as a winter garment for the purpose of securing relief from undue persecution.

W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., A.L.S., &c.

ADVENTURES WITH FOUL GAS.

(Concluded from page 338.)

JOHN CHAPMAN, employed at the Groveland Pottery Works, Reading, was altering the weights on a machine, and had occasion to go into a pit by way of a manhole, when he was overcome by foul gas which had accumulated in the pit. Alfred Watts, who was assisting in the work, saw him fall, and on going to his assistance was also struck down. George A. Clark, another workman, seeing the position of his comrades, was then lowered by a rope, but was immediately overcome by the poisonous gases and drawn up. Efforts were then made to reach the man with rakes, but without success. Philip Barnes then volunteered to go down, and was lowered into the pit, where he succeeded in fastening a rope around Watts. Barnes was then quickly drawn up and Watts after him. Barnes again went down to try and rescue Chapman, but became partially overcome before being able to get the rope round him, and was drawn up. After resting he again went down, and this time succeeded in getting the rope round Chapman, who was then got to the surface. Both men were removed to the hospital in a critical state, and Chapman did not recover consciousness for twenty-four hours after.

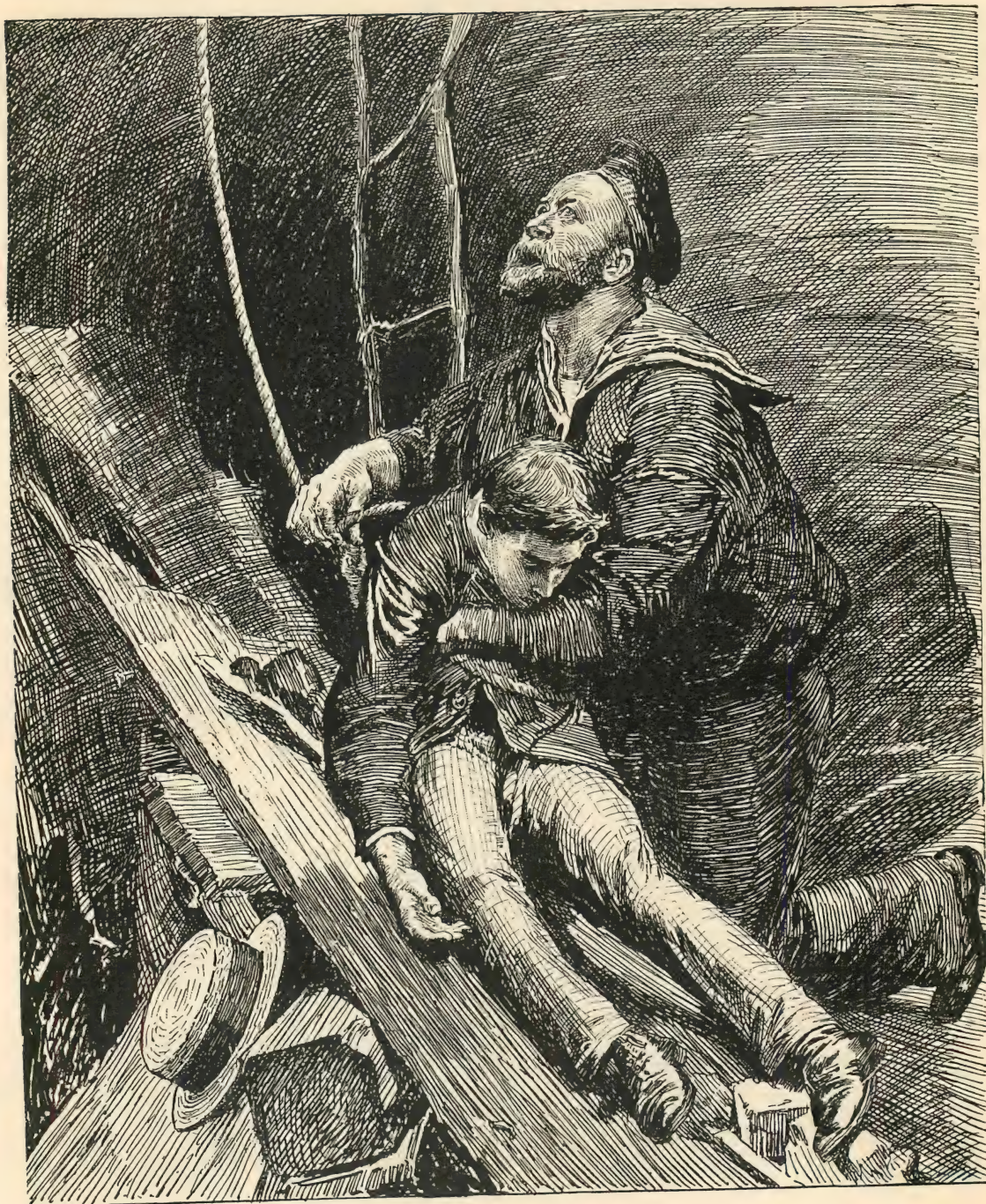
A few years ago John Brassington descended a well or sump at the works of the Staveley Coal and Iron Company, near Chesterfield, for the purpose of attending to the suction-pipe of the sump, when he was overcome by foul gas, and fell into three or four feet of water at the bottom. The sump is about seventeen feet deep, the manhole being formed by a forty-two-inch pipe, in which a ladder is placed for the purpose of reaching the suction-pipe. On seeing Brassington fall from the ladder, George Henstock, a fellow-workman, went to his help, but was also overcome, and fell to the bottom. Fred Booth, another workman, now went down with a rope round him, but being overcome was hauled up. The outer covering of the sump was then removed, and Marshall, with a cloth over his mouth and nostrils and a rope

round him, went down and managed to secure Henstock with another rope, by which he was pulled up. Marshall then performed a like service for Brassington, when he himself was overcome and drawn to the surface. Booth and Hanstock recovered, but Brassington never recovered.

Three workmen in the employ of the Hornsey District Council opened a manhole in Woodside Avenue, Muswell Hill Road, for the purpose of removing some stoppage in a drain which enters the sewer near the manhole. The sewer is here some twenty-three feet below the level of the roadway. After the obstruction had been moved, one of the men went down to see that everything was clear, when he was overcome by sewer gas. The other two men going to his assistance were also overcome, and all three rendered unconscious. On this becoming known, Henry Booker volunteered to go down, and, with a wet cloth over his mouth and a rope round his waist, he descended the manhole and succeeded in fastening ropes round each of the men, who were then hauled to the surface.

Four Malay seamen were engaged washing down an oil tank, from which benzine had been discharged, on board the steamer *Trigonia*, at Singapore. The men were standing on a plate about seven feet from the top of the tank and nineteen feet from the bottom, when they were suddenly overcome by vapour given off by the oil. Two of the men fell on the plate on which they were standing and were got out unconscious, but recovered some three-quarters of an hour after; the other two men falling to the bottom of the tank. W. Charles Swan, chief officer of the vessel, volunteered to try and rescue them. On descending he fastened a rope round one man who was hauled up, but found to be dead, the fall having killed him. Owing to the density of the vapour, Mr. Swan could not secure the second man, but had to come on deck much affected. On recovering he again went down and succeeded in sending the man up, but he had succumbed to the effects of the gas.

A foolish lad removed the cover of an old mine shaft near St. Ives, Cornwall, and began to descend an iron ladder inside, which had been there for many years. When his full weight came on the ladder it gave way, and he was precipitated down the shaft. His companions raised the alarm, and the coastguards hurried to the place, one of them volunteering to go down. With a rope round him he was lowered into the inky darkness of the shaft, and at the depth of one hundred feet found the lad on some timbers which, in their fall, had jammed in the opening, which varies in width from five to seven feet. Trusting to this frail and insecure support, the coastguard took the rope from his own body and fastened it round the lad, who was then carefully got to the surface, when he was found to have his arm broken and suffering from various cuts and bruises. Meantime, another rope was sent down, and by this his rescuer also reached the top, but in an exhausted state. Twenty feet below the obstacle in the shaft, there was a depth of sixty feet of water; also, the danger from impure air and from falling stones and timbers from the lining of the shaft.



“The coastguard fastened the rope round the lad.”



“‘Will you not shake hands with me, Martin Hyde?’”

MARTIN HYDE.

(Continued from page 347.)

IT was a friendly letter, which relieved me a good deal from my anxieties; but what I could not bear was the thought that the Duke would think me a deserter. I made up my mind that I would get away from that house at the first opportunity, so as to rejoin the Duke, to whom I felt myself pledged. But in the meantime, until I could get away, I resolved to make the best of my imprisonment. I was nettled by Aurelia's tone of superiority. I would show her, as I had shown her before, that my wits were just as nimble as hers. A few minutes after the letter had been read, she held a parley with me through the keyhole.

'Mr. Martin Hyde, are you going to shoot me?'

'No, Miss Carew; though I think you deserve it.'

'You won't try to get away if I open the door?'

'I mean to get away as soon as ever I get half a chance.'

'I've got three men with me at the door here.'

'Oh, very well. But you just wait till I get a chance.'

'Don't be so sure, Mr. Martin Hyde. Now I'm coming in to talk with you. No pistols, mind. Not one.'

'I have promised I won't shoot. You might believe me. But I mean to get away, remember. Just to show you.'

She opened the door after that, a brown, merry Aurelia, behind whom I could see three men, ready to stop any rush. They closed the door behind her after she had entered.

'Well,' she said, smiling, 'will you not shake hands with me, Martin Hyde?'

'Yes,' I said, 'I will shake hands. But you played a very mean trick, I think. There!'

'You mustn't think me mean,' she answered. 'I don't like mean people. Now promise me one thing. You say you are going to run away from us. You won't run away from me when I am with you, will you?'

'No,' I said, after thinking this over, to see if it could be twisted into any sort of trap likely to stop my escape. 'I will not. Not while I am with you.'

'That's right,' she said. 'We can go out together, then. Now you have promised, suppose we go out into the garden?'

We went into the garden together, talking of every subject under the sun but the subject nearest to our hearts at the moment. I would not speak of her capture of me; she would not speak of the Duke's march towards Taunton. There was some constraint whenever we came near those subjects. She was a very merry, charming companion; but the effect of her talk that morning was to make me angry at being trapped by her. I looked over the countryside for guiding points in case I should be able to get away. Axminster lay to the south-east, distant about six miles; so much I could reckon from the course of our morning's ride. I could not see Axminster, for I was shut from it by rolling-combes, pretty high, which made a narrow valley for the river. To the west the combes were very high, strung along towards Taunton in heaps. Due east,

as I suspected, quite near to us, was Chard, where by this time the Duke must have been taking up his position. Taunton, I judged (from a mile-stone which we had passed) to be not much more than twelve miles from where I was. I have always had a pretty keen sense of position. I do not get lost. Even in the lonely parts of the world I have never been lost. I can figure out the way home by a sort of instinct, helped by a glimpse at the sun. When I go over a hill I have a sort of picture-memory of what lies behind, to help me home again, however tortuous my path is on the other side. So the few glimpses which I could get of the surrounding country were real helps to me; I made more use of them than Aurelia suspected.

We were much together that day. Certainly she did her best to make my imprisonment happy. In the evening she was kinder; we were more at ease together; I was able to speak freely to her.

'Aurelia,' I said, 'you risked your life twice to warn me.'

'That's not quite true, Martin,' she said. 'I am a Government spy, trusted with many people's lives. I had other work to do than to warn a naughty boy who wanted to see what the ghosts were.'

I was startled at her knowing so much about me.

She laughed. 'Well,' she said, 'I like you for it. I should have wanted to see them myself. But the ghost-makers are scattered far enough now.'

'All the same, Aurelia,' I said, 'I thank you for what you did for me. I wish I could do something in return.'

She laughed. 'Well,' she said, 'you were very kind in the ship. You were a good enemy to me then. Weren't you?'

'Yes,' I said, 'I beat you properly on the ship. I carried the Duke's letters in my pistol cartridges, where you never suspected them. The letters which were in the satchel I forged myself after I got on board. If you had not been a silly, you would have seen that they were forged.'

'So that was why,' she said. 'Those letters gave everybody more anxious work than you have any notion of. Oh, Martin, though, I helped to drug you to get those letters. It was terrible — terrible! Will you ever forgive me?'

'Why, yes, Aurelia,' I said. 'After all, it was done for your King. Just as I mean to run away from here to serve *my* King. All is fair in the King's service. Let us shake hands on that.'

We shook hands heartily, looking into each other's eyes. 'By the way,' I said, 'where did you get to that day in Holland, when I got the letters from you?'

'Ah,' she answered, 'you made me like a wild cat that day. You remember that low parapet on the roof? I was behind that, waiting for you with a loaded pistol. You were all very near danger that morning. In the King's service, of course. For just a minute, I thought that you would climb up to examine that parapet. What a crazy lot you all were not to know at once that I was there. Where else could I have been?'

'Well,' I answered, 'I beat you in the ride, didn't I? You thought yourself awfully clever about that horse at the inn. Well, I beat you there. I beat

you in the race. I beat you with my letters to the Dutchman. I beat you over those forgeries.'

'Yes, indeed,' she said; 'I can beat all the men in your Duke's service. Every one. Even clever Colonel Lane. Even Fletcher of Saltoun. But a boy is so unexpected, there's no beating a boy, except with a good birch rod. You beat me so often, Martin, that I think you can afford to forgive me for tricking you once in bringing you here.'

'I shall beat you in that, too, Miss Carew,' I said, 'for I mean to get away from you as soon as I can.'

'So you say,' she said. 'But we have club-men walking all round this house all night, as well as sentries by day, guarding the stock. Your gang of marauders will find a rough welcome if they come for refreshments here.'

Even as she spoke, there came a sudden crash of firearms from the meadows outside the garden. About a dozen men came hurrying out of the house with weapons in their hands, among them a big, fierce-looking, handsome man, who drew his sword as he ran. 'That is my uncle, Travers Carew,' said Aurelia. 'He owns this property. He wants to meet you.' There came another splutter of firearms from the meadows. 'Come,' said Aurelia, 'we'll see what it is. It is the Duke's men come pillaging.'

We ran through a gate in the wall into an apple-orchard, where the Carew men were already dodging among the trees towards the enemy. There was a good deal of shouting, but the tide of battle, as they call it, the noise of shots, the trampling of horses, had already set away to the left, where the enemy were retreating, with news, as I heard later, that the militia held the abbey in force.

(Continued on page 362.)

THE 'VICTORY' AND THE 'DREADNOUGHT.'

THE *Dreadnought*, one of the largest ships in the British Navy, was launched in the autumn of 1907, and at the Trafalgar Banquet of that year a comparison was made, by one of the speakers, between the grand new battleship and Nelson's old *Victory*.

The tonnage of the *Victory* was but a little over two thousand tons, that of the *Dreadnought* was just under eighteen thousand tons—nearly nine times the size. The *Dreadnought* was completed in fourteen months, whilst the *Victory* required many years. The cost of the *Victory* was eighty-three thousand pounds: the *Dreadnought*, roughly speaking, about twenty times as much.

A CAUTIOUS SUPPORTER.

WHEN the great reform of penny postage was first established, many people were inclined to look upon it as too good to last. That he might not be deceived over such an important matter, it is related in a life of Sir Rowland Hill that a prudent farmer, living in the north of England, called at the local office to make inquiries. 'Are you quite sure,' said he, 'that this new rule is going to last?'

'Why, of course it is,' replied the astonished official.

'Very well, then,' sighed the farmer, opening his purse, 'if that is the case, I will take three stamps.'

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

13.—HIDDEN FLOWERS.

Find eight different flowers hidden in the following story:—

'Stop! stop! ink will stain your coat,' said Tabby.

'I don't care. Oh, what larks!' purred the little cat, trying to jump on the table, where, with bread and butter, cups and saucers stood, as well as the inkstand.

Tabby shut her mouth with a snap. 'Dragons, or even boys, shall not make me speak again,' she thought. 'If that beautiful jug full of cream, fresh from the cow, slips down, I will not stir a paw.'

The little cat, looking sedate and prim, rose to reach the ink, but she did not speed well in her venture; the bottle broke, and on to pussy's coat of snow dropped a sable stream.

C. J. B.

(Answers on page 387.)

ANSWER TO PUZZLE ON PAGE 323.

12.—S L I T
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T

A SUMMER SHOWER.

OLD Dame Rain took a walk one day,
She had nothing at all to do,
For the wind was light and the day was bright,
And the sky was as blue as blue.

And looking down from a cloudy bank
A school she espied at play,
And the merry boys made so great a noise,
Madam Rain could not choose but stay.

The game was rough and the clamour grew,
Till good humour gave place to spite;
Alas and alas! it soon came to pass
That a 'scrimmage' became a fight.

Then old Dame Rain hied her home full fast
With a smile that was stern and grim;
From her shelf took down a big rose or crown
And a can, which she filled to the brim.

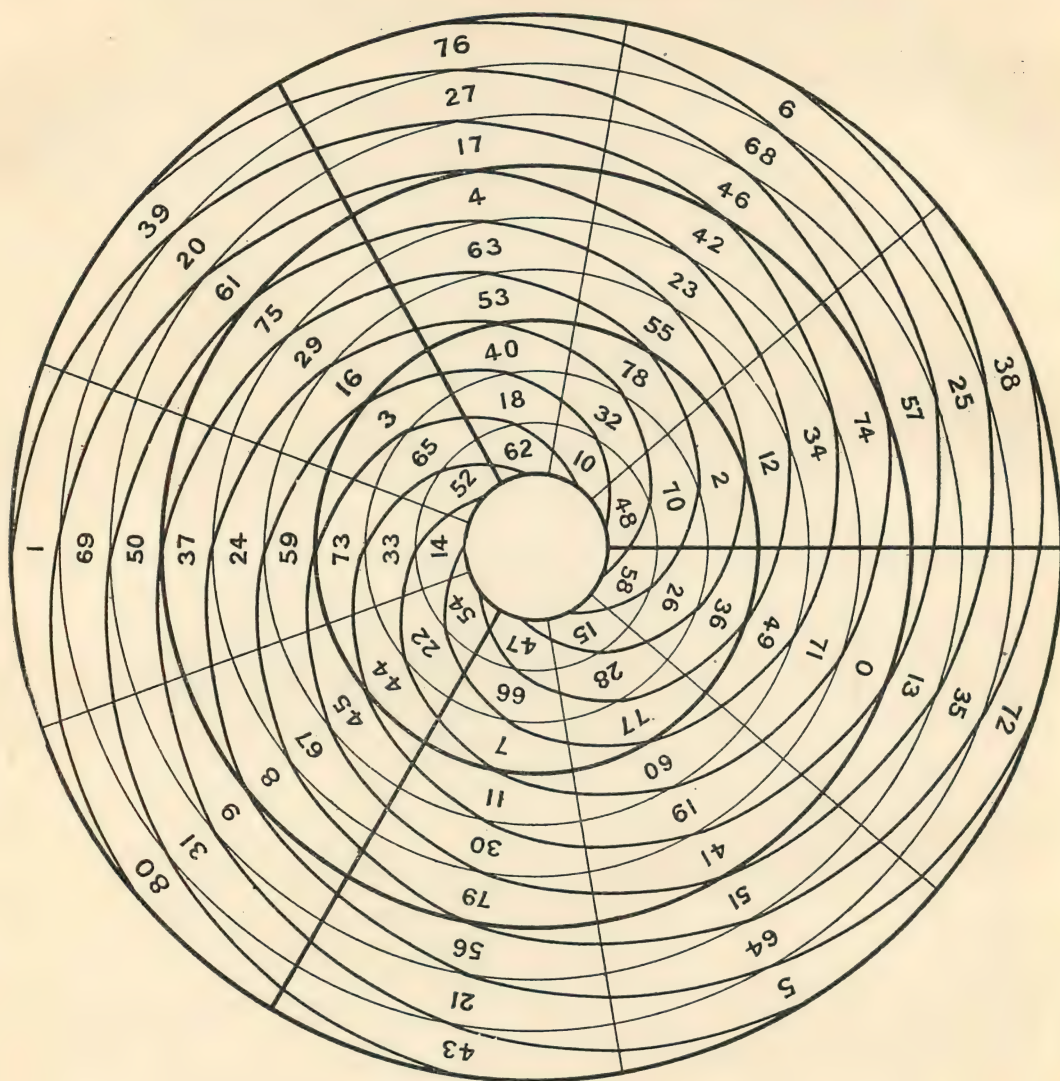
Then on those boys such a shower she poured
That it put them at once to flight;
They ran home pell-mell, but they never could tell
Why it rained on a day so bright!

MAGIC SQUARES.—V.

THE MAGIC CIRCLE OF SPIRALS.

THIS original arrangement of figures may be considered under the head of 'Magic Squares,' because it is really only a square bent round into a circle; the upright columns of the square becoming radii, and the horizontal rows becoming a set of rings one within another. The diagonals, and lines drawn parallel to the diagonals, become a series of spirals reaching from the outside to the inside of the circle.

If we were to take the magic square of nine, printed on page 205, and draw it in the circular



A Magic Circle of Spirals.

form, we should find that every ring and every radius would add up to a total of 369; but by subtracting 1 from every number we reduce the totals to 360, which is appropriate to the circular form, because it is the number of degrees in a circle. Of course, this means that we must begin with 0 (instead of 1, as in the square), and count up to 80 (instead of 81).

In the magic circle here given the total of every ring is 360, and it is divided by the thick lines into three equal parts, each of which adds up to 120—the number of degrees in one-third of a circle. Each radius also gives the same total of 360, and is divided into three equal parts by the thicker lines of the circles. Each spiral line of nine numbers, starting from any number in the outer ring and proceeding either by right or left to the

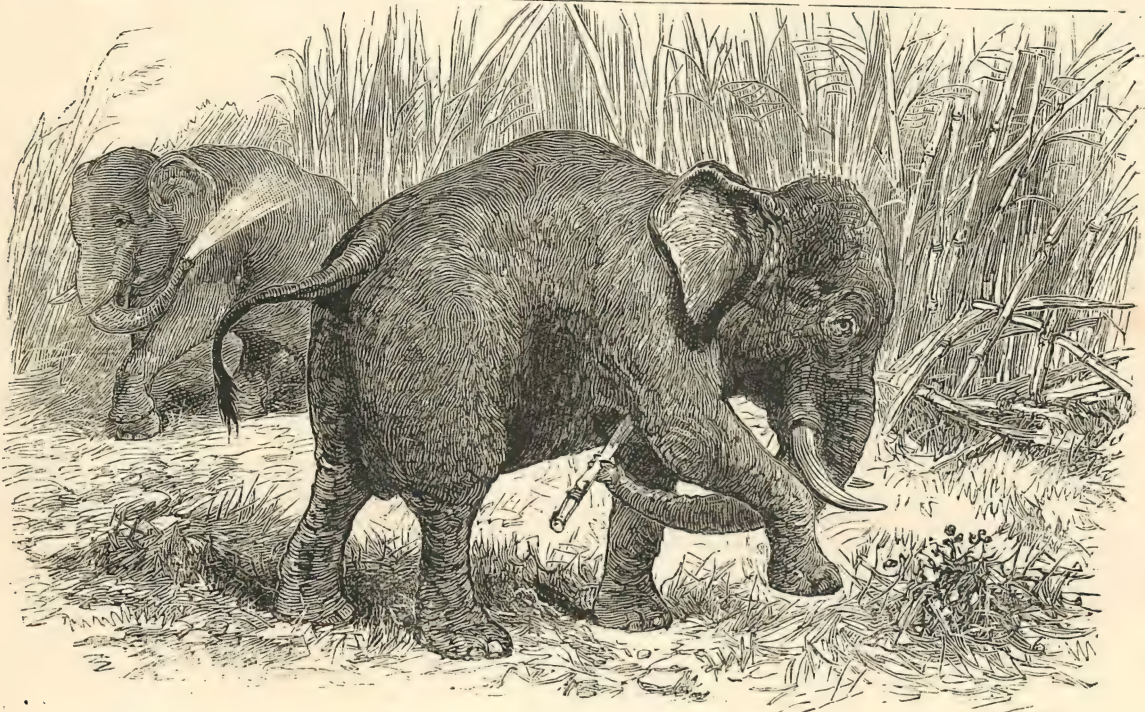
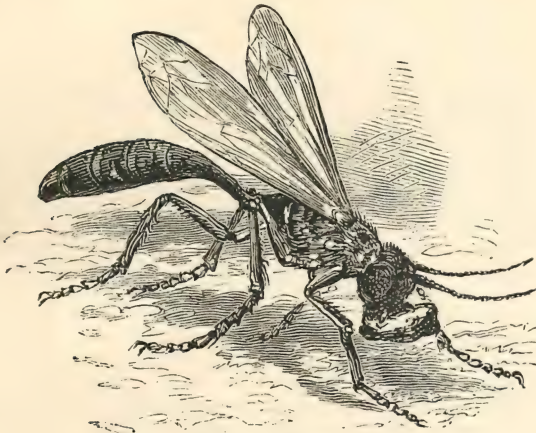
centre, gives the same total of 360. The figure is sufficiently confusing with only one set of spirals drawn, but any one who feels quite fresh after testing the spirals to the right may tire himself by trying those to the left.

W. S. J.

ANIMAL INSTINCT AND INTELLIGENCE.

VI.—THE USE OF TOOLS.

IN this last article of our series, we propose to give a few further examples of what may be called 'general intelligence' in animals. And herein we shall see that even some of the creatures very lowly in the scale of creation possess a degree



"Solitary" Wasp using a stone as a tool.

Elephant using a rod as a tool.

Thrush breaking a Snail.

of intelligence that is truly surprising. For the most part, as we have already remarked, the humbler creatures are guided purely by instinct; they live an almost blind, semi-conscious existence; but this is certainly not true of many of the insects.

Dr. Peckham and his wife, American naturalists of no small fame, have made a special study of insect ways, and some of their discoveries are really quite remarkable. On one occasion they were watching a 'solitary' wasp which was filling up her nest after

having laid its eggs therein: this nest was at the bottom of a tunnel. She began the work of filling this up by biting away the loose earth from the mouth of the tunnel and letting it fall to the bottom; then more earth was brought from a distance and dropped in, and jammed down with her head! At last the gap was filled; then she took up a stone in her jaws, and, using this as a hammer, began to pound the earth down with it; then more earth was brought, and again more pounding was done with the stone, till the earth was as solid as that surrounding the hole, when, satisfied, she flew away.

This is almost the only instance of the use of tools among insects; but it is not surprising to find that birds have discovered how to achieve ends which without the aid of external force would be impossible of attainment. Most of my readers must be familiar with the fact that the common thrush displays a very marked knowledge of the use of mechanical force. This bird, it will be remembered, is particularly fond of snails; now, the shells thereof are too hard to be broken by the bird's beak, so, choosing a large stone, it brings its victims to this, and seizing them one by one by the edge of the shell, beats them violently against the stone till the shell is fractured. The same stone is used day after day, so that quite a large collection of broken shells may be found around this strange slaughter-house.

I have seen, and so probably have many of my readers, crows on the sea-shore hunting for mussels. When these are found no attempt is made to smash the shell with the beak, but, instead, the bird carries them up to a great height, then drops them on to the rocks below, when the luscious meat can easily be extracted from the shattered shell. Gulls adopt the same method, and it is said that the great Bearded Vulture, or *Lammergeier*, adopts the same method of smashing bones which contain the much-coveted and luscious marrow. These actions on the part of thrushes and crows cannot be regarded as merely instinctive: they show, undoubtedly, a fair amount of intelligence which is near to reasoning; but just exactly how it falls short of reasoning power would carry us on to a line of argument that would be too difficult for my readers to follow.

The sagacity of the elephant is proverbial, and one is therefore not surprised to find that this creature perfectly well appreciates the value of using tools. A most striking illustration of this is afforded by the case of a young, newly-caught elephant, which was observed to go up to a fence made of bamboo-stakes and pull one up. Placing it under its foot, it broke off a piece with its trunk, and, after lifting it to its mouth, threw it away. Two or three stakes were thus treated, apparently because they were too old and dry. At last it seemed to get a piece that suited, when, holding it firmly in the trunk, and stretching the left fore-leg well forward, it passed the bamboo under the armpit, and began to scratch! When the cause of this strange performance came to be examined, it was found that the poor beast was dislodging great elephant-beetles, six inches long and as thick as one's finger. Now, these could not possibly have been removed by the trunk, and one cannot call so complex an act mere 'instinct.'

Yet another case, no less interesting. In this instance—a tame elephant, which was being ridden along a road, was much tormented by flies. So the mahout slackened pace, and allowed her to go to the side of the road, when for some moments she rummaged about with her trunk among the smaller jungle-plants. At last she came to a cluster of young shoots well branched, and, selecting one, neatly stripped off all the lower branches, leaving a small bunch at the top; then, laying hold of the stem, she broke it off, and there had a beautiful switch of about five feet long, with which, as she went along, she kept brushing off the flies as they alighted.

This chapter would not be complete without a reference to the monkey tribe, which, after man, are the most intelligent of all creatures. One could, of course, write many chapters with regard to their capacity in this matter. Many illustrations we have already given, but here let us confine ourselves to one or two of the facts which have been collected with regard to their use of tools and weapons.

Darwin relates the case of a little monkey at the Zoo which had weak teeth, and, to enable him to crack nuts, he was given a stone, which he always hid in the straw at the bottom of his cage when done with. In a wild state, monkeys constantly use stones to repel an enemy. The naturalist Boehm tells us that the *Gelada* baboons in Abyssinia descend in troops from the mountains to plunder the fields, when they sometimes encounter troops of the *Hamadryad* monkeys, and then a fight ensues. The *Geladas* roll down great stones, which the *Hamadryads* try to dodge. Of course, there is a tremendous uproar, and at last the two bands, worked up to fury, rush on one another, and a great battle takes place.

And here, for the present, our discourse on the instincts and intelligence of animals must stop; some day, perhaps, we may return to the subject, for we have so far only given the barest outlines of the fascinating problems it presents.

W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., A.L.S., &c.

THE MUSICAL FOUNTAIN.

A True Anecdote.

IN the centre of the market place of Marsovársárhely, a town in Transylvania, a prominent position is occupied by a circular edifice, some twenty feet in height, known as the Musical Fountain. The lower part of the 'fountain' is built like a watch-tower with a flat roof, and it is surmounted by a kind of cupola supported by six pillars. Though now in a ruinous condition, this curious building once formed the great centre of attraction on festivals and market days, when groups of Hungarian peasants clustered round it in admiration.

The Musical Fountain was designed and constructed about two hundred years ago by a man named Boddo, and it was so ingeniously contrived that the playing of the fountain was accompanied by soft strains of music from the interior. The mechanism of the whole was concealed within the base of the structure, to which a small door gave

access. The inhabitants of the little town prided themselves greatly on the possession of this masterpiece, and it became celebrated throughout the neighbouring country.

Though no further examples of Boddo's skill are recorded, his fame had not attained its height with the completion of the fountain. Sad to relate, he next attracted public attention by murdering one of his fellow-townsmen, for which crime he was sentenced to death. Apparently bowed down with remorse and sorrow, the doomed man begged, as a last favour, to be allowed to stand within the base of the fountain, and to hear once more the music he loved so well.

This request was granted, and Boddo, accompanied by a guard, entered the tower, and turned on the fountain. With downcast eyes he listened to the melody; as the last notes died away, he turned with a sigh, and walked resignedly back to prison.

On the same day Boddo was executed, and much regret was felt, among the townspeople, at his unhappy end. But their pity gave way to resentment when they discovered that with him the soul-music of the fountain had fled!

As a final proof of his ingenuity, Boddo had removed from the works a certain screw, the secret of which has never since been discovered. Many able mechanics have endeavoured to remedy the defect, but the voice of the Musical Fountain seems to be hushed for ever. C. MORLEY.

BOSWORTH FIELD.

OVER the green fields of Leicestershire the August sun arose. It touched with gold the towers and spires of the ancient town of Leicester, and, some ten miles further west, in the centre of a broad plain surrounding the little village of Market Bosworth, it glittered upon the spears and swords of a warlike host. The army of the White Rose, ten thousand strong, was preparing for the contest, and from his couch in the royal pavilion, King Richard III. had risen before dawn. Haunted by feverish dreams, he had awakened to terrible memories of his cruel reign, and as he moved among his soldiers, his heart was heavy with the conviction that he had no real friends. Many who bore his arms and followed his standard were only faithful to him until the great champion of the Red Rose, Henry Tudor, Earl of Richmond, should come into the field. And now he had come. A short distance away, his army, only half the size of Richard's, was drawn up in order, and ere the sun had climbed much higher in the August sky, the battle had begun.

Richard, with the crown upon his head, but with a very misgiving heart, sought to lead his men. But his most doubtful supporter, Lord Stanley, had, early in the fight, refused to obey his orders, while the Duke of Northumberland, with his forces, stood idly at a distance and looked on. Deserted thus in the crisis, he knew not whom to trust as an ally. Blind with chagrin, he forced his way to the spot where Henry rode surrounded by his bodyguard. But Richard's evil day was over. Sir William Stanley, with a large company, hastened to Henry's

aid, and his opponent fell beneath the swords of those to whom he had looked for help, just as, beneath the headsman's axe, many had fallen at his own treacherous word.

So withered the White Rose; so ended, on this August morning, the sad wars between the Houses of Lancaster and York, and so fell the last king who bore the name of Plantagenet.

Among the tangled grass of Bosworth Field lay the English crown; the crown that Richard had so cruelly seized and so unworthily worn—a crown that had circled the brows of fourteen Plantagenet kings. Lord Stanley lifted the crown from the spot on which it had fallen and placed it on Henry's head. A better time had begun for England, and though clouds were yet to gather in her sky, there was beneath them all *some* light reflected from that August day in 1485.

LAUGHABLE MISTAKES.

A VERY popular preacher once had a brother so much like him that few people knew one from the other. One day he went to Brighton to see his aged parents, and, the occasion being some family festival, he expected his brother to be there likewise. On entering the room, he stepped forward to greet his brother with all the heartiness which a long separation engendered, and found, from a mirror at the other end of the room, that he was offering his hand to himself!

Whilst one of the trains was approaching Portsmouth lately at full speed, it came suddenly to a halt for no apparent reason. Upon inquiry by the guard and others, it was discovered that in one of the compartments, occupied by foreigners with little knowledge of English, the electric alarm bell, communicating with the driver, had been set ringing. One of the passengers, recognising the word 'Communicate,' pulled the knob, with the idea that he could thus converse with one of his countrymen in the next compartment.

At a drawing-room held by the late Queen Victoria, the Lord Chamberlain, in announcing the names of the ladies presented, became confused, and announced a certain Mrs. H—— as 'Lady H——.' Thereupon the Queen bent forward to greet her with a kiss on the cheek that is always given to the wives and daughters of peers. As she bent, the Lord Chamberlain found out his mistake, turned pale, and gasped out, 'Don't kiss her, madam—don't kiss her! She's not a lady at all!'

Some years ago two Indian visitors of high rank were in London. They were left to themselves to reach Lady A——'s reception. But a few days before they had been entertained by the Duke of B——, and unfortunately the cards for the function had not been put away. By some mistake the visitors took up the cards for the former reception, and handed them to the coachman. The consequence was that, to the surprise of the Duke of B——, the Indians turned up at his residence again. But his Grace was equal to the occasion, and never let them discover their mistake, for he received them as if he had been fully expecting them all the time.



“He found that he was offering his hand to himself.”



“‘So this is the young rebel. is it?’”

MARTIN HYDE.

(Continued from page 355.)

THE Carew men came back in a few minutes with a prisoner. He had been captured while holding the horses of two friends, who had dismounted to drive off some of the Carew cattle. He said that the attack had been made by a party of twenty of the Duke's horse, sent out to bring in food for the march. They had scattered at the first discharge of firearms, which had frightened them horribly, for they had not expected any opposition. The frightened men never drew rein till they galloped their exhausted horses into Chard camp, where they gave another touch of dejection to the melancholy Duke.

As for the prisoner, he was sent off under guard to Honiton gaol: I don't know what became of him. He was one of more than three thousand who came to death or misery in that war. They said that he was a young farmer, in a small way, from somewhere out beyond Chideock. The war had been a sort of high-spirited frolic for him; he had entered into it thoughtlessly, in the belief that it would be a kind of pleasure ride to London, with his expenses paid. Now he was ended. When he rode out with bound hands from the Carew house that evening, between two armed riders, he rode out of life. He never saw Chideock again, except in the grew light of dawn, after a long ride upon a hurdle, going to be hanged outside his home. Or perhaps he was bundled into one of the terrible convict ships bound for Barbadoes, with other rebels, to die of small-pox on the way, or under the whip in the plantations.

After this little-brush, with its pitiful accompaniment, which filled me full of a blind anger against the Royal party, so much stronger, yet, I thought, with so much less right than ours, I was taken in to see Sir Travers Carew. He had just sent off the prisoner to Honiton, much as he would have brushed a fly from his hand. He looked at me with rather a grim smile, which made me squirm.

'So,' he said, 'this is the young rebel, is it? Do you know that I could send you off to Honiton gaol with that poor fellow there?'

This made my heart die; but something prompted me to put a good face on it. 'Sir,' I said, 'I have done what my father thought right. I don't wish to be treated better than any other prisoner. Send me to Honiton, sir.'

'No,' he said, looking at me kindly, 'I shall not send you to Honiton. You are not in arms against the King's peace, nor did you come over from Holland with the Duke. I can't send you to Honiton. Besides, I knew your father, Martin. I was at college with him. He was a good friend of mine, poor fellow! No, sir. I shall keep you here till the Duke's crazy attempt is knocked on the head. I think I can find something better for you to do than that fussy old maid, your uncle, could. But, remember, sir, you have a reputation for being a slippery young eel. I shall take particular pains to keep you from slipping out of my hands. But I do not wish to use force to your father's son. Will you give me your word not to try to escape?'

'No,' I answered, sullenly, 'I won't. I mean to get away directly I can.'

'Come,' he said, kindly, 'we tricked you rather nastily. But do you suppose, Martin, that your father, if he were here, would encourage your present resolutions? The Duke is coming (nearly unprepared) to bring a lot of silly yokels into collision with fully-trained soldiers ten times more numerous. If the country-side, the gentry, the educated, intelligent men, were ready for the Duke, or believed in his cause, they would join him. They do not join him. His only adherents are the idle, ignorant, ill-conditioned rogues of this country, who will neither fight nor obey when it comes to the pinch. I do not love the present king, Martin, but he is a better man than this duke. The Duke will never make a king. He may be very fit for Court life, but there is not an ounce of king in him. If the Duke succeeds, in a year or two he will show himself so foolish that we shall have to send for the Prince of Orange, who is a man of real, strong wisdom. We count on that same prince to deliver us from James when the time is ripe. It is not ripe yet. I am telling you bitter, stern truth, Martin. Now then, let me have your promise not to continue in the service of this doomed princeling, your master. Eh! What shall it be?'

'No,' I said. 'That's desertion.'

'Not at all,' he answered. 'It is the custom of war. Come, now! As a prisoner of war, give me your parole.'

'You said just now that I was not a prisoner of war,' I answered.

'Very well, then,' he said. 'I am a magistrate. I commit you as a suspected person. Hart! Hart!' (here he called in a man-servant), 'just see that this young sprig keeps out of mischief. Think it over, Mr. Martin. Think it over.'

In a couple of minutes I was back in my prison cell, locked in for the night, with neither lamp nor candle. A cot had been made up for me in a corner of the room. Supper was laid for me on the table, which had been brought back to its place. There was nothing for it but to grope to bed in the twilight, wondering how soon I could get away to what I still believed to be a righteous cause, in which my father wished me to fight. I slept soundly after my day of adventure. I dreamed that I rode into London behind the Duke, amid all the glory of victory, with the people flinging flowers at us. But dreams go by contraries, the country people say.

I was a full fortnight, or a little more, a prisoner in that house. They treated me very kindly. Aurelia was like an elder sister. Old Sir Travers used to jest at my being a rebel. But I was a prisoner, shut in, watched, kept close. The kindness jarred upon me. It was treating me like a child when I was no longer a child. I had for some wild weeks been doing things which few men have the chance of doing. Perhaps if I had confided all that I felt to Aurelia, she would have cleared away my trouble: made me see that the Duke's cause was wrong; that my father would wish his son well out of civil broils, however just; that I had better give the promise that they asked from me. But I never confided really fully in her. I moped a good deal, much worried in my mind. I began to get a lot of unworthy fancies into my head, silly fancies which an honest talk would have scattered at once.

I began to think from their silence about the Duke's doings that his affairs were prospering; that he was conquering, or had conquered; that I was being held by this loyalist family as a hostage. It was silly of me; but, although in my way I was a skilled man of affairs, I had only the brain of a child. I could not see the absurdity of what I came to believe. It worried me so much that, at the end of my imprisonment, I became very feverish, really ill from anxiety, as prisoners often are. I refused food for the latter part of one day, hoping to frighten my captors. They did not notice it, so I had my pains for nothing. I went to bed very early, but I could not sleep. I fidgeted about till I was unusually wakeful. Then I got out of bed to try if there was a way of escape by the old-fashioned chimney, barred across as it was at intervals by strong, old iron bars. I had never thought the chimney possible, having examined it before, when I first came to that house; but my fever made me think all things possible, so up I got, hoping that I should have light enough to work by.

(Continued on page 374.)

THE OLD SHIP.

OLD Ship, you lie a hapless wreck,
With rusty anchor, shattered deck;
And now your sailing's done, you stay
Becalmed in sunny land-locked bay.

You oft have steered by broad lagoon,
And felt the breath of fierce monsoon:
By coral reefs with tall palm-trees,
You trafficked far in Indian seas;

Alone, yet bravely faring forth
Towards the silent, frozen North,
You watched the iceberg's radiant glow,
And learnt the Northern Lights to know.

You heard the dark blue ocean's voice,
And in your freedom did rejoice
To hear the tumult of the waves
Re-echoing from her lonely caves.

Old Ship, rocked gently to and fro,
Do you in dreams a-sailing go,
Or deeply long, and long in vain,
To cruise the great high seas again?

PICTURES AND THEIR PAINTERS.

From the Wallace Collection, London.

VL.—RICHARD PARKES BONINGTON.

THERE is a pathetic interest about the story of Richard Bonington, the young artist who, in his twenty-seven years' life, did so much and gave promise of so much more, who lived just long enough to win fame and make sure of fortune, and passed away before he had well begun to enjoy either. Born in England and bred up in France, Bonington was the link between the art of the two nations, associated chiefly with the land of his adoption, but

owing much of his fame to the English methods which he introduced there. He was born in the year 1801, in a village near Nottingham. His grandfather had been governor of the gaol, and his mother was mistress of a little school. His father's recklessness and extravagance brought trouble on the family; the home was broken up, and the Boningtons migrated to Calais. The father, who seems to have tried a good many professions without success, took to painting for a while, but probably made more profit out of the lace industry, for which Calais has since become famous and which he helped to start. Meanwhile, the little son was rapidly developing his own remarkable talent with brush and pencil. It has been said that, at three years old, he sketched everything, and those early days in Calais left their mark upon his work in his love for sea-studies and for the life and toils of fisher-folk.

A move to Paris, where his father for a time had a lace-shop, gave him the chance of studying the work of the great masters among the treasures of the Louvre, and of making acquaintance with the rising artists of the day: Eugène Delacroix, then an eager young painter, a few years older than Bonington, became his intimate friend. Bonington was a careful and accurate copyist, but he had too much original genius to submit patiently to accepted rules and traditions, and he sorely tried the patience of Baron Gros, under whom he studied for a time, by insisting upon going his own way. However, the master proved himself both a true artist and a just critic, for, seeing a water-colour sketch by his wayward young pupil exposed for sale in a shop, he was so struck by its excellence that he embraced the lad with true French fervour, vowing that he could walk alone now and had better dispense with such teaching as he could give him.

It was this water-colour work which began to bring Bonington into notice. It was at that time almost unknown in France, and the young man's clever sketches found a ready sale. His careful study of the methods of his own countryman, Constable, introduced a new style into French landscape painting, and the year 1824, when he himself, with Constable and Copley Fielding, all exhibited pictures in the Salon, marks an era in the history of art in France.

The next year Bonington visited England and had a picture in the Royal Academy, and soon afterwards we hear of him in Italy. Venice was sure to prove fascinating to an artist with so keen a delight in colour, and he revelled in the glories of the wonderful water-city, which seemed, as he said, to be always just putting out to sea. In the Venetian picture galleries, too, he could feed his love for the rich costumes, the warm glowing colour and quaint attire of earlier days. We find many figure groups among his pictures, like those in our illustration, the little child kneeling, grave and reverent, beside the stately lady who is helping him to frame his simple prayers. Bonington's talent for accurate drawing was as great as his feeling for colour, and he was employed to illustrate some descriptive books on the antiquities of France, sketching the picturesque corners of beautiful Rouen and the other Norman towns sometimes from the safe shelter of a cab, which protected



Child at Prayers. By Richard Parkes Bonington.

him from the crowding and the criticisms of the passers-by.

But the young painter's earthly work was almost over. People said afterwards that his early death

was foreshadowed by the tinge of gentle melancholy which had always hung about him. His friend Delacroix spoke of his strange English quietness, which, in the Frenchman's eyes, interfered with the



"As she ran, she held out her white handkerchief."

enjoyment of life's good things. In spite of his rapidly growing popularity, he was so shy that he brought to London a letter of introduction to Sir Thomas Lawrence, and returned to Paris with it

undelivered. Commissions began to pour in upon him, and perhaps he overworked himself. Perhaps, as has been suggested, he had a ready injured his health by lingering among the fascinating Venetian

lagoons, where the fogs and mists can hang drearily enough at times. A sunstroke brought on an attack of brain fever which undermined his strength. He came to London to consult a well-known doctor, and a few days later died in the land of his birth.

MARY H. DEBENHAM.

THE DANGER SIGNAL.

A True Story.

MARIA! Maria!' The voice, low as it was, at once reached the ears of the young girl who was working on a rustic bench built round the old beech-tree which, in 1672, was one of the glories of Bury Farm.

She looked up quickly, and seeing her mother beckoning to her from one of the windows of the quaint gabled house, she darted from her seat, and ran hastily indoors, upsetting in her agitation the ball of wool with which she had been working, and which now rolled unheeded on the ground.

What was there to alarm the young girl amidst a scene which seemed so full of peace and quiet security?

There stood the farm—its unequal gables protected by one of those noble beeches which form the glory of Buckinghamshire, to which indeed it owes its name, for Buckingham—the antiquarian tells us—is but a corruption of Beeching-ham. A well-cut hedge separated the little garden from the meadow, which sloped away from the house, and on this field some sheep were peacefully cropping the short grass. The larks were singing their evening hymn in the blue sky above them, and a merry little squirrel was cluck-clucking to himself as he ran along the boughs of the beech-tree under which Maria Springett had so lately been sitting.

Surely here, if anywhere, was peace and safety! Outwardly, no doubt, Bury Farm was peaceful enough—it would be difficult to find a more secluded spot. But for all that, danger was constantly threatening it, and this was well known to two of its chief inmates, Mrs. Pennington and her daughter, Maria.

They had indeed grave reasons for their anxiety! Alice Pennington was the wife of the celebrated Quaker writer, Isaac Pennington, and the laws against Quakers being at that time (1672) very severe and most rigorously enforced, they well knew that if Isaac Pennington were to be discovered holding a meeting of 'Friends,' he would not only be heavily fined, but also imprisoned, and the horrors of imprisonment in those days could hardly be exaggerated.

However, fears of imprisonment, or even death, did not daunt Pennington from what he believed to be his duty, and this very evening he was away preaching at 'Jordans,' a poor little meeting-house, which can still be seen, and which stands in a hollow amongst dense woods. A most lonely spot, but chosen for that very reason for their meeting-house by the little band of Quakers, who hoped that surely there—miles away from any dwelling—they might be safe.

But those were persecuting times, and some one had discovered and denounced the Quakers at

'Jordans,' and Alice Pennington had seen from her window—which commanded the distant road—a band of constabulary marching in the direction of Bury Farm. There was little doubt whom they were coming to seek.

'Yes! yes!' she said in answer to the hurried inquiry of the girl. 'Thee must hasten! They are after thy step-father and William Penn. Thee canst see the pikes shining on yonder hill. Now thou must do thy part! I must bide here; but go thou to the three-acre, and as thou runnest wave thy kerchief. Dan will see it—he is on the knoll above the field, scaring birds; but that is but a feint—he was to bide there till he saw the kerchief, and Dan is a trusty lad, and knows what to do. Go, child, and the Lord prosper thee.'

Maria needed no second bidding. She was out of the house like an arrow from the bow, and as she ran down the sloping meadow, she held out her white handkerchief, which fluttered like a flag in the light summer breeze.

Dan, up on the knoll, caught sight of the pre-arranged danger signal, and sped quickly away in the direction of 'Jordans'—leaving the birds to do as they liked with the corn; and Maria, her mission over, lay down on the ground—too excited to return to the house.

It was not the run! That was nothing to the hearty country girl—it was fears for the safety of those she loved that blanched her cheek and made her heart beat so fast. She loved and respected her Quaker step-father, Isaac Pennington, whom her mother had married after the death of her first husband, Sir William Springett, who fell at the siege of Bramber, in the Civil Wars.

But yet it was not for Isaac Pennington that poor Maria's heart was beating so wildly—Quakers, though they said 'thee' and 'thou,' and had other formal ways, could be none the less ardent lovers when occasion offered, and pretty Maria Springett had been courted under the Bury beeches by no less a person than Sir William Penn (who, however, never used his title), and was to be married in the autumn, if all went well.

So little wonder that Maria was anxious those rough constables should not seize her lover and bear him off to those damp dungeons under Aylesbury Town Hall, where, as likely as not, he would be carried off by the dreaded gaol fever, as many a good man had been before.

However, her anxiety for this time was soon set at rest. Dan returned in the course of an hour, and announced that all was well. He had come in time to disperse the meeting, and the constables had come up to find the birds they sought, flown.

And Maria's marriage was not delayed! In 1672, William Penn was united to Gulielma Maria Springett, and she accompanied him to America, where, as every one knows, he founded the State of Pennsylvania. Penn, however, returned in later years to his native land, and he died there in 1718. His grave, with a small white headstone, lettered 'William Penn,' is still standing in the little burying ground of 'Jordans,' and is yearly visited by many Americans, who would dearly love to transport the grave to America!

LITTLE MISS AMERICA.

'SO you're expecting a visitor, Nina?' said Uncle Dick.

'Yes,' said Nina rather slowly.

Uncle Dick pulled her to his side. 'You are not best pleased,' he said. 'Why, I thought I should find you overjoyed at the prospect of having a girl to play with from over the seas.'

Nina did not answer, but stood with her finger on her lip and her head down. 'Of course I shall be nice to her,' she said after a pause.

'I should hope so,' said Uncle Dick, getting up and strolling out of the room.

A few days after this the little stranger from New York arrived at the farmstead, and Nina was made acquainted with a small girl in a big hat and a short white frock.

'This is Alice, Nina,' said her mother.

Nina kissed the newcomer, but she said to herself: 'She is plain. I don't think I'm going to like her. And her hair is quite short, and not a bit pretty, either.'

She pushed back a strand of her own golden locks with rather an affected little gesture, and at her mother's bidding, took Alice's hand and led her away.

Alice was certainly not beautiful, but her grey eyes were very clear and wide open, and her smile had a knack of spreading from a merry mouth until it lighted the whole of a plain little face.

'Well, Miss America,' said Uncle Dick the next morning, 'what's your opinion of people this side of the Atlantic?'

Alice smiled into his face. 'Well,' she said, 'I like you, and Nina and I are going to be real good chums.'

She had a shrill, rather high voice, and she looked across at Nina wistfully. Nina was standing gazing out of the window, and did not move. Alice had evidently meant her to hear, and she coloured and looked rather distressed at the lack of response. However, she regained her composure in a moment, and chatted away to Uncle Dick without a trace of shyness or constraint. Certainly Miss America was a very self-possessed little person.

The friendship between the two cousins had not begun in a very promising manner; neither did it seem to progress. Nina was naturally rather shy, and she had made up her mind before Alice came that she did not want her.

Uncle Dick, who happened to be staying in the house, watched the children closely. He thought he saw trouble in Alice's eyes, and once he caught her with a tear running off the tip of her small turned-up nose.

'Why, what's the matter with Miss America?' he asked kindly.

Her quick smile came out suddenly. 'Nothing,' she replied. 'That is—oh, I'm a bit homesick.'

Uncle Dick did not say much, but he thought, if things did not improve, he would have to speak to his sister. She had not been well, and he did not think she had noticed. Not that Nina was rude to her little guest; she had been far too well brought up for that—but she was just indifferent. That

the two children did not 'get on' together was evident. Somehow, Uncle Dick did not think it was Alice's fault. A day or so before she had arrived he had given Nina an Irish terrier puppy, thinking that the children would play with it together, and that it would help them to make friends. Alice was very fond of dogs, and she and Yoho fell in love with one another at first sight. Nina did not like this, and if ever Alice was romping with him or nursing him, she always called him to her side.

'He's my dog,' she would say imperiously; so Yoho was innocently the cause of some of the trouble.

At last Alice gave up the attempt to be 'real good chums' as hopeless. Poor little girl! It was the first time she had ever been away from her mother, and Nina was hardly aware how her coldness hurt.

One day Alice wandered away by herself through the field to the pond where the animals came to drink. There was a plank across the centre, and Alice liked to stand on it and watch the big, gentle, clean cows come down and put their soft noses into the water.

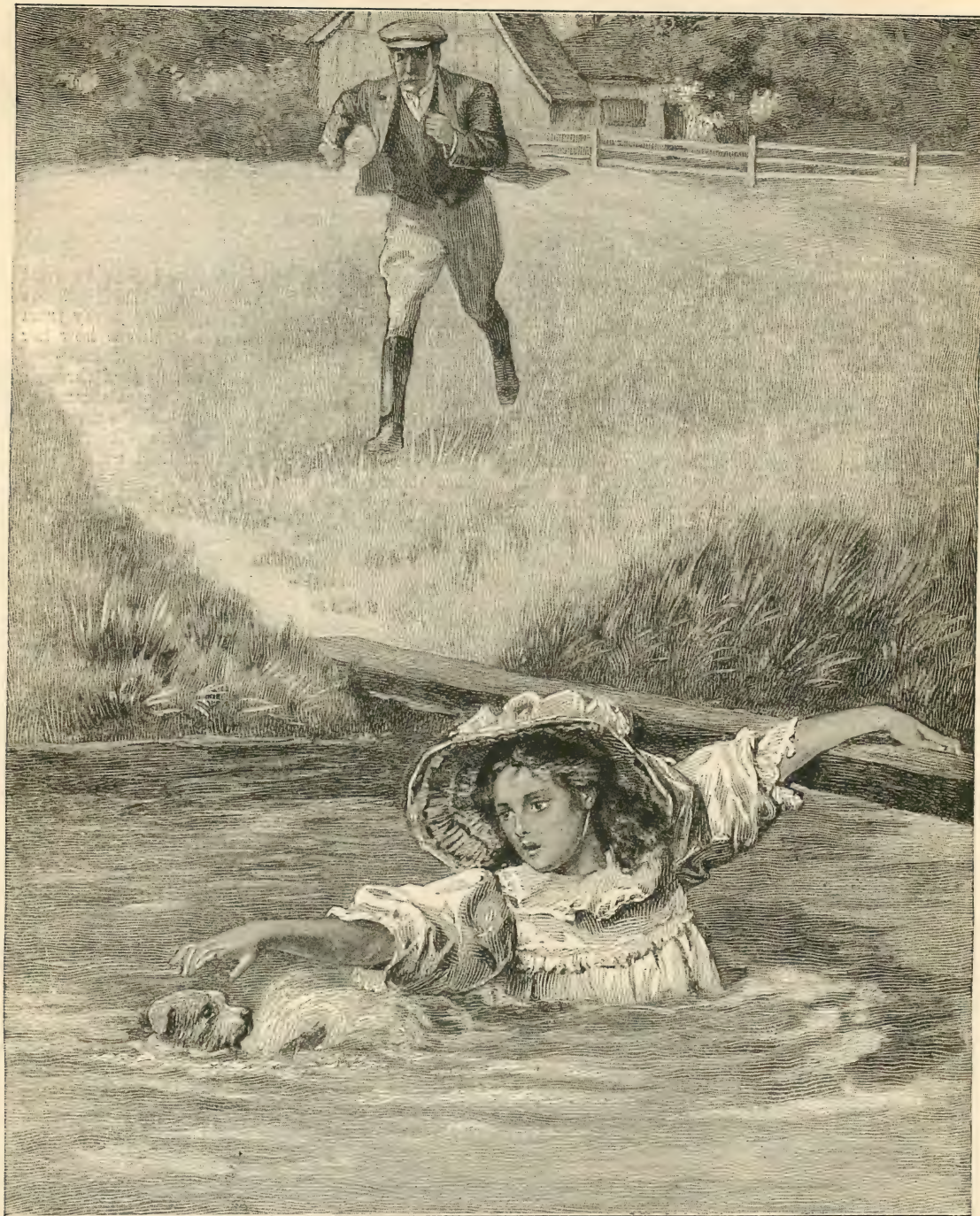
As she approached the corner of the field she saw Yoho sitting in the middle of the narrow bridge, solemnly gazing at his own reflection in the pond below. Alice laughed at his vanity, and she was just beginning to call him when he looked up and saw her. Then in his eagerness to get to her he did a very silly thing—but puppies will be puppies!—he overbalanced and tumbled backwards with a piercing yelp into the water. Alice was on the plank in an instant, but not before the little dog had struggled himself out of her reach. Without hesitation she began to slip into the water, holding firmly to the plank with one hand. Her feet, fortunately, soon touched the bottom, and she stretched out as far as she dared and caught hold of Yoho's rough little head just in time.

Then Uncle Dick's voice spoke close to her in utter amazement: 'Miss America, what in the world are you doing?'

He might well ask! A minute later he had Alice beside him on the bank and was remonstrating with her. Alice was laughing, though she was shivering from head to foot. Even in June an unexpected cold bath is not altogether pleasant.

'It was quite easy,' she protested. 'Really, Uncle, I shouldn't have been hurt anyway, and I couldn't leave Yoho to drown, now, could I?'

Aunt Jessie's exclamations, when she saw her niece, are better imagined than described. Nina became suddenly very quiet as she heard the story of what had happened from Uncle Dick and when Yoho was put into her arms by his little rescuer. However, the hug she bestowed on the dripping Alice, regardless of her own clean frock, spoke more than words, and Alice understood it. And Nina discovered, when her cousin helped her to nurse Yoho through the severe cold that followed his ducking, that even if Miss America was a stranger and somewhat cold in her manner, she was also possessed of one of the warmest hearts in the world.



“She caught hold of Yoho’s rough little head just in time.”



“He stopped his whistling, and went very white.”

FLOSSIE—THE NIGGER.

FLOSSIE had pink cheeks, and red-gold curls, and deep blue eyes; and all this was coupled with the fairest of skins, and the gentlest of manners, so that wherever she went she was loved as soon as people knew her. She was all this, and much more, and yet she had a nickname, a nickname that her brother Dick was never tired of calling her by, a nickname she hated and never heard without flushing crimson: it was 'Nigger.' Now, why should a sweet, fair little girl, always neat and dainty, be called Nigger? Thereby hangs a tale; but it was a tale that Flossie hated to hear.

Flossie and Dick lived with Grannie, because their mother and father were in India, and India is not good for English children. Grannie loved them with all her heart, and faithfully strove to do her duty by them and not spoil them. She succeeded so well that they were both natural and gentle in their manners, and were much freer from selfishness than many children of their age.

Grannie was 'old-fashioned,' of course, and she had some funny 'notions' of her own that amused people. She did not mind the least if people were amused: if she thought a thing right, she did it, and was thus constantly practising what she preached, which accounted in a very great degree for her success with Flossie and Dick.

When Flossie was twelve the funny thing happened that gave her a nickname. Up to that time Flossie had shared with her cousin Essie a bedroom, but Essie had now gone far away, to her father and mother in Bermuda; and as Flossie was much too big now for the night nursery, Grannie decided that she should have a bedroom of her very own. She decided much more than that, though, for Grannie was a very wise old lady, and she knew that sensible household knowledge was knowledge which it was always worth a woman's while to acquire, and she knew, too, that in a house where there are plenty of servants it is a very difficult thing to acquire. She decided, therefore, that Flossie should not only have a bedroom for her very own, but should learn to keep it clean: she was to sweep and dust it herself, she was to polish the grate herself, she was to learn how to make the windows look clear and bright; she was, in fact, to do all the ordinary work of the room, and Grannie told Jane, the under-housemaid, to teach Flossie how to do it all.

Jane was very fond of Flossie, and cheerfully undertook to show her how such work was done; but Grannie said, as soon as she had really shown her, that Flossie in future must do the work herself, without Jane's assistance. Flossie was delighted. She thought it was a fine thing to have a bedroom of her own. She thought it fun, real fun, to find that she had a little carpet-sweeper for ordinary use, and a strong brush to sweep the carpet with thoroughly once a week. She had, moreover, a window-leather, and a set of blacklead brushes and several dusters which Grannie was thoughtful enough to provide, for she knew it would not do for her to be going at odd times into the kitchen for them. She thoroughly equipped Flossie with all she would need,

and gave her a big cupboard to keep everything in. It was, as has been said, like a new and beautiful game to Flossie, and she enjoyed playing it very much.

One day, the day on which she got that dreadful nickname, she was blackleading her bedroom grate, and being new to the work and going at it with all the energy of her nature, she found herself getting a little tired; so she rested a minute without getting up from the position she was in, and, while she rested she idly rubbed the brush she held, backwards and forwards over one of her very grimy little hands, for her hands had by now got almost as much blacklead on them as the grate had!

Now you can guess what happened. She brushed her hand, and the result was lovely! It shone far better than the grate had done, and foolish little Flossie was so charmed with that hand that she tried the other; and when that was done she was foolish enough to put a plentiful coat of blacklead on her bare arms, for she had rolled her sleeves up to keep them clean. When she polished them she shone magnificently, and then—oh, silly Flossie!—she actually blacklead her pretty little face! After she had polished that she went to look at herself in the glass; and even she was startled when she saw what an object she looked!

'I shouldn't have known myself,' she thought. 'I wonder if any one would know me if they saw me; I hope I am not too much changed for them to know that it is really Flossie!'

The window was wide open and she put her head out to see if there was any one in the garden, so that she might be comforted by the assurance that they knew her.

Flossie's bedroom was at the back of the house facing the kitchen garden, and just as she thrust her head out Ben, the gardener's boy, was coming whistling along with a basket of peas which he was taking to Cook for dinner. All at once he stopped his whistling, and went very white; the next moment he dropped the basket of peas on the path and flew off screaming! Flossie did not even then realise that any one could be afraid of her, so she kept her head out and looked to see if any one would see her and know her.

She had not long to wait, for Cook had been a little impatient, thinking Ben was keeping her waiting, and she said to Eliza the kitchen-maid:

'If you don't get those peas shelled they'll not be ready for dinner: you had better find Ben and tell him you can't wait.'

Off ran Eliza, but stared in surprise when she saw the basket of peas on the path. She picked it up, congratulating herself that she had not had to go far, and immediately turned to re-enter the house. Something made her glance at Flossie's window, and then she dropped the peas, and screamed so fearfully that all the servants came running from the kitchen, and Grannie, who was placidly knitting in the breakfast-room, was quite startled. She got up and went to the window to see what had happened, and was very much astonished when she saw Cook, and Eliza, and Jane, and Alice all standing out on the garden path and all looking with frightened faces at Flossie's room.

Grannie was such a good grandmother, that her first thought was a fear that her darling Flossie was in some danger, and as nimbly as she could she hurried to Flossie's bedroom to see if all was well.

What a sight met her eyes! Her sweet, fair little Flossie with black and shining face and arms and hands! Even her pretty little pink ears and her delicate neck were as black as the very best blacklead could make them.

'FLOSSIE!' Grannie said, in such capital letters that Flossie in that moment realised how naughty and how silly she had been. 'Flossie! I'm ashamed of you! Go and wash thoroughly, and never do such a senseless thing again!'

Grannie had never spoken crossly to Flossie before, and it made her feel simply dreadful, and she hurried off to the bathroom with all speed, for she knew there would be plenty of hot water there.

She washed and washed and washed, but the blacklead stayed on! Then she began to feel frightened, and she went down into the kitchen to ask Jane to be so good as to help her.

When she got into the kitchen all the servants screamed and Cook dropped a joint on to the floor. It was terrible to Flossie to feel that people were really afraid of her!

'Please, Jane,' she cried with a little sob, 'don't be afraid of me! I'm just the same! I won't hurt you! I'm just the same underneath, only I'm blacklead, and it won't come off!'

When they heard this they gathered round her, and they were all very sorry for her, and all suggested something that would be 'the very thing' for removing the blacklead 'in no time.'

Jane cheerfully and kindly undertook to make her clean.

'Don't cry, Miss Flossie,' she said pleasantly. 'You've given us a fine turn, but there, I will soon have you right again, and I should think you'd be satisfied in future with blackleading your grate, without doing your face and hands and neck!'

Jane was quite cheerful, and very kind, and perfectly certain she could effect a cure, so she hurried Flossie off to the bathroom and began operations.

Oh, dear! That blacklead was meant to stay on the grates, and it stayed on Flossie! Jane got desperate, and she tried 'Monkey soap' and pumice stone, and dry soap, and olive oil, and everything she could think of, even a few drops of turpentine; but when she had spent fully an hour and a half in making her kind attempts, though Flossie was no longer a bright black, she was a horrid dingy gray! She was so dreadful that even dear Grannie cried when she saw her. Fortunately it began to wear off before long, and in a week's time Flossie was once more sweet and fair-looking.

She had learned a valuable lesson, which she was not allowed to forget, for Dick would keep calling her the 'Nigger.' You can see the reason for the nickname now.

M. KING.

A MAN who is always promising much is always forgetting much.—*Spanish Proverb.*

FAIRYLAND.

TRY to keep from sleeping
When Mother has said 'Good-night,
And the moon floats high in a starlit sky,
Flooding the room with light.

They say when the moon is shining
The fairies dance in a ring;
But they vanish away at the break of day,
When the birds begin to sing.

Sometimes I think they are coming
And open my eyes to peep;
But my eyelids fall as I hear them call,
And soon I am fast asleep.

And just as I see them dancing,
With shimmering wings alight,
My eyes uncloze, and Fairyland goes
As the dawn breaks through the night

E. I. SAN GARDE.

THE ARAB'S REMORSE.

AN Arab, named Yussuf, was the owner of a swift and handsome mare, which he valued above all his other possessions. The fame of this beautiful animal had spread through many tribes, and many Arabs had sought to buy her. One Arab in particular, Ayoub by name, had made repeated efforts to become the possessor of the famous steed. In vain, however, had he offered camels and wealth of all kinds in exchange for her. Yussuf would not part with her.

Finding that he could not obtain possession of the mare honestly, Ayoub sought to acquire her by fraud. He stained his face, bandaged his limbs as if he were a cripple, and clothed himself in rags. In this disguise he waited in a place where Yussuf must pass. When the latter drew near, Ayoub appealed to him for help in a faint voice.

'I am a poor stranger,' he said; 'and I have fallen by the way. For three days I have lain here, unable to move. Help me, for I am about to die.'

Yussuf was touched with pity, and offered to lift him upon his horse, and take him to his tent. Ayoub, however, pretended that he was too weak to mount behind the owner of the horse, and the latter dismounted, and with great difficulty lifted the beggar into the saddle. No sooner was the latter mounted, however, than he struck spurs into the mare, and rode away, crying out as he did so that he was Ayoub, and that he meant to keep the horse for himself.

Yussuf called to him to stay awhile because he had something to tell him. Ayoub, being by this time beyond the reach of Yussuf's lance, drew up the steed, and listened.

'You have taken the mare,' said Yussuf, 'and if God so wills it, I will not complain. But grant me one request. Tell no one how you obtained her.'

'Why?' asked Ayoub.

'Lest some one in real distress should be refused help,' Yussuf replied. 'I would not wish any one

213	177	119	83	291	233	195	159	101	65	273
105	69	255	217	181	123	87	295	237	199	141
241	203	145	109	73	259	221	163	127	91	277
131	95	281	245	185	149	113	55	263	225	167
267	207	171	135	77	285	249	189	153	117	59
157	99	63	271	211	175	139	81	289	231	193
293	235	197	161	103	67	253	215	179	121	85
183	125	89	275	239	201	143	107	71	257	219
53	261	223	165	129	93	279	243	205	147	111
187	151	115	57	265	227	169	133	75	283	247
79	287	251	191	155	97	61	269	209	173	137

A "Magic Square" of 1909.

to pass by a sufferer from the fear of being duped, as you have duped me.'

The answer filled Ayoub with remorse. He dismounted from the horse, and returned her to her owner. Then, after the fashion of Arabian hospitality, he returned with Yussuf to his tent, and remained his guest for three days.

A MAGIC SQUARE OF 1909.

THE year 1909, besides being a year of wonderful 'centenaries' (because so many famous men were born in 1809), has some surprising qualities in regard to those figures which make it up. In the 'magic square' above, every row horizontally adds up to 1909. Every vertical column adds up to 1909. The two diagonals (that is, the straight lines stretching between opposite corners of the whole square) add up to 1909. And the eleven numbers visible through cards pierced in a certain way add up to 1909.

Figs. 1, 2, 3, 4 represent these cards. They should be cut out as a plain oblong (out of any odd pieces of paper or cardboard) the

exact size of these figures. The portions printed black should then be cut out altogether, so as to leave holes exactly the same size and shape as the black parts. Next place the cards on the 'magic square' so that any eleven partitions of the square show through the openings in each; if the holes are accurately cut, the openings will fit the partitions exactly. The eleven numbers then showing through the openings in each card will add up to 1909.

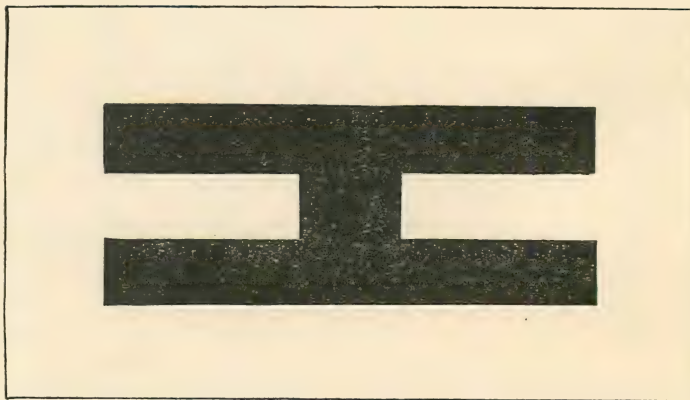


Fig. 1.

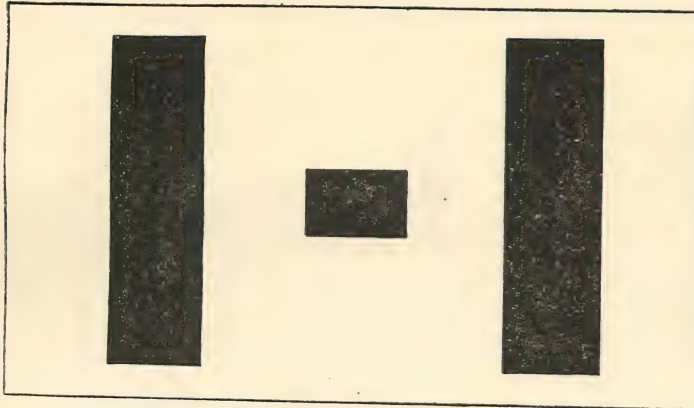


Fig. 2.

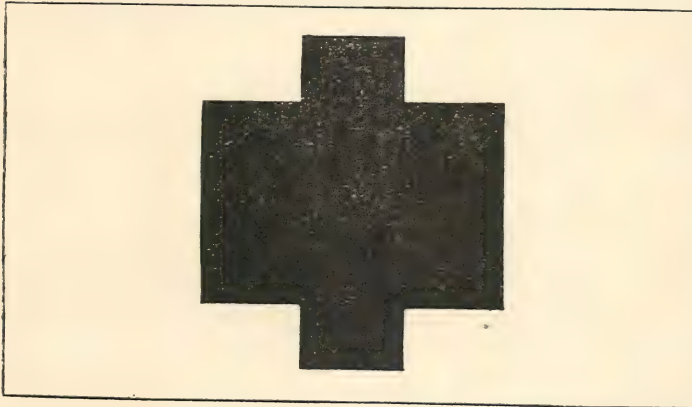


Fig. 3.

THE AUSTRALIAN BEE-HUNTERS.

THE uncivilised natives of Australia live entirely by hunting and fishing; they have never learned to cultivate the ground and they have no domestic animals. They are dependent for their food upon what they can find from day to day, and as the climate of Australia is very dry and the country in many places almost waterless and barren, edible plants and animals are rather scarce, and the blacks must be always diligently searching and hunting for something to eat, or otherwise they would quickly starve. This continuous effort makes them very expert, and many a European traveller has remarked with wonder how often the native has found or caught something to eat when the traveller himself has not had the least idea what to do in order to satisfy his hunger.

This expertness of the Australian bushmen is shown in their method of obtaining the honey which the Australian bees deposit in the trunks of the gum-trees, often at a considerable height. In order to locate the nest, the black must actually hunt the bee and follow it home. As soon, therefore, as he comes upon a gum-tree forest, he begins to look out

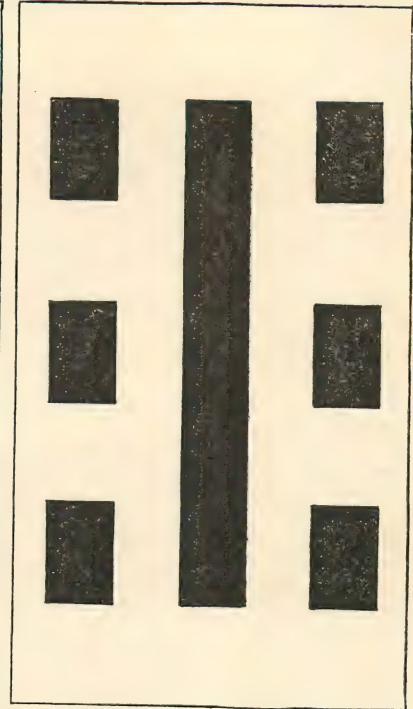


Fig. 4.

for the bees and to watch them in their flight to the nest. The Australian bee is smaller than our English one, and is, indeed, very little larger than our house-fly; yet the eyesight of the bushmen of Queensland is so good that they

can see the tiny bees streaming to and from the hole that leads to their nest, even when the latter is thirty yards above the ground. Probably no white man could detect the bees at so great a distance, and a European traveller who once discovered a small swarm about twelve feet high in the air, and pointed it out to the natives who were with him, astonished them so much that they shouted in wonderment, and one of them showed his extreme surprise by rolling on the ground.

The natives of New South Wales, when they find a number of bees flitting about among the flowers, know that the nest cannot be very far away, and selecting one of the bees, they follow it home, keeping it within sight all the way; but in order to check its flight and at the same time make it more easily discernible, they stick a little tuft of white gummed feather-down upon it. In some cases this seems to be done by the dexterity of the fingers without any other aid; but at other times a clever trick is resorted to in order to get the down stuck on to the bee. A native smears a little honey on a stone and fills his mouth with water; taking the tuft of down in his fingers, he waits until a bee is attracted by the honey and settles on the stone. No

sooner does that happen than the native squirts the water from his mouth over the bee, which is drenched and stunned by the shower; before it can recover itself the down is fixed upon it, and as it flies away the black starts off in pursuit. The bee's flight is very much impeded by the dampness of its wings and the down which it carries; but the chase is a wild, headlong scamper through the bush, for all that. But if the black can keep the bee in sight he hunts it to its nest at last, and sees the hole in which the precious honey is stored.

His next work is to climb the tree, and this he usually does with the aid of his axe. He cuts a notch or two in the trunk in which to place his toes, while he drives the blade of the axe into the tree above his head and draws himself up by its handle; then he holds on with his left hand while he makes new notches with the axe in his right—thus he ascends until he reaches the nest.

It is said that the Australian bee bites, but does not sting. The black sometimes reaches out the honey with his bare hand and arm and takes little heed of the bites, but very often he carries up a smoking firebrand tied round his neck and smokes out the nest before he puts in his hand; whether the bees sting or not, he takes out the honeycombs and drops them piece by piece to the ground, or, breaking off a piece of bark, he makes a tray of it, loads it with the honey, and descends safely to the ground with it.

HUMOURING THE ARTIST.

GILLOTT, the pen-maker, who began life amidst the humblest surroundings, and, from the smallest beginnings, built up a huge business and made a vast fortune, had a great liking for pictures. As he was able to pay the highest prices, and had considerable judgment, he succeeded in forming a magnificent collection.

He was, perhaps, one of the first of the art patrons to discover the merits of Turner's work, and he was very anxious to acquire some of his pictures. With this object in view, he paid a visit to the artist's house in Queen Anne Street. The painter was a rather eccentric man. He opened the door of his somewhat untidy house himself, and inquired what the visitor wanted. When the latter told him that he had come in the hopes of acquiring some of his work, Turner replied that he had nothing to sell which Gillott could afford to buy. The pen-maker was not to be lightly turned away, however, and after a good deal of perseverance he obtained admission to the studio, and began to bargain for a picture. The artist was in an ungracious mood, and would not even name a price. At last, the pen-maker asked him what he would take for the whole roomful of pictures. Turner, anxious to get rid of the man, named a very large price, thinking that the enormous sum would put an end to the argument. Gillott, however, merely took out his pocket-book, and paid the amount in bank-notes then and there.

Strange to say, this transaction not only bought the pictures, but it also secured the artist's goodwill. The painter and the pen-maker became firm friends, and very many of the artist's best pictures subsequently found their way to Gillott's gallery.

MARTIN HYDE.

(Continued from page 363.)

IT was too dark to do much that night, but I spent an hour in picking mortar from the bricks into which the lowest iron bar had been let. After a brief sleep I woke in the first of the light (at about one o'clock) ready to go at it again. My fever was hot upon me. I don't think that I was quite sane that day; all my reason seemed to burn up into one bright point—escape, escape at all costs, then, at the instant.

I must tell you that the chimney, like most old chimneys, was large enough for a big boy to scramble up in order to sweep it. For some reason the owner of the house had barred the chimney across, so that this could not be done. They swept it, probably, in the effective, old-fashioned way, by shooting a blank charge of powder from a blunderbuss straight up the opening. The first two iron bars were so placed that it was only necessary to remove one to make room for my body; further up there were others, more close together. The fire had not been lighted for many years; there was no soot in the passage. There was a jackdaw's nest high up. I could see the old jackdaw looking down at me. Up above her head was a little square of sky. I did not doubt that when I got to the top I should be able to scramble out of that square on to the leads, then down by a waterspout, evading the sentries, over the garden wall to freedom. After half an hour of mortar-picking, I got one end of the lowest iron bar out of its socket. Then I picked out the mortar from the other end, working the bar about like a lever to grind the fulcrum into dust. Soon I had the bar so loose that I was able to thrust it to one side, leaving a passage big enough for my body.

I was very happy when this was done. I went back to the room to make up a packet of food to take with me. This I thrust into an inner pocket before launching out up the hole. When I had cleared up the mess of mortar, I started up the chimney, carefully replacing the bar behind. Soon I was seven or eight feet above the room, trying to get at the upper bars. I was scrambling about for a foothold, when I noticed, to my left, an iron bar or handle, well concealed from below by projecting bricks. I seized hold of it with my left hand, very glad of the support it offered, when, with a dull grating noise, it slid downwards under my weight, drawing with it the iron panel to which it was clamped. I had come upon a secret chamber in the chimney; there, at my side, was an opening big enough for a man's body.

I was pretty well startled by it: not only by the suddenness of the discovery, but from the fear I had lest it should lead to some inhabited room, where my journey would be brought to an end. I peered into it well before I ventured to enter. It was a little, low room, about five feet square, lit by two loopholes, which was concealed from the outside by the great growth of ivy on the side of the house. I clambered into it with pleasure, keeping as quiet as I could. It was a dirty little room, with part of its floor rotten from rain, which had beaten in through the loopholes. It had not been used for a great

while. The pallet-bed against the wall was covered with rotten rags, dry as tinder. There were traces of food, who could say how ancient, in a dish by the bed. There was a broken neck-chain, lying close to the platter. Some fugitive who had used this hole years before had left it there in his hurry; I wondered how. Something of the awe which had been upon him then seemed to linger in the place. Many men had lain with beating hearts in that room: the room seemed to remember. I have never been in a place which made one's heart move like that room.

As I expected, there was a way of escape from the hiding-place. A big stone in the wall seemed to project unnecessarily. The last-comer to that room had shut the door carelessly, otherwise I might never have found it. Seeing the projecting stone, I took it for a clue, feeling all round it, till I found that underneath it there was a groove for finger-tips. The stone was nothing more than a large, cunningly-fashioned drawer which pulled out, showing a passage leading down, down, along narrow winding steps, just broad enough for one man to creep down at a time. The stairs were more awesome than the room, for they were dark. I could not see where they led; but I meant to go through this adventure now that I had begun it. So down I crept cautiously, clinging to the wall, feeling with my feet as I went, lest there should be no step suddenly, but a black pit far down, into which a man might fall headlong on to who knows what horrors. I counted the steps. I thought that they would never end. There were thirty-seven altogether. They brought me to a dark sort of room, with damp earth for its floor, upon which water slowly dropped from some unseen stalactite. I judged that I must be somewhere near the bath-chamber, not more than ten feet from the old fish-pond. If there was a way out, I felt that it must be to my left under the garden; not to my right, which would lead back under the body of the house.

Very cautiously I felt along to my left, till I found that there was indeed a passage, but one so low that I had to stoop to get along it. A few steps further brought me with a shock against a wall, a sad surprise to me, for I thought that I was on the road to safety. When I recovered from my fear, I felt along the wall till I found that the passage zigzagged like a badger's earth. It turned once sharply to the right, going up a couple of steps, then again sharply to the left, going up a few more steps, then again to the right, up one step more, to a broader, open stretch, lit by one or two tiny chinks, more cheering to me than you can imagine. I guessed that I was passing at last under the garden, having gone right below the house's foundations. The chinks of light seemed to me to come from holes worn in the roof by rabbits or rats. They were pleasant things to see after all that groping in the blackness of night.

On I went cautiously, feeling my way before me, till suddenly I stopped dead, frightened terribly, for close to me, almost within touch as it seemed, some men were talking to each other. They were evidently sitting just above my head, in the cool morning, watching for me to come through my window,

as I suppose. They were some of Sir Travers's sentries. A moment's thought told me that I had little to fear from them if I moved quietly in my burrow. However, as my walk was often noisy, through stumblings on stones, I waited till they moved off, which was not for some minutes. One of the men was asking the other what was the truth about the Duke.

'Why,' his mate answered, 'they say he was beaten back coming towards London. They say he be going to Bridgwater now, to make it a castle like; or perhaps he be coming to Taunton. They say he has only a mob left to him, what with all this rain. But I don't know. He be very like to come back here agen, so we shall have to watch for our stock.'

'Ah!' said the first; 'they did say there was soldiers come to Ilminster, so as to shut him off like. I saw fires out that way myself, like camp-fires, before it grew light. They do say the soldiers be all for the Duke.'

'Yes,' the other answered; 'he be very like to win if it come to a battle. He'd have got on to London, I dare say, if the roads had but been dry.'

'What do 'ee say to a bit of tobaccy, master?' said the first, after a pause.

'Why, very well,' said the other.

At this instant, without any warning, something in the wall of my passage gave way—some bit of rotten mortar which held up a stone, or something of the sort. At any rate, a stone fell out with a little rush of rotten plaster, making a good deal of noise, though, of course, it seemed more to me than to the men outside.

'Whatever in the world was that?' said one of them.

'I dunno,' said the other. 'It seemed to come from down below somewhere, under the earth like.'

'Do you think as it could be a rabbit?'

'It did sound like a stone falling out of a wall,' came the answer.

'I dunno. Where a-could it come from?'

They seemed to search about for some trace of a rabbit, but, not finding any, they listened for another stone to fall.

'I tell you what I think,' said the first man; 'I believe there are underground passages all over these gardens. Some of the walks sound just as hollow as logs if you do stamp on them. There was very queer doings here in the old times, very queer. Some day I mean to grub about a bit, master: for my old grandmother used always to say a lot of treasure was buried hereabouts in the old time.'

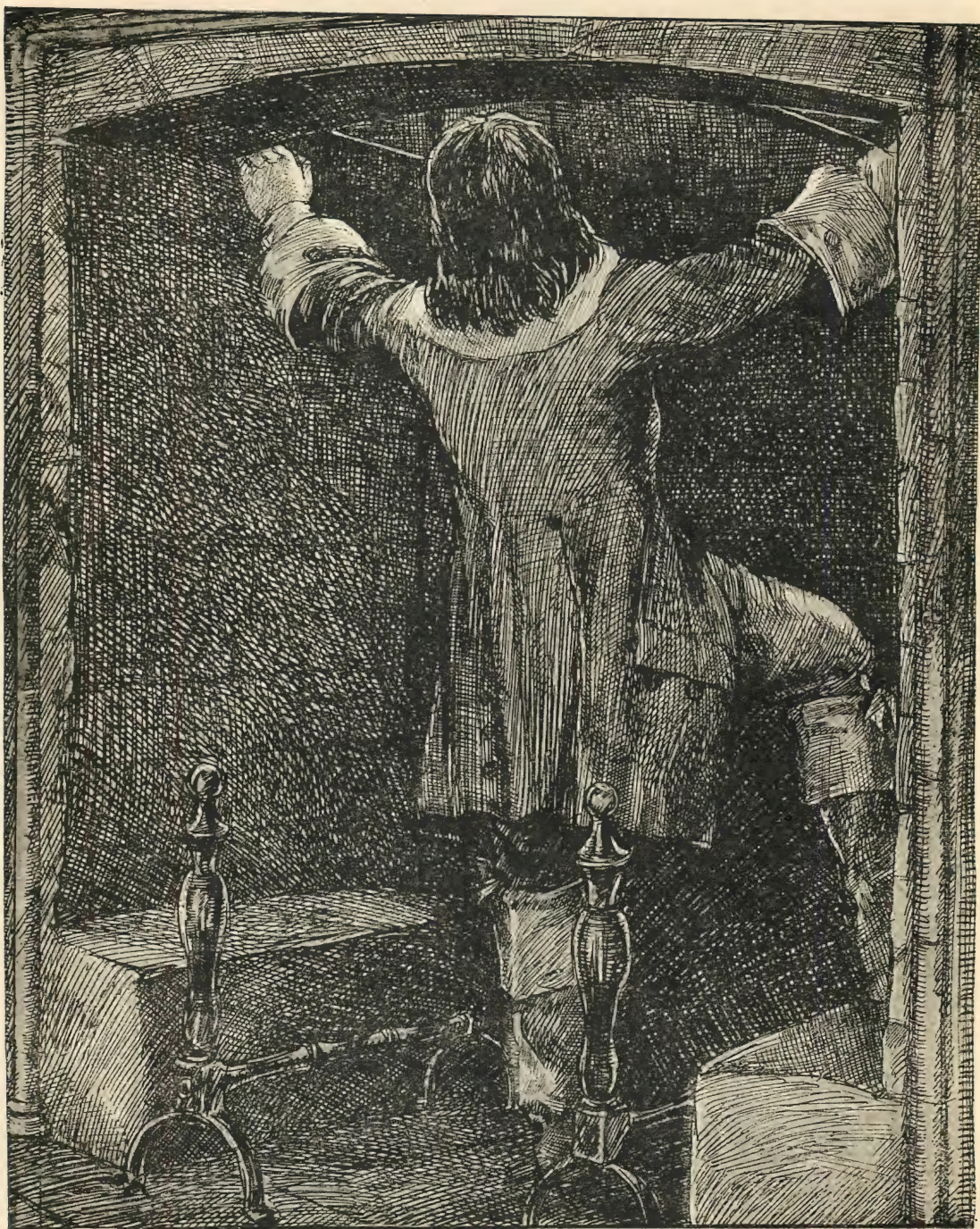
'Ah!' said the other.

'Then shall we get a spade quiet like, to see if it be beneath?'

The other hesitated, while my heart sank. I very nearly went back to my prison, thinking that all was over.

'No,' said his comrade; 'we'll ask Sir Travers first. He don't like people grubbing about. Some of his forefathers, as they call them, weren't very good, I do hear, neither. He don't want their little games brought to life, like.'

(Continued on page 378.)



"I started up the chimney."



“His back was still towards me.”

MARTIN HYDE.

(Continued from page 375.)

AFTER this, the men moved off to some other part of their beat. I went on along the passage quickly, till suddenly I fell with a crash down three or four steps into a dirty puddle, knocking my head as I fell. I could see no glimmer of light from this place, but I groped my way out, up a few steps further on, into a smaller, dirtier passage than the one which I had just left. After this I had to crawl like a badger in his earth, with my back brushing against the roof, over many masses of broken brickwork, most rough to the palms of my hands. All of a sudden I smelt a pleasant stable-smell. I heard the rattle of a halter drawn across manger-bars. I heard a horse paw upon the ground quite close to me. A dim but regular chink of light showed in front of me, level with my head as I crawled. Peering through it, I saw that I was looking into a stable, almost level with the floor. The passage had come to an end.

By getting my fingers into the crack through which I peered, I found that I could swing round some half-a-dozen stones, which were mortared together so as to form a revolving door. It worked with difficulty, as though no one had passed through by that way for many years, but it worked for me after a little hard pushing. I scrambled through the narrow opening into a roomy old stable, where some cart-horses peered at me with wonder as I rose to my feet. After getting out, I shut my door behind me so firmly that I could not open it again. There must have been some spring or catch which I could not set to work. Two steps more took me out of the horses' stalls into the space behind, where, on a mass of hay, lay a carter, fast asleep, with the door-key in his hand. By his side lay a pitchfork. He was keeping guard there, prepared to resist Monmouth's pillagers.

He slept so heavily that I was tempted to take the key from his hand. Twice I made little half-steps forward to take it, but each time something in the man's look daunted me. He was a surly-looking man, who, if roused suddenly in a locked stable, might lay about him without waiting to see who roused him. He stirred in his sleep as I drew near him for the second time; so I gave up the key as a bad job. The loft seemed to be my only chance, as there was only this one big locked double-door upon the lower floor. I clambered up the steep ladder to the loft, hoping that my fortune there might be better, but resolved, if the worst came, to hide there in the hay until the carter took the horses to work, leaving the doors open.

I had hardly set my foot upon the loft-floor when one of the horses, hearing, I suppose, some slight noise outside, whinnied loudly, rattling his halter. The noise was enough to rouse an army. It startled the carter from his bed. I heard him leap to his feet with an exclamation; I heard him pad round the stable, talking to the horses in turn; I heard him unlock the door to see what was stirring. I stood stock-still in my tracks, not daring to stir towards the cover of the hay at the further end of the loft. I heard him walk slowly, grunting

heavily, to the foot of the ladder, where he stopped to listen for any further signal. If he had come up, he must have caught me. I could not have escaped. But though he seemed suspicious, he did not venture further. He walked slowly back to his bed, grunting discontentedly. In a few minutes he was sound asleep again, for farming people sleep like sailors, as though sleep were a sort of spirit, muffling them suddenly in a thick felt blanket. After he had gone off to sleep I took off my boots, in order to put them on under my stockings, for the greater quiet which that muffling gives to the tread. Then I peered about the loft for a way of escape.

There were big double-doors to this upper loft, through which the hay could be passed from a wagon standing near the wall. These doors were padlocked on the inside; there was no opening them; the staples were much too firm for me to remove without a crowbar. The other openings in the walls were mere loophole slits, about four feet long, but only a few inches broad. There were enough of these to make the place light. By their light I could see that there was no way of escape for me except by the main door.

I was almost despairing of escape from this prison of mine when I saw that the loft had a hay-shoot, leading downwards. When I saw it I fondly hoped that it led to some outer stable or cart-shed, separated from that in which the carter slept. A glance down its smooth shaft showed me that I was wrong in my surmise, since it led to the main stable. I could see the heads of the meditative horses, bent over the empty mangers, exactly as if they were saying grace. Beyond them I saw the boots of the carter dangling over the edge of the trusses of hay on which he slept. I stepped back from this shaft quickly, because I thought that I might be seen from below. My foot went into the nest of a sitting hen, right on to the creature's back. Up she started, giving me such a fright that I nearly screamed. She flew with a cackling shriek, which set all the blackbirds chipping in the country-side. Round the loft she scattered, calling her hideous noise. Up jumped the carter, down came his pitchfork with a thud. His great boots clattered over the stable to the ladder. Clump, clump, he came upstairs, with his pitchfork prongs gleaming over his head like lance-heads.

I saw his head show over the opening of the loft. There was not a second to lose. His back, of course, was still towards me, as the ladder was mercifully nailed to the wall. Before he turned I slid over the mouth of the shaft down into the hayrack of the old brute who had whinnied. I alit softly, but I certainly shocked that old mare's feelings. In a second, before she had time to kick, I was outside her stall, darting across the stable to the key, which lay on the truss of hay, mercifully left there by its guardian. In another second the lock had turned. I was outside, in the glorious open fields again. Swiftly but silently I drew the key out of the lock. One second more sufficed to lock that door from without. The carter was a prisoner there, locked safely in with his horses. I was free. The key was in my pocket. Yonder lay the great combs which hid Taunton from me. I waved my hat towards them; then, with a wild, joyous rush, I scrambled behind the

cover of the nearest hedge, along which I ran hard for nearly a quarter of a mile.

I stopped for a few minutes to rest among some ferns, while I debated how to proceed. I changed the arrangement of my stockings; I also dusted my very dirty clothes, all filthy from the passage underground.

'Now,' I said to myself, 'there must be many ways to Taunton. One way, I know, leads along this valley, past Chard there, where the houses are. The other way must lie across these combes, high up. Which way shall I choose, I wonder?'

A moment's thought showed me that the combes would be unfrequented, while the valley road, being the easy road, which (as I knew) the Duke's army had chosen, would no doubt be full of people, some of them (perhaps) the King's soldiers, coming up from Bridport. If I went by that road my pursuers would soon hear of me, even if I managed to get past the watchers on the road.

On the other hand, Aurelia would probably know that I should choose the combe road. Still, even if she sent out mounted men, she would find me hard to track, since the combes were lonely—so lonely that for hours together you can walk there without meeting anybody. There would be plentiful cover among the combes in case I wished to lie low. Besides, I had a famous start, a five hours' start; for I should not be missed until eight o'clock. It could not then have been much more than half-past two. In five hours an active boy, even if he knew not the road, might put some half-a-dozen miles behind him. I say only half-a-dozen miles because the roads were the roughest of rough mud-tracks, still soft from the rains. As I did not know the ways, I knew that I might be certain to go wrong, taking wrong turns. As I wished to avoid people, I counted on travelling most of the way across country, trusting to luck to find my way among the fields. So that, although in five hours I should travel perhaps ten or twelve miles, I could not count on getting more than six miles towards Taunton.

(Continued on page 390.)

THE LONG-TAILED OR BOTTLE TIT.

THERE is an almost comical quaintness about the Bottle Tits as they play about branches and furze-bushes in the quest for insects. Like the Blue Tits, they have a funny fashion of turning upside down, and their very long tail cocked up into the air gives them a most droll effect. They fly very swiftly, shooting up into the air or darting from bush to bush, often intent on catching gnats, though their efforts are usually failures.

House-building is the chief talent of the Long-tailed Tits, and one of their homes is a really beautiful object; oval in shape, lined inside with most carefully woven feathers, and sparkling outside with silver-coloured lichens attached to an inner wall of moss and wool. The opening is near the top on one side, and it is pretty to watch the little mistress glide into her nest, arranging her long tail with a grace which many Court ladies might envy when managing their sweeping trains. Nothing is

more wonderful than this nest-building talent. Have you ever thought why a particular pair of birds know how to make the special kind of nest which the grandparents and great-grandparents have been making for endless generations? Even supposing that they remember the nursery in which they were reared, they could have no idea what materials were used in its construction, or how they were arranged, or whether it was the fashion of their species for father and mother to build the nest together, mother sitting inside and twirling round and round to ensure a comfortable shape, and father building from outside, or for mother to build alone and father fetch her materials. And yet it is a fact that wherever we find tits, magpies, finches, or any kind of birds, except the lazy cow-birds and cuckoos, we shall know who were the architects by the structure erected. All that natural science can teach us in this matter is to refer it to what is called 'hereditary instinct,' that is, a knowledge with which the bird was gifted at birth.

When the nest is completed and made snug inside, Mrs. Bottle Tit proceeds to lay from ten to twelve eggs in it, and then for a long time both she and Mr. Tit have plenty of occupation to satisfy a number of greedy little mouths with fine juicy grubs and insects of many kinds.

Long-tailed tits have strong feelings of family affection, and during the first year the whole family keep together, flying about in a party in search of food, sitting to rest side by side, and when too big to get into the nest, roosting as close together as possible. In a very interesting book, called *Bird-watching*, the author gives a fascinating account of the fashion in which the little tits go to sleep. Two perch on a branch as close as it is possible to sit, and make their toilettes for the night, preening their feathers with great care. Then they edge even nearer to each other, their little heads drawn in amongst the soft down of the neck, and their long tails touching, so that they look like one bird. Then two more may perch alongside, with sometimes one on the back of the others, so that in the end they are just a ball of feathers with one long tail.

The voice of the bottle tit is soft and melodious, and although its conversational powers do not go beyond repetitions of 'chit, chit,' it is wonderful how much such a little can be made to express by the change of tone in which it is uttered.

When seen flying in the sunshine a number of these birds together have a lovely effect, and I have delightful recollections of them near an old house in Westphalia situated in a dense forest, a veritable paradise for birds. One particular spot where I was painting appeared to be their chosen playground, and they would dart up into the air, wheeling round each other backwards and forwards, like a lot of merry children frolicking for mere happiness.

On the whole, though the winters in Germany are very much colder than our own, the birds there fare better, as by law people are obliged to put up boxes or shelters for them in their gardens, and the vast amount of wood and forest scattered over the country provides the feathered creatures with much more natural food than they could find in England.

A SCHOOLMASTER'S EPITAPH.

THIS epitaph is in a Suffolk churchyard:—

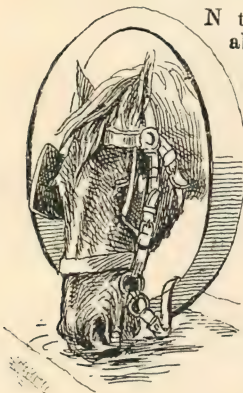
'The body of Lewis Webb, Schoolmaster, like the cover of an old book, its contents worn out, and stripped of its lettering and gilding, lies here.

'Yet the work shall not be lost, for it shall (as he believed) appear once more in a new and most beautiful edition, corrected and revised by the Author.'

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

True Tales of the Year 1809.

VII.—THE BIRTH OF TENNYSON.

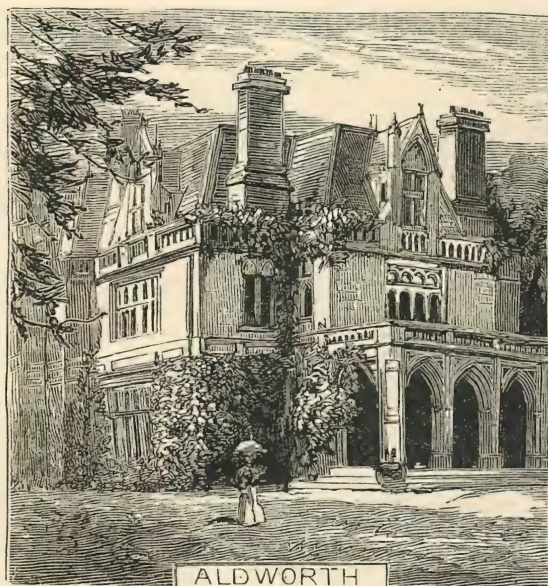


IN the sea-coast of Lincolnshire, about twelve miles from Mablethorpe, and about the same number of miles from Louth, there is a vicarage in 'a land of quiet villages, large fields, grey hillsides, and noble, tall-towered churches,' which millions of English-speaking folk have been thinking of in 1909. What, then, has given such a retired little spot as the Vicarage of Somersby so world-wide a reputation? Just a hundred years ago, on the 6th of August, 1809, the Vicar's

fourth child was born, and though eight other



SOMERSBY RECTORY



ALDWORTH



FARRINGFORD

Tennyson's Homes.

brothers and sisters were born later, making in all a big family of twelve, yet none of them was destined to fill such a great place in the world as his fourth child—Alfred Tennyson.

It is an old saying that 'the poet is born and not made,' but Alfred Tennyson used to say, when he had become famous, that this proverb was wrong, or, at least, it only stated half a truth. He believed

that it ought to read, 'the poet is born *and* made,' and he was one of the best examples in the history of literature of the truth of his own remark. There is no doubt that he was born a poet, for he composed really remarkable poems when he was a mere child; but it is equally true that by diligence, by earnest endeavour, and by laborious study, he perfected the gift which God had bestowed upon him.

Not only during his boyhood, but all through his life, this great poet was a lover of country sights and sounds; of flowers and trees, of birds and beasts. He loved the sea, too, especially when the foam-tipped breakers were rolling grandly up his own flat, sandy Lincolnshire coast. He liked to see them rear and curl and plunge, and to hear the rattle of the gravel, as they retired, just as though they were growling and grumbling at their ill-success. He loved the wind, too, and the sound of its going in the tree-tops. Long before he could read he showed that there was poetry in his nature by running against the wind with outstretched arms, crying, 'I hear a voice that's speaking in the wind.'

When he was quite a little boy his grandfather, who had lost his wife, asked Alfred to write a little poem in commemoration of his grandmother's death. Alfred, wishing to please his grandfather, spent great pains upon this first 'In Memoriam' poem, and the old gentleman was so pleased with it that he gave the boy half-a-guinea. 'There, Alfred,' he said, 'is half-a-guinea for you, the first money you have ever earned by your poetry, and take my word for it, the

last.' This was a most unfortunate remark, although no one foresaw it at the time, for Alfred Tennyson eventually made a fortune by his poetry.

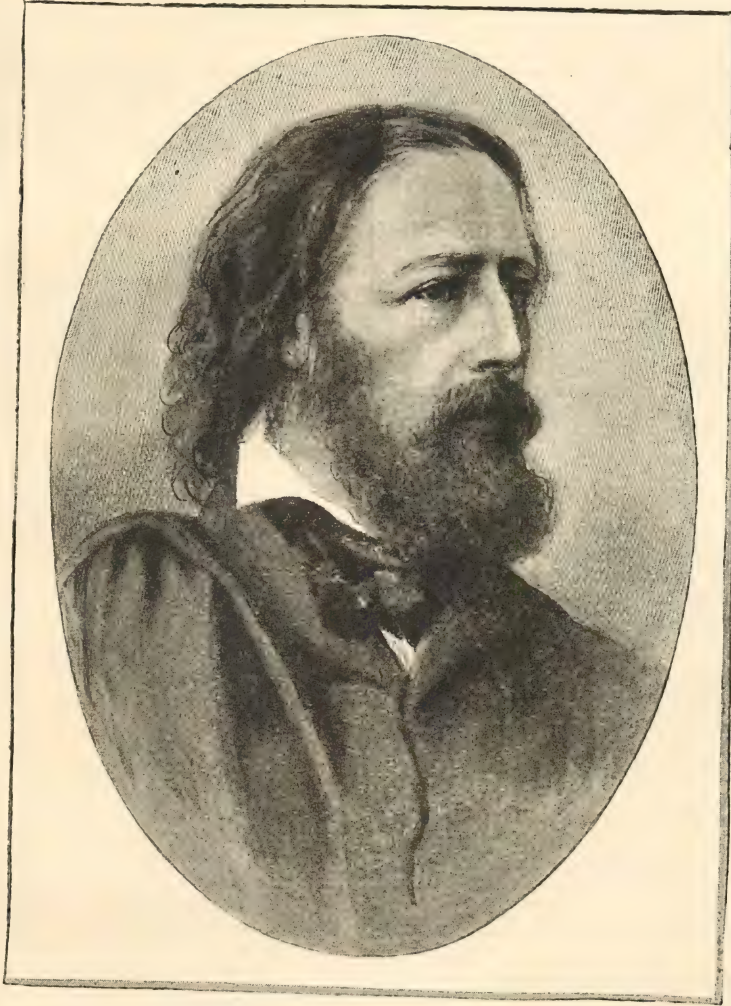
Alfred was a great teller of stories. He had a very vivid imagination, and at an early age he had read a large number of books. His stories generally had to do with enchanted castles, with dragon-haunted

mountains, with gloomy woods, and brave knights rescuing fair ladies from deadly peril. In after years he wrote a beautiful series of poems called *The Idylls of the King*, and in these he tells the same sort of stories, but in a much grander, more solemn, and majestic style. They are written about the stories and legends of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table.

The Tennyson children had a quaint little custom, of writing stories and putting them underneath the vegetable dishes on the table when it was set for dinner. Their presence there was supposed to be a profound secret, but when dinner was over, and the dishes were being removed,

these hidden stories would be brought to light, and then their young authors would read them aloud to the rest of the family. Alfred was looked upon as the most accomplished story-teller and also as the most interesting, because his tales were always so thrilling, and he told them with such skill.

He himself tells a story which illustrates not only his powers of mimicry, but also his love of animals. The young poet's favourite room was the Rectory attic. There he would often sit at the open window, looking at the stars. One night he was sitting there



Alfred Lord Tennyson, Poet Laureate.

very still when he heard a young owl in the ivy. He answered its cry, and it actually came to him and nestled against his coat. Eventually it became a regular inmate of the Vicarage and a great pet. He also had a monkey, and these two, the owl and the monkey, did not get on well together. They were jealous of one another. Alfred one day saw this comical bird and equally comical beast sitting opposite to one another, looking very solemnly into each other's face. Suddenly the monkey, without the slightest warning, sprang at the owl, seized it by one of its legs, and whirling it round and round above its head, at last flung it across the room. The owl was fortunately little worse for its adventure. The poor owl met a sad death later, for it was drowned in a well!

The poet's mother was not only a very beautiful woman, but very loving and sympathetic and understood her children's natures thoroughly. She was very proud of her clever boys, and Alfred and his brother Charles used to walk beside her bath-chair, which was drawn by a huge mastiff, and read their poems to her, as they rambled slowly along the lanes.

The two brothers published a volume of poetry whilst they were yet boys in their teens, and they not only had the pleasure of seeing their verses in all the glory of print, but actually of being paid, half in cash and half in books, for their work. It was a great day for the two boys when this little book, entitled *Poems by Two Brothers*, was issued from the publishing office at Louth, and the poet used to relate in after years how he and his brother hired a carriage, drove down to the sea at Mablethorpe and 'shared their triumph with the wind and waves.'

(Concluded on page 395.)

A MORNING CALL.

IT WAS on a morn in April, when the sun shone
A bright o'er all,
The Violet wandered down the lane to make a morn-
ing call.
She went to see the Primrose, who lived just down
the lane,
And to talk about the Spring-time that had come
back once again.

The day was bright and sunny, the birds were on the
tree,
And the Violet went along the lane as happy as could
be:
She stopped to greet the Bluebell, who had just
begun to flower,
And kissed the Honeysuckle, who was twining round
the bower.

The birds were all a-carolling upon the leaf and
spray,
And stopped to hail the Violet as she went upon her
way;
Dressed in her little gown of blue she made a pretty
sight,
And the fragrance that she yielded was a perfume of
delight.

She found the Primrose swaying upon her tender
stalk,

Fresh from her gentle slumbers just ready for a talk;
A tender little drop of dew just rested on her face,
Imparting to her petals a sweet and radiant grace.

What did the flowers talk about? Ah! that I can-
not tell,

They have a language of their own, and the flowers
know it well;

But I am very sure they talked about the lovely
earth,

And the birds and trees and blossoms that in Spring-
time come to birth.

And when their talk was over, the Violet said 'Good-
day!

Good-bye, dear sister Primrose; I must hurry on my
way.

For the children soon will all of them be coming
through the field,

And they like to see the Violet, and love the scent I
yield.'

And ere the little children had wandered in the lane,
The Violet 'mid her tender leaves peeped shyly forth
again;

And as the children watched her, so happy and so
glad,

They didn't know about the talk the little blossoms
had.

WINNING HIS COLOURS.

I DID not think it was quite sporting, and told
Hammond so frankly. Hammond secretly agreed
with me, I fancy, for, instead of chucking me out of
his study for cheek, he began to argue.

'What about Graham playing the game?' he
asked. 'He has not paid a single sub. to anything,
and he refused even a shilling for the Head's birth-
day present.'

'Perhaps he can't afford it.'

'Well, none of us are actually rolling in cash,'
said Hammond; 'but every one else manages to
fork out the usual subscriptions.'

'But Graham is different in a way. You know as
well as I do that his father died without a penny,
and, if an uncle hadn't put him into St. Benedict's,
he would have been an office-boy somewhere now.
Old Peter Graham lives not far from us, and I can
tell you he has no reputation for generosity, so I
don't suppose he's liberal with pocket-money. Be-
sides—bother it all, Hammond!—Graham's far and
away the best half-back we have; and I don't think
it is fair to keep back his colours just because he
hasn't paid up his cash.'

'When you're captain you can put in any one you
choose,' remarked Hammond. 'I prefer Tentridge;
and with this he turned to his Latin grammar in a
huff, and refused to say anything more.'

I was sorry for Graham, because he was a decent
chap, in spite of his mania for work; and he wasn't
one of those bookish fellows who look down on
games. He was splendid at footer, and, if he had
been any other boy in the school, Hammond would
not have hesitated between him and Tentridge in

making up the team to play in our big match against Markley House. And of course that match meant more than just the game—it carried with it the eleventh man's colours; for Hammond had selected every one but the half-back, and now he hesitated between Tentridge and Graham. Graham said nothing—in fact, he was a quiet, reserved sort of chap, and never talked much, but we knew he was frightfully keen on getting in for that match. He had a pretty shrewd notion, too, why Hammond hesitated; but when he was asked to give towards the Head's present he stammered as usual, and said he was very sorry, but he couldn't. That seemed to Hammond the deciding straw, and every one guessed that Tentridge would play against Markley House, although the captain made no definite announcement.

Hammond's huffiness with me did not last long, and next day, being half-holiday, he suggested we should go and have tea at Swathley, a little town about four miles from St. Benedict's. Our Head is jolly good about 'bounds,' and we boys are allowed free range on half-holidays, being on our honour not to break rules or misbehave ourselves.

We found an Al tuck-shop at Swathley, and we took a table right at the back. The worst of a good pastry-cook's is that ladies *will* come in and have afternoon tea, and they chatter so that a fellow can't hear himself think. So we found ourselves a dim corner, and that must be why Graham didn't notice us. No sooner had we ordered tea and muffins, with heaps of butter, than Hammond pinched my arm.

'Christopher Columbus!' he muttered, and I saw Graham coming down the room, and with him, looking as pleased as a dozen Punches in one, was a small girl—quite a nice little kid. She looked about eight years old, and the very image of Graham.

They didn't see us, although they sat down quite close, Graham with his back turned in our direction. The kid began to chatter at once, and we couldn't help hearing what she said.

'Oh, Arthur,' she cried, 'I thought Wednesday would never, never come! It always seems months till I have crossed off all the other days of the week!'

'Poor Jessie,' said Graham. 'Has Aunt Janet been very strict?'

'She always is,' sighed the child, 'and it's so dull with no one to talk to. If I only went to school, instead of learning lessons with Aunt Janet!'

'Cheer up, girlie,' said her brother. 'At any rate, it's better than living with an old curmudgeon like Uncle Peter. Though I oughtn't to call him that, because he's been a brick in sending me to St. Benedict's. Never mind, Jessie, I shall soon be ready for that head-mastership, and when I have a ripping school—'

'I'll come and keep house for you,' said Jessie, smiling. 'And the boys shall have jam roly-poly every day, and no horrid rice-puddings or—or cold potatoes!'

'We shall have heaps of pupils then,' laughed Graham, 'and in the meantime, girlie, we have a jolly time together every week, don't we, eh?'

'Rather!' nodded Jessie; then she looked grave. 'Arthur, Aunt Janet was talking about that—about

your taking me out. She says it's a waste of money, and you can't afford it.'

Graham laughed heartily. 'Nonsense, kiddie!' he said. 'Why, Uncle Peter gives me two whole shillings a week. Think of that—twenty-four pennies, forty-eight halfpennies! How many farthings, Jessie?'

She began to count on her fingers, and I saw Hammond was calculating too, and guessed what about.

Tea for two was sixpence, muffins at two for threepence came to another sixpence; that made a shilling.

The kid was eating her third cream-bun—she hadn't been talking all the time!—which meant another sixpence, and she had insisted on her brother having one, though he wouldn't have more. One-and-eightpence from two shillings didn't leave much for school subscriptions. By this time Jessie had found that two shillings equal ninety-six farthings, but she didn't mean to be put off by mental arithmetic.

'You see, Arthur,' she said gravely, 'Aunt Janet says it's awfully hard for a boy at a big school if he hasn't much pocket-money.'

'Not at our school,' Graham answered her without a pause. 'The St. Benedict's fellows are jolly good sorts, you know.'

'And they don't leave you out of things because you're poor?'

'Of course not,' said Graham. 'They—'

But at that moment some stupid waitress turned on another cluster of electric lights, and suddenly Hammond and I were in glaring brightness. Jessie stared at us for a moment, then spoke eagerly to her brother in a whisper, which we heard all the same.

'Oh! Arthur, there's two boys with caps just like yours!' and Graham turned round as though he had been shot.

We were standing up, hoping we could have slipped out; but now it was too late. Hammond walked to the other table.

'I say, you're Graham's sister, aren't you?' he said to the kid. 'Are you coming to see him play in the big match against Markley House?'

'May I?' asked Jessie, whose eyes shone with delight. 'You're one of the boys Arthur likes, aren't you? Will you be playing too?'

'Don't forget to clap when we score a goal,' said Hammond, ignoring the awkward question, though his face got rather red. 'See you after prep. to-night, Graham?' he added, cordially, as he went out; and Graham muttered something quite unintelligible.

He came to Hammond's study, though, but at first he did not want to take the tasselled football cap which represented his colours. He had had a pretty rough time of it after all, and I expect it was a bit hard to let bygones be bygones.

'You can't disappoint that jolly little kid, you know,' said Hammond at last; and in the end he didn't.

Jessie came, and, though we were pretty hard up, it being near the end of the term, Hammond and I scraped up enough to get her a rather decent box of chocolates, and somehow that seemed to please Graham even more than winning his colours.



"He did not want to take the football cap."



“He was obliged to remain perched on the seat.”

THE MISADVENTURES OF JACKSON.

VIII.

JACKSON'S TRAVELLING ACQUAINTANCES.

THERE was one thing that Jackson had resolved firmly, after the fiasco of the Egyptian Essay, and that was that he would win his form's 'composition prize.' The essays had to be written during the Easter holidays, and two subjects were given—one for the upper school and one for the lower. These subjects were chosen by the School Governors, and as, during the year that Jackson made his resolve, the chairman was an enthusiastic member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the one chosen for the senior boys was 'The dog as the friend of man.'

Most of the big boys grumbled, and declared that the subject was only suitable for an 'infant school,' but Jackson went to work with a will. His father possessed a large library, and he began a systematic search for the names and characters of the dogs owned by great men; the result was, as his mother believed, a most creditable composition for a boy of his age.

And on this occasion the essay was not forgotten. When Jackson started for St. Olaf's, he rolled it up and put it carefully into the pocket of his great-coat, so that he might be able to read it to Perkins that night.

The journey passed uneventfully till Jackson came to the junction where he had to change into the train for St. Olaf's. There he met swarms of school-fellows, and the usual struggle began with the officials as to how many could cram themselves into one compartment. Jackson, happening to be the last to try to enter one, was collared by the guard and thrust into a nearly empty carriage just as the train started.

He fell sprawling on the ground, and was greeted by a deep but subdued growl.

'Hi, there, don't move, or he will have your nose!' shouted a voice, and Jackson, finding himself face to face with a large and surly-looking bulldog, thought it better to obey. Then the dog's owner, with many loud threats, made the animal retreat under the seat, and Jackson was able to rise and pick up his great-coat and the rest of his property.

The only human occupant of the carriage was a burly farmer, who appeared to be much amused at Jackson's discomfiture. 'You fairly startled Napoleon, young man, coming in suddenly like that,' he said with a chuckle. 'It's a wonder you didn't feel his teeth.'

'He ought not to be allowed in a railway carriage,' blurted out Jackson, who was both angry and annoyed.

The old farmer chuckled again. 'No, I dare say he oughtn't; but then, you see, the porters didn't exactly fancy putting him into a dog-box, even when he had got on a muzzle and chain, and so they winked at it when they saw him following me in here. But, bless you, Napoleon's as gentle as a lamb if you know how to treat him. Come along, old chap!' And the great bulldog crawled out from under the seat and began to wag his tail.

'He's glad to be rid of his muzzle,' went on the talkative farmer. 'He has been up to London with me, and I found that he would land me in the police-courts if I didn't muzzle him. The truth is, he can't bear rags, and they're not exactly scarce in London.'

'Why did you take him up to London?' asked Jackson, his interest beginning to master his indignation.

'Well, you see, sir, it was this way. I had never been farther than Mitchingham before, and then one morning down came a letter from a lawyer in London to say an old cousin of the missus's had died in Fulham and left her all her money. So I said to the missus, I know what these lawyer chaps are, I'll go up and see about the matter myself, and take Napoleon with me. The Lord Mayor himself, says I, wouldn't dare to cheat me out of a farthing if Napoleon had his eye on him.'

Jackson felt inclined to agree with the man when he remembered his own experience of the bulldog's manners and customs, but the old farmer enjoyed the sound of his own voice too much to allow Jackson to put in a word, and from that moment until the train slowed down for the only stopping-place between the junction and St. Olaf's, he kept up one continual stream of reminiscence—first of all, the dangers, real and imaginary, from which Napoleon had saved him in London, and, finally, of the dog's whole history since, as a puppy, he had fixed his teeth in a tramp's legs while he could as yet hardly stand firmly on his own.

'Bless you, is that Mitchingham?' said the farmer. 'You're such an interesting talker, sir, I didn't think we were half-way there yet. The missus's aunt's cousin promised to meet me with a dozen meat pies from the shop in High Street. There's no one in St. Olaf's can make them fit to eat.'

He gave Napoleon a friendly kick which sent him under the seat, and then proceeded to hang out of the window as the train stopped.

'If she isn't going off to the wrong end of the train!' he exclaimed in a tone of exasperation. 'You stay here, Napoleon!' And before Jackson could remonstrate, he was out of the carriage and in hot pursuit of a stout, elderly woman, carrying a large and greasy paper bag.

Jackson was anything but pleased at his departure, especially as Napoleon immediately crawled out from under the seat and eyed his legs hungrily. However, he liked the situation still less a few minutes later when the guard blew his whistle, while the dog's owner was still panting back up the platform. The farmer began to run at the sound, collided with a porter, and scattered his precious meat pies all over the platform. He paused in indecision, not knowing whether to lose his supper or the train, and the engine moved off with a snort, leaving him behind.

'This is nice,' said Jackson to himself, as he looked at Napoleon's savage eye. 'I'll try if a little food will soften his heart.'

But Napoleon only growled and showed his teeth when Jackson offered him a biscuit.

'Perhaps he would rather have a meat sandwich!' thought Jackson, and he mounted on to the seat in

order to get one out of the pocket of his great-coat, which was on the luggage-rack, side by side with several parcels done up in red handkerchiefs which belonged to the farmer.

But Napoleon decided that this was a direct attempt to steal some of his master's property. He put his fore paws on the edge of the seat with an angry growl, and from that minute he allowed the unfortunate Jackson to stir neither hand nor foot. For a whole hour he was obliged to remain perched on the seat, clinging to the edge of the luggage-rack to balance himself, while Napoleon showed his teeth savagely within a few inches of his legs. And in this position he was discovered by his school-fellows when the train reached St. Olaf's.

The laughter with which his situation was greeted would have made a less good-tempered boy furious, but even Jackson was relieved when the farmer's son arrived on the scene and Napoleon was persuaded to allow him to descend.

* * * * *

That same evening Jackson went to his coat-pocket to fetch his essay for Perkins' inspection, and found to his dismay that his pocket was empty. The papers must have fallen out and rolled under the seat when he tumbled into the carriage.

'I say!' he cried, 'I have left my essay in the train, and it must be given in at nine o'clock tomorrow morning.'

'Can't you write it from memory?' asked Perkins.

'No, I can't,' said Jackson grumpily. 'It's crammed with quotations from books.'

'Write another, then! Your adventures to-day would make a jolly decent one.' And Perkins went off into peals of laughter at the recollection.

'Shut up!' said Jackson, throwing the nearest available object at Perkins. He sat in gloomy meditation for some minutes, and then suddenly sprang to his feet and began to search wildly for pen and paper.

'Hullo! got an idea?' cried Perkins. 'Here, take my new "style"—it's a ripper: and here's some paper. What are you going to write about?'

'The dog in the train. You ought to have heard the farmer's yarns about him.'

Jackson went to work. The tales, and the farmer's way of speaking, were all fresh in his head, and, as Perkins said, 'inspiration was flowing at the rate of a mile a minute.' Sheet after sheet was covered, and the last word was written ten minutes before the bell rang for bed.

And, what was more, so well had he caught the man's style and so easily did the whole paper run, that not only did he win his form prize, but the 'Special Prize' open to the whole upper school as well.

A. KATHARINE PARKES.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLE ON PAGE 355.

- | | | |
|---------------|----------------|---------------|
| 13.—1. Pink. | 4. Snapdragon. | 7. Speedwell. |
| 2. Larkspur. | 5. Cowslip. | 8. Snowdrop. |
| 3. Buttercup. | 6. Primrose. | |

THE DOCTOR'S WIG.

THE manufacture of pottery is one of the oldest of the arts. The ancient Egyptians were skilful potters, but the Chinese were the first to make that finer kind of pottery which we call 'porcelain.' In the fifteenth century the coarse pottery of Europe—like many other things—began to be improved. But perhaps we should never have been able to rival China in the production of pottery but for a lucky accident which occurred about two centuries ago.

Dr. Böttcher, of Magdeburg, who was, perhaps, the last of the alchemists, was trying to discover the philosopher's stone. Being dissatisfied with the crucibles then in use, he took to manufacturing his own, and thus acquired a practical knowledge of the pottery made from common clays. One morning, at the time when these experiments were going on, the doctor found his powdered wig unusually heavy.

'What have you been doing to my wig?' he inquired of his servant.

The man replied that he had in this way ventured to bring to his master's notice a new kind of hair-powder, of which the material was not expensive wheat-flour, but common white clay, well dried and finely powdered.

'Just the thing for pottery "paste,"' thought Böttcher to himself, and he proved to be right. He found that by means of this pounded clay he could convert common earthenware into porcelain. Under the patronage of the Duke of Saxony he sent forth from the manufactory of Meissen specimens of porcelain which delighted the artistic world.

A FIGHT BETWEEN A SNAKE AND A CROCODILE.

THE swampy lands and forests of British Guiana swarm with noxious insects, reptiles, and wild beasts. Pumas, jaguars, and tiger-cats are numerous, so are poisonous snakes, whilst the formidable water-boas, a reptile sometimes twenty-two feet in length, may often be found lurking in the reeds and water-grass. The snakes will attack anything and any one—fowls, dogs, goats, or man himself. When hungry, they will even spring upon the mail-clad alligator, coming upon him stealthily as he lies in the muddy water waiting for his prey.

A missionary in Guiana was once an eye-witness of a fight between one of these immense water-boas and a crocodile. It seems that this crocodile, not seeing well what was behind it, let itself be surprised by the snake, which threw itself on to the great horny creature, and got one coil round its body, taking very good care to keep its own head and neck from the alligator's jaws, or there would have been a speedy end to the story. The snake was 'subtle,' as snakes have ever been. It passed its head round the thick part of the alligator's tail, and its own tail round the alligator's neck, and so got a firm hold on its enemy.

Escape was now hopeless. The folds of the boa were drawn tighter and tighter, and the alligator could do nothing, and finally its sides were crushed in. If once a boa can cast one coil round an animal, he is sure of his prey.



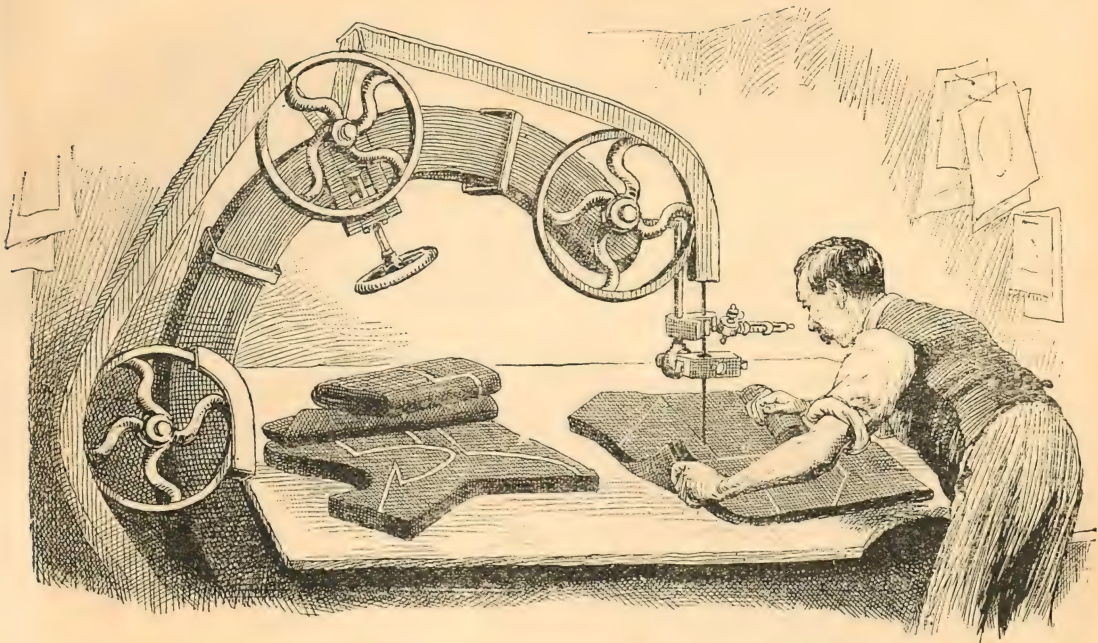
"The folds of the boa were drawn tighter and tighter."

A man, sleeping out in a canoe on one of the Guiana rivers, was roused by one of these great water-snakes trying to get him to move from the side of the boat, so that he might get a coil round him and crush him. But the man was at once on

his guard, and lay tightly to the boat's side, and the snake, finding no opening, left him.

'It is the first coil that does the mischief!'

The moral is so obvious that each reader can hardly help drawing it for himself.



A Cloth-cutting Machine at Work.

THE CLOTH-CUTTER.

ONE of the greatest changes which spread through nearly all industries during the nineteenth century was the breaking up of the work into small sections or departments, each of which is allotted to a special workman or a particular class of workmen. We can hardly find a better illustration of this division of labour, as it is called, than that which is offered by the clothing industry, because in this particular kind of work we can often see the old method going on by the side of the new, and may compare them with each other.

When a well-to-do man requires a new suit of clothes to be made for him, he usually goes to a tailor, who takes his measurements, and appoints a day when the coat, roughly put together, shall be tried on, and such little alterations will be made as will ensure a perfect fit.

When the tailor is left alone, he spreads out the selected cloth upon his counter, and, aided by a rule and patterns, marks out with a flat piece of chalk the shapes of the various parts of the suit. He next cuts out the various parts with a large pair of scissors or shears. In country places, where the village tailor has not a great deal of work, he will frequently sew the parts of the suit together himself; but any tailor who has much business employs a workman or a number of workmen to do this part of the work, and also to put in the linings of the suit, sew on the buttons, make the button-holes, and press the finished suit with hot irons, in order to make the folds and seams lie flat. These operations demand much careful work, but we

will not follow them any further for the present. There are, however, two things which should be noticed. The first is that the tailor has begun already to divide his labour, when he cuts out the suit himself, and passes it on to an *employé* to be stitched. The other point is this, that the customer receives individual attention; the suit is made specially for him and according to his wishes.

Many men, however, obtain their suits in another way. They go to a shop, and buy the suits made up—'ready-made' suits, as they are called. Of course these suits do not as a rule fit quite so well as the ordinary ones which a tailor makes specially; but they are cheaper, because the buyer does not receive individual attention. He takes the suit just as it has been made, and no labour or time is expended in altering it to suit his wishes.

The manufacture of 'ready-made' clothing is an industry quite distinct from ordinary tailoring, and is carried on in large factories, where hundreds of hands are employed. It is a great industry of the West Riding of Yorkshire, and in Leeds alone some millions of these suits are turned out every year. It is in these factories that we see the utmost division of labour in the making of clothes. In one part of a large room on the ground floor, we see men who have nothing to do but mark out the cloth; in another place the cutters are working solely at cutting the pieces to the proper shape. If we go upstairs, we find a large room full of sewing machines, where scores of young women and girls are busy sewing the pieces of the suits together. In another part we shall find the button-holers at work, and in yet another place the pressers. From top to bottom and

from end to end of this gigantic workshop, every man and boy, every woman and girl, has something special to do, and is too busy with that to give a thought to anything else.

When so many are working together, it is possible to make great use of machinery; and many operations, which in a small shop would have to be done by hand, are here performed by machines. Cutting is one of these operations, and an interesting one to watch.

The cutting machine in general shape is much more like a very large sewing machine than a pair of shears of any kind. Imagine a stout pillar, with a curved arm at the top of it, standing upon a large table, corresponding to the tailor's counter. The horizontal arm carries a vertical wheel, and there are a corresponding wheel and other mechanical parts under the table, hidden from view. Comparing it again to a sewing machine, we find the sewing needle replaced by a narrow steel band, which passes vertically through a slit in the table. This band is really a ring or hoop of flexible steel, which passes round the wheels above and below the table. These wheels are separated by means of various screws and springs so that they hold the hoop of steel tightly stretched, and press upon the inside of it. The lower wheel is driven round very quickly by means of shafting from the workshop engine, and it carries the hoop round with it, so that the latter goes upwards by the pillar, over the wheel on the arm, down through the slit in the table, under the lower wheel, and round again and again, so long as the wheel turns.

The steel band is little more than a quarter of an inch broad, and it is almost as thin as a watch-spring. Its edge is sharpened, and it is this edge which cuts the cloth.

The cutter who tends the machine receives what appears to be a piece of very thick cloth, the top of which has a pattern marked upon it with chalk. This pattern is one of the parts of a suit. In reality the pieces consist of many thicknesses of cloth laid together, and the machine cuts them all at once. The cutter takes the pile, and draws it round to the farther side of the running band. Holding it with one hand on each side of the band, he draws the pile gently against its edge, and the latter cuts it with the utmost ease. The workman gently and deftly turns and guides the pile, so that the band cuts it along the chalk lines.

Watching him carefully, we notice that every time he divides the cloth, or cuts off a corner, he passes the pile back to the farther side of the band to begin a new cut. He never pushes the cloth from its back edge towards the band, for by so doing he might crease it, and make a cut in the wrong place; and, moreover, if by any chance his hand slipped upon the table, it would move towards the knife. By always drawing the cloth by its front edge, he avoids these accidents, and, lest he should by accident touch the band in any other place, it is carefully enclosed by guards and cases wherever it is dangerous.

For our illustration we are greatly indebted to Messrs. Cator, of Knightrider Street, London, who very kindly allowed our artist to draw the cloth-cutting machine at work on their premises.

THE FISHERMAN'S PUZZLE.

ONCE went out a-fishing—
A-fishing in the sea;
And a very odd lot of fish I got,
As you will shortly see.

For first I caught a sunbeam,
And a portion of a shoe;
With a piece of moorland heather,
And a pretty lassie, too.

I caught a situation,
To which I had an eye;
And a prickly hinder portion,
That floated gently by.

A shoe for icy weather,
A thing to roast your meat;
Some lime to paint your ceiling,
And a feathered creature's seat.

The last thing I caught was a tumble
And that was enough for me!
So that was the end of my fishing
In the wonderful deep blue sea!

[Answer on page 403.]

FRITZ.

MANY domestic animals show traits of the habits that were a part of their nature when wild; the dog, for instance, will hide his food, and also generally turns round and round before lying down, as though he were making his bed in the long grass. Although I have kept many cats, I never knew one have the habit of my old blue tabby, 'Fritz.' When his meals are put down for him he eats as much as he feels inclined, after which he stands over the plate containing the remains, and begins to paw the carpet or boards, as the case may be, in the most grave and stolid manner, as though he would make believe that he was covering it up for a future occasion, when in point of fact he scarcely disturbs a particle of dust.

MARTIN HYDE.

(Continued from page 379.)

FOR the first hour or two, as no one would be about so early, I thought it safe to use the road. I put my best foot foremost, going up the great steep combe, with Chard at my back. The road was one of the loneliest I have ever trodden. It went winding up among barren-looking combs, which seemed little better than waste-land. There were few houses, so few that sometimes, on a bit of rising ground, when the road lifted clear of the hedges, one had to look about to see any dwelling of men. There was little cultivation either. It was nearly all waste, or scanty pasture. A few cows cropped by the wayside near the lonely cottages. A few sheep wandered among the ferns. It was a very desolate land to lie within so few miles of Eng'and's richest valleys.

I walked through it hurriedly, for I wished to get far from my prison before my escape was discovered.

No one was there to see me: the lie of the valley below gave me my direction, roughly, but closely enough. After about an hour of steady, fairly good walking, I pulled up by a little tiny brook for breakfast. I ate quickly, then hurried on, for I dared not waste time. I turned out of the narrow cart-tracks into what seemed to be a high-road. I dipped down a hollow, past a pond where geese were feeding, then turned to a stiff, steep hill. The country grew lonelier at every step; there were no houses there; only a few rabbits tamely playing in the outskirts of the coverts. A jay screamed in the clump of trees at the hill-top; it seemed the proper kind of voice for a waste like that.

Still further on I sat down to rest at the brink of the great descent, which led, as I guessed—as I could almost see—to the plain where Taunton lay, waiting for the Duke's army to garrison her. There were woods to my right at this point, making cover so thick that no hounds would have tried to break through it, no matter how strong a scent might lead them. It was here, as I sat for a few minutes to rest, that a strange thing happened.

I was sitting at the moment with my back to the wood, looking over the desolate country towards a tiny cottage far off on the side of the combe. A big dog-fox came out of the cover from behind me, so quietly that I did not hear him. He trotted past me in the road; I do not think that he saw me till he was just opposite. Then he stopped to examine me, as though he had never seen such a thing before. He was puzzled by me, but he soon decided that I was not worth bothering about. He padded slowly on towards Chard. Suddenly he stopped dead, with one pad lifted, a living image of alert tension. He was alarmed by something coming along the road by which I had come. He turned his head slightly, as though to make sure with his best ear. Then, with a single, beautiful, lolloping bound, he was over the hedge to safety, going in that exquisite curving movement which the fox has above all English animals.

For a second I wondered what it was that had startled him. Then, with a quickness of wit which would have done credit to an older mind, I realised that there was danger coming on the road towards me, danger of men or of dogs, since nothing else in this country frightens a fox. It flashed in upon me that I must get out of sight at once, before that danger hove in view of me. I gave a quick rush over the fence into the tangle, through which I drove my way till I was snug in an open space, under some yew-trees, surrounded on all sides by brambles. I shinned up one of the great yew-trees till I could command a sight of the road, while lying hidden myself in the profuse darkness of the foliage. Here I drew out my pistol, ready for what might come.

I suppose I had not been in my hiding-place for more than thirty seconds, when over the brow of the hill came Sir Travers Carew at a full gallop, cheering on a couple of hounds who were hot on my scent. Aurelia rode after him on her chestnut mare; behind her galloped two men whom I had not seen before. In an instant they were swooping down to the place where the dog-fox had paused; the hounds gave tongue when they smelt the

scent of their proper game—they were unused to boy-hunting. They did not hesitate an instant, but swung off, as wild as puppies, over the hedge after the fox. The horsemen paused for a second, surprised at the sudden sharp turn; but they followed the hounds' lead, popping over the fence most nimbly, not waiting to look for my tracks in the banks of the hedge: they streamed away after the fox, to whom I wished strong legs. I knew that with two young hounds they would never catch him, but I hoped that he would give them a good run before the sun killed the scent.

I looked at the sun, now gloriously bright over all the world, putting a bluish glitter on to the shaking oak-leaves of the wood. How came it that they had discovered my flight so soon, since it could not be more than six o'clock, if as much? I wondered if it had been the old carter in the stable, who had never really seen me. It might have been the old carter; but he must have drummed for a good while on the door of the stable before anybody heard him. Or it might have been one of the garden sentries: one of the sentries might well have peeped in at the window of my room to make sure that I was up to no pranks; he could have seen from the window that my bed was empty: if he had noticed that, he could have unlocked my door to make sure, after which it would not have taken more than a few minutes to start after me.

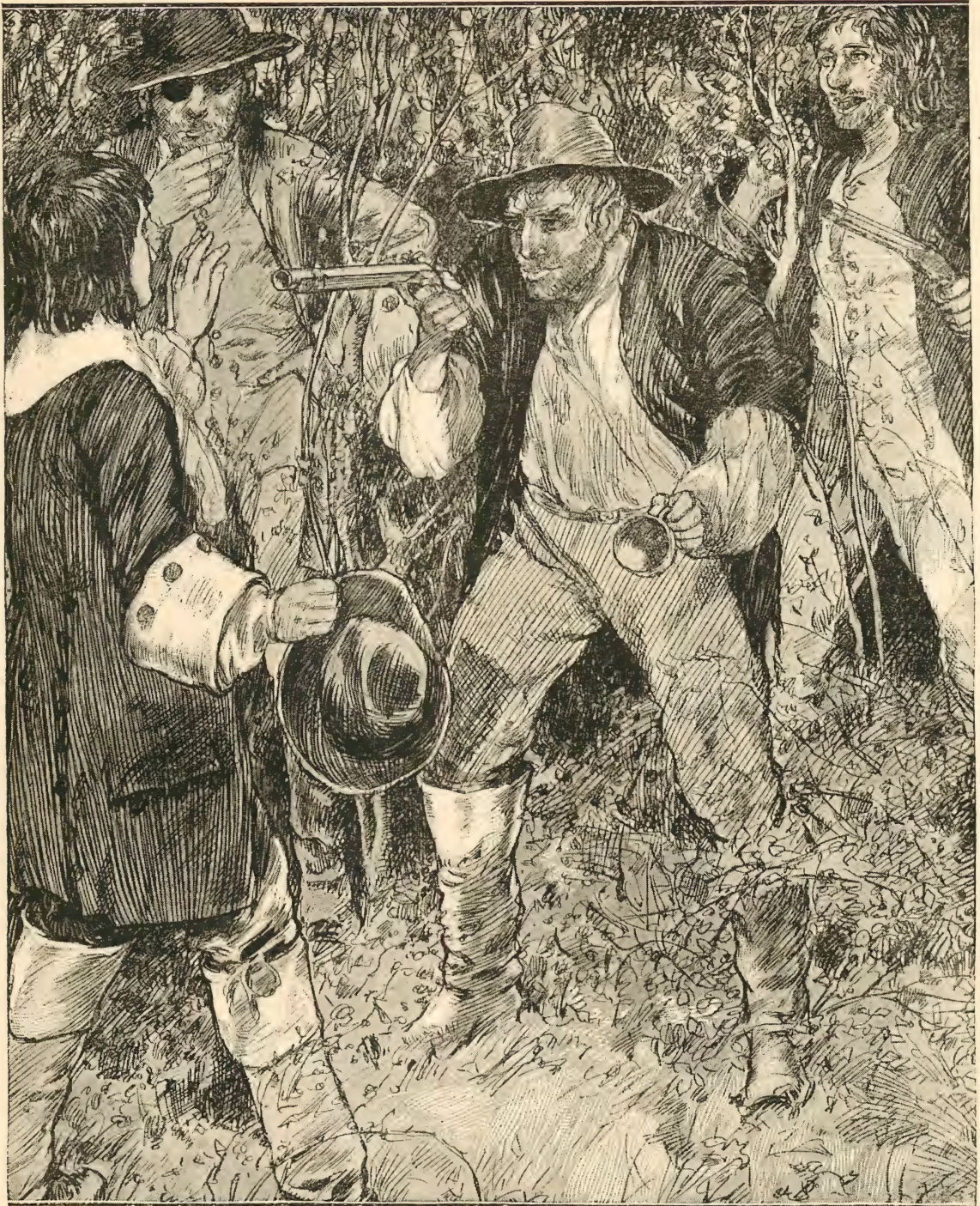
I learned afterwards, that the sentry had alarmed the house at a little before five o'clock: the carter, being only half awake when he came after me, suspected nothing till the other farm-hands came for the horses at about six o'clock, when, the key being gone, he had to break the lock. My disappearance puzzled everybody, because at first no one noticed how the chimney bars had been loosened. No one in that house knew of the secret room, so that the general impression was that I had either squeezed myself through the window, or blown myself out through the keyhole by art-magic. The hounds had been laid along the road to Chard, with the result that they had hit my trail after a few minutes of casting about.

Now that they were after me, I did not know what to do: I dared not go on towards Taunton, for who knew how soon the squire would find his error, by viewing the fox? He was too old a huntsman not to cast back to where he had left the road, as soon as he learned that his hounds had changed foxes. I concluded that I had better stay where I was throughout that day, carefully hidden in the yew-tree; in the evening I might venture further, if the coast seemed clear. It was easy to make such a resolution, but not so easy to keep to it, for fifteen hours is a long time for a boy to wait. I stayed quiet for some hours, but I heard no more of my hunters: I learned, later, that they had gone from me, in a wide circuit, to cut round upon the Taunton road, so as to intercept me, or to cause me to be intercepted in case I passed by these ways. The hounds gave up after chasing the fox for three miles; the old squire thought that they stopped because the sun had destroyed the scent. With a little help from an animal, I had beaten Aurelia once more.

(Continued on page 394.)



"I drew out my pistol, ready for what might come."



“They came round me with very murderous looks.”

MARTIN HYDE.

(Continued from page 391.)

WHEN I grew weary of sitting up in the yew-tree I clambered down, intending to push on through the wood until I came to the end of it. It was thick cover to push through for the first half-mile; then I came to a cart-track made by wood-cutters, which I followed till it took me out of the wood into a wild kind of sheep-pasture. It was now fully nine in the morning, but the country was so desolate it might have been undiscovered land—I might have been its first settler newly come there from the seas. It taught me something of the terrors of war, that day's wandering towards Taunton: I realised that all the men of these parts had wandered away after the Duke, for the sake of the excitement, after living lonely up there in the wilds; their wives had followed the army also. The whole population (scanty as it was) had moved off to look for something more stirring than had hitherto come to them.

I wandered on slowly, taking my time, getting my direction fairly clear from the glimpses which I sometimes caught of the line of the highway. At a little after noon I ate the last of my victuals near a spring; I rested, then pushed on again, till I had won to a little spinny only four miles from Taunton, where my legs began to fail under me.

I crept into the spinny, wondering if it contained some shelter in which I could sleep for the night: I found a sort of dry, high-pitched bank, with the grass all worn off it, which I thought would serve my turn if the rain held off. As for supper, I determined to shoot a rabbit with my pistol; for drink, there was a plenty of little brooks within half a mile. After I had chosen my camp I was not very satisfied with it; the cover near by was none too thick, so I moved off to another part where the bushes grew more closely together.

As I was walking leisurely along, I smelt a smell of something cooking, I heard voices, I heard something clink, as though two tin cups were being jangled; before I could draw back, a man thrust through the undergrowth, challenging me with a pistol; two other men followed him, talking in low, angry tones. They came all round me with very murderous looks—they were the filthiest-looking scarecrows ever seen out of a wheat-field.

'Why,' said one of them, lowering his pistol, 'it be the Duke's young man, we saw at Lyme!'

They became more friendly at that, but still they seemed uneasy, not very sure of my intentions.

'Where is the Duke?' I asked, after a long, awkward pause. 'Is he at Taunton?'

They looked from one to the other with strange looks which I did not understand.

'The Duke is at Bridgwater,' said one of them, in a curious tone. 'What be you doing away from the Duke?'

'Why,' I said, 'I was taken prisoner: I escaped this morning.'

'Yes!' they said, with some show of eagerness. 'Are there many soldiers after us?'

'No, not many,' I said. 'Are you coming from the Duke?'

'Yes,' said one of them. 'We left him at Bridgwater: we been having enough of fighting for the crown. We marched in mud up to our knees; we fought behind hedges; we've been retreating for the last week; so now we be going home, if we can get there, glad if we never see a fight again.'

'Well,' I said, 'I must get to the Duke if I can. How far is it to Bridgwater?'

'Matter of fifteen miles,' they said, after a short debate. 'You'll never get there to-night, nor perhaps to-morrow, since we hear the soldiers be a-coming.'

'I'll get some of the way to-night,' I said, but my heart sank at the thought, for I was tired out.

'No, young master,' said one of the men, kindly; 'you stop with us for to-night. Come to supper with us—there are rabbits on the fire.'

Their fortnight of war had given them a touch of that comradeship which camp-life always gives. They took me with them to their camp-fire, where they fed me on a wonderful mess of rabbits boiled with herbs. The men had bread, one of them had cider. Our feast there was most pleasant, or would have been, had not the talk been so melancholy. The men were flying to their homes like hunted animals, after a fortnight of misery which had altered their faces for ever. They had been in battle; they had retreated through mud; they had seen all the ill-fortune of war. They did all that they could to keep me from my purpose, but I had made up my mind to rejoin my master; I was not to be moved. Before settling down to sleep for the night, I helped the men to set wires for rabbits, an art which I had not understood till then, but highly useful to a lad so fated to adventurous living as myself. We slept in various parts of the spinny, wherever there was good shelter, but we were all so full of jangling nerves that our sleep was most uneasy.

We woke very early, visited our wires, then breakfasted heartily on the night's take. The men insisted on giving me a day's provisions to take with me, which I took, though grudgingly, for they had none too much for themselves, poor fellows! Just before we parted, I wrote a note to Sir Travers on a leaf of my pocket-book. 'Dear Sir Travers,' I wrote, 'these men are well known to me as honest subjects. They have had great trouble on their road. I hope that you will help them to get home. Please remember me very kindly to your niece.' After signing this very neatly, I gave the precious piece of impudence to one of the men. 'There,' I said; 'if you are stopped, insist on being carried before Sir Travers. He knows me. I am sure that he will help you as far as he can.' For this the men thanked me humbly. I learned, too, that it was of service to them. It saved them all from arrest later in the same day.

Having bidden my hosts farewell, I wandered on, keeping pretty well in cover. I saw a patrol of the King's Dragoons in one of the roads near which I walked. The nets were fast closing in on my master; there were soldiers coming upon him from every quarter save the West, which was blocked, too, as it happened, by ships of war. This particular patrol of dragoons caught sight of me. I saw a soldier

looking over a gate at me, but as I was only a boy, seemingly out for birds'-nests, he did not challenge me, so that by noon I was safe in Taunton. I have no clear memory of Taunton, except that it was full of people, mostly women. There were little crowds in the streets, little crowds of women, surrounding muddy, tired men, who had come in from the Duke. People were going about in a hurried, aimless way, which showed that they were scared. Many houses were shut up. Men were working on the city walls, trying to make the city defensible. If ever a town had fear in it, that town was Taunton then.

As far as I could make out, it was not the actual war that it feared, though that it feared pretty strongly, as the looks on the women's faces showed. It feared that the Duke's army would come back to camp there, to eat them all up, every penny, every blade of corn, like an army of locusts. Sometimes, while I was there, men galloped in with news, generally false, like most war news, but eagerly sought for by those who even now saw their husbands shot dead by the fierce red-coats. Sometimes the news was that the army was pressing in to cut off the Duke from Taunton, that the dragoons were shooting people on the road, that they were going to root out the whole population without mercy. At another time news came that Monmouth was marching in to music, determined to hold Taunton till the town was a heap of cinders. Then one cried aloud that the King was dead, shot in the heart by one of his brother's servants. Then another came, calling all to prayer.

All this uproar caused a hurrying from one crowd to another. Here a man preached fervently to a crowd of enthusiasts; here men ran from a prayer-meeting to crowd about a messenger. Bells jangled from the churches; the noise of the picks never ceased in the trenches; the taverns were full; the streets swarmed; the public places were now thronged, now suddenly empty. Here came the aldermen in their robes, scared faces among the scarlet, followed by a mob praying for news, asking in frenzy for something certain, however terrible. There, several in a body clamoured at a citizen's door in the like fever of doubt. We English, an emotional people by nature, are best when the blow has fallen. We bear neither doubt nor rapture wisely. Our strength is shown in troublous times in which any other people would give way to despair.

(Continued on page 406.)

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

True Tales of the Year 1809.

VII.—THE BIRTH OF TENNYSON.

(Concluded from page 382.)

IN 1828, when Alfred Tennyson was eighteen, he and his brother Charles matriculated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and the same year went into residence. Probably there has never been a more remarkable set of undergraduates in any University than the set which was contemporary with the late

Poet Laureate. He made many lifelong friends, but out of all the brilliant young men he knew, he chose one for his bosom friend. This was Arthur Henry Hallam, of whom Tennyson has said, 'He was as near perfection as mortal man could be.' Tennyson's and Arthur Hallam's names have become immortally linked together. Hallam died whilst still a very young man. This sad event had a great effect upon Tennyson, and he has enshrined the memory of his dead friend in one of the most beautiful poems and one of the most noble requiems in the English language. This great poem is *In Memoriam*, in which appears that oft-quoted phrase which is the key to the whole poem:

'This truth came borne on bier and pall,
I feel it when I sorrow most,
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.'

It must not be thought, however, that the man who became England's Laureate and the most popular poet of the nineteenth century, easily or quickly climbed the ladder of success. He was engaged to the beautiful, good, and sweet lady, whom he eventually married, for sixteen or seventeen years because, although never in actual want or even poverty, he did not consider his income justified marriage.

He published a volume of poems in 1832 which those who knew and loved him hailed with delight, but the public received them coldly, or neglected them altogether, and it was not until 1842, when his collected poems, with many additions and emendations, were issued from the press in two volumes, that Alfred Tennyson began to make any stir in the world, and it was not really until 1850, when the poet was forty years of age, and *In Memoriam* was published, that he felt justified in getting married.

In the volumes of 1842, which really established the fame of Alfred Tennyson as a poet, there was a very splendid and perfect fragment, written in blank verse, entitled *Morte D'Arthur*. It was greatly admired by everybody, and it subsequently became the foundation of that splendid series of poems, *The Idylls of the King*. These were written by the poet at different periods of his life, but their theme is always the famous doings of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table. As in *In Memoriam* the motive of these noble poems is contained in one sentence. Speaking of Sir Galahad, the poet says:

'His strength
Was as the strength of ten because his heart
Was pure,'

and Tennyson beautifully shows how Arthur's kingdom was maintained by purity and ruined by sin.

On January 13th, 1850, Tennyson was married, and the very same year Queen Victoria offered him the Poet Laureateship, which was left vacant by the death of William Wordsworth. This appointment made Alfred Tennyson acquainted with Queen Victoria, and their friendship continued unbroken until the poet's death in 1897. He dedicated *The Idylls* to the Queen in one of the tenderest passages even he ever wrote. The Prince Consort had meanwhile died, and the poet seeks in this beautiful dedication to comfort the widowed Queen, and in a

memorable verse he says that the late Prince 'wore the white flower of a blameless life.' Who could wish for a better record?

The rest of the poet's life ran smoothly and prosperously. The public began to look forward to a new volume of poems by the Poet Laureate as a national event, and, instead of selling a few hundred copies, as formerly, many thousands would be sold within a few weeks of their publication. *Enoch Arden* alone brought the poet quite a small fortune, and he took for his wife and small family, for he had now two sons, a beautiful house in the Isle of White called 'Faringford.' Later still he built himself another mansion in Sussex, which he called 'Aldworth.'

Besides the works already mentioned, Tennyson's chief poems are *Maud*, *The Princess*, and several dramas, such as *Queen Mary*, *Harold*, and *Becket*.

Tennyson's word-pictures strike the imagination and linger in the memory. His writings are full, in his own beautiful phrase, of

'Jewels five words long
Which on the stretched fore-finger of all time
Sparkle for ever.'

He has left us a rich heritage of the best thoughts and aspirations expressed in our mother-tongue with wonderful sweetness and melody. He lived to be eighty-three, passing away in the year 1892. He had been raised to the peerage in the year 1882, by his life-long friend, Gladstone, as Lord Tennyson of Aldworth. Lady Tennyson, although she had been for many years an invalid, almost constantly confined to her couch, survived her husband.

He sleeps in the venerable Abbey of Westminster, where so many of England's greatest and best lie buried, next to his old friend and fellow-poet, Robert Browning. In his eighty-first year he wrote the beautiful lyric, *Crossing the Bar*, where, speaking of the hope after death, he says:

'For though from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the Bar.'

GARDEN TALK.

IF you walk in the garden at dawning,
And list to the sound of their words,
From the lay to the chirp of the sparrow,
You shall hear the sweet language of birds.
For the skylark says, 'O! be aspiring,
And mark how I soar in the blue';
And the thrush, 'Keep your heart sweet with singing';
And the robin, 'Be homely and true.'

If you walk in the garden at noontide,
Where the roses all bloom in the bowers,
And the blossoms all yield a sweet fragrance,
You shall hear the sweet language of flowers.
For the violet whispers, 'Be lowly,
And the heart's-ease, 'Be anxious no more';
And forget-me-nots say, 'O! remember,
And think of the sweet friends of yore.'

If you walk in the garden at even,
And bend down quite low as you walk,
From the bush and the spray and the mosses
You shall hear all the insects' wise talk.
For the bee says, 'O! learn to be busy';
And the ant, 'Do some wise thing each day';
And the glow-worm says, 'Keep your light shining,
To point out to wanderers the way.'

PARTLY ACCIDENT.

IT was partly naughtiness and partly accident. At least, it was a little bit naughtiness and a great deal accident. It was like this. We were all down by our river, Father, and Mother, and Jimmie, and I.

Jimmie said, 'Oh, I wish we might play in the boat when we are alone.'

But Father answered sharply, so that you knew he meant it very much: 'Mind, boys, you must never do that; never touch the boat.'

'Not even when it is moored up ever so tight?' asked Jimmie.

And Father answered in a 'thinking' voice, not a bit a 'telling' voice: 'No, I think not, safer not.'

But he wasn't somehow minding much then what he said. Anyhow, a few days later Jimmie and I just had half-an-hour to play before bedtime. The boat looked very tempting and ever so safe, and we thought perhaps Father had not meant what he said. We got in and began rocking it about, and pulling it as far as ever we could from the shore at the end of the rope which fastened it.

It was great fun, especially as the tide was flowing out quickly, and making little waves, so that we could pretend we were at sea.

But suddenly Jimmie shouted out, 'Bob, it's loose!'

Sure enough, the rope had come undone, and we were slipping out into the stream! I rushed to the end of the boat and clutched with all my might at the landing-stage. But I felt it slip through my fingers, and it was as much as I could do to keep from tumbling into the water.

I shouted at the top of my voice! But there was no one to hear. And in one tiny little minute, there we were with the banks racing past us, on our way towards the river-mouth.

Jimmie is only nine, three and a half years younger than I am, and he was nearly going to cry; and really it did give me a queer new sort of feeling for a minute. But somehow I got used to it and said, 'Look here, we have always wanted an adventure, and now here it is.'

Jimmie saw the sense of that, and for a little while almost enjoyed it. Of course, there were lots of things against us. The tide was terribly strong and took us along at a great rate. And we knew all sorts of stories of people being upset and drowned, or carried out to sea, or starved, or frozen to death. Besides, the river was getting terribly broad!

Suddenly Jimmie said, 'There's an old man with a lobster-pot.'

We shouted at the top of our voices. But it was no good. He was deaf, or too far off. He just went on as coolly and slowly as if nothing were happening.



“We said our prayers, and that comforted us.”

It was getting dark, too. I could hardly see where the banks ended and the water began; and a horrid choppy wind was blowing up, driving little spits of rain in our faces.

Jimmie was holding on tight and looking miserable; I went and sat next to him, and he put his arm round me. Somehow it was rather comforting to be close together.

I am sure we were both considering the same thing: 'How far are we from the mouth?'

It was very dark by now. Once we heard a dog bark near by, and we shouted again; but it was no good. Once we saw a light moving along the shore, but somehow it made us think of smugglers or poachers, and so we just kept still.

Then suddenly there was a different feeling, a slithering, sliding feeling, and the boat stopped!

'We are on a sand-bank!' I cried.

And sure enough, that was what had happened.

'We shan't go out to sea, at any rate,' said Jimmie, with almost a sob. 'The tide will turn and lift us off, and perhaps take us home again!'

'I only wish it would,' I said.

It was pouring wet now, and we were dreadfully hungry and tired. We tried to cover ourselves up with the cushions, but they would not go the way we wanted. I found some biscuits in my pocket, and we ate them, but they were not much use, for we had had tea early, and it was getting very late. We said our prayers, and that comforted us. But the cold and wet made us uncomfortable as well as unhappy.

'If they come to look for us, how will they know we are here?' asked Jimmie in a whisper, at last.

Then what do you think came into my head? Why, I had my dog-whistle in my pocket. We must blow that. Out came the whistle, and away we blew, taking it in turns until we were both worn out.

'It's no good doing it so often,' I said at last. 'We must do it just every now and then.'

How queer it all was! The swishing water, the wind, the rain, the black night, and that screaming whistle. Again and again we nearly gave up, and again and again blew afresh.

Suddenly I gave a cry: 'They're coming!'

And we both jerked round at the sound of oars quite close to us. We could hear better now, for the tide was much slower, and I shouted, 'Here we are, Jimmie and I, stuck on a sand-bank.'

But the wind carried away my voice, so I seized the whistle and blew and blew with all my might. Then I could just hear Father's voice, 'All right! I'll soon be there.'

And it wasn't till then that I knew exactly how much I minded. It really is very funny what sort of things make me want to cry! It was just that waiting before they came up which gave me time to think—and then there was nothing but to talk and explain, and know it was all over.

When Father put us into his boat, and told the two men he had with him what to do, his voice sounded somehow so safe and managing. It seemed to be ages and ages while we were rowing home. I think I slept a good deal, but yet I never quite lost the feeling of the swinging oars, and Father being there, and everything quite all right.

He never said much about it, because I am sure we must have known that we should be more careful in the future. But it made me feel horrid when I saw how anxious and frightened Mother had been. That's just one of those things which one thinks of afterwards. I suppose when one is grown up and sensible, one thinks of them before.

TREASURE FROM THE DEEP.

IT sometimes happens that the fisherman's trawl, drawn along the bed of the sea, captures very different treasure from that which he is seeking. A few months ago a Grimsby barque put into port with a very unexpected 'catch'; for the nets, on being hauled to the surface, were found to contain two large bundles of London tramway tickets, two years old. The North Sea had done very slight damage to the type, and the fish, clearly having no use for such things, had refrained from interfering with them. So far as *they* were concerned, it was an opportunity thrown away.

TWO NOBLE THOUGHTS.

A DESCENDANT of one of our noblest British families, whose ancestors had fought on many an English battlefield, emigrated to America, and founded an American branch of the historic family. To one of the descendants of this emigrant an American senator made the remark that he would not like to have a name already so famous, if he could add nothing to it.

'It is the name of my ancestors,' replied the young man to whom the words were addressed, 'and if they have made it famous, I at least will try to do nothing to impair its brightness.'

GRANDFATHER'S CANARY.

WHEN Lily was six years she went to pay a visit to her grandfather, who lived in Germany. Lily's mother was a German lady, married to an English gentleman. It was a very wonderful journey to Lily, and it took a whole day and night to make it. It was quite dark when they went on board the ship, and Lily was put at once into a funny little bed, called a berth, in a room with a great many other ladies and children. She was so tired with the long train journey that she soon fell asleep, and it seemed to her that it must still be night when she felt herself gently shaken, and her mother's voice said:

'Come, Lily, it is time to get up.'

'But it is not morning yet,' Lily said sleepily, and she rubbed her eyes and looked at the electric light, which was shining brightly in the middle of the ceiling.

'It is past four o'clock, and you must have some breakfast before we go on shore,' said her mother.

Lily felt quite excited at getting up before it was daylight—she had never done such a thing in her life. Her mother dressed her, the stewardess brought in some coffee and bread and butter, and in a very short time the boat stopped. All the passengers who had not already done so now went on deck, and across a little bridge to the pier, and by five o'clock Lily and her mother were in the train which was to take them as far as Cologne. Lily wondered if she would be able to smell the lovely scent, which Mother used when she had a headache, for it was called Eau de Cologne, and 'eau' is French for 'water,' as Lily had lately learnt.

At first it was too dark to see anything of the country through which they were passing, and so Lily cuddled herself up against her mother and fell asleep again. When she woke up it was quite daylight, and they were going through flat country with canals running between the fields, and a great many windmills, with their huge arms waving in the wind, came in sight every few minutes. Later on the scenery changed, and then the train sped through thick and very beautiful woods. After they had passed Cologne, their journey lay along the banks of a river, which Lily knew was the Rhine. The pictures that she saw framed in the windows of the carriage were very lovely. There were beautiful castles perched up on high cliffs, with gardens sloping down to the water; there were curious boats and gay steamers floating up and down the river. There were villages nestling in sheltered valleys, and there were large towns spreading far over the hills.

At last Lily got very tired of watching even such beautiful scenery. Her mother took her on her lap, and she once more fell asleep, and did not wake again until they reached Wiesbaden.

There, Grandfather was waiting for them on the platform. Lily knew him at once, for she had seen his photograph very often at home. He kissed Mother, and then lifted Lily into his arms and kissed her too. He was a very nice-looking old gentleman, with white hair brushed back off his forehead and a white moustache. He had brown eyes, which looked very kindly into his little grandchild's, and Lily felt quite certain that she would love him very much.

Germany was not so very different from England after all. There was a cab ready for them outside the station; a porter put the luggage on the front, and they all got in and drove through the town, and through some streets with pretty houses until they reached Grandfather's own villa, which stood nearly at the top of a high hill. Grandmother and the servants were all waiting outside to welcome the travellers, and a very warm welcome they received.

As soon as they got inside the house, Lily remembered what she had been looking forward to more than anything else since she had been told that she was to go to Germany. She had forgotten it in the excitement of the journey.

'Where is Grandfather's canary?' she asked.

'You shall see him to-morrow, Lily,' said her mother. 'You shall see him first at breakfast-time.'

So Lily had to wait, and after a very good tea of new-laid eggs, delicious bread and butter and golden honey, she was put to bed quite early, for so much travelling and so many wonderful sights had made her very tired.

The next morning the first thing she thought of was the canary. Mother had told her a great deal about the wonderful things that Grandfather's canary did, and she was very anxious to see them for herself.

Lily chattered to her mother while she was being dressed, and her mother told her that she must speak German all the time she was in Germany. Lily had a German nurse at home, and she could

speak almost as well in that language as in English. When she was dressed she ran down to the breakfast-room. Grandfather was there alone. He was sitting in an armchair by the window, and on a little table by his side was a cage with a yellow canary in it.

Lily ran up to her grandfather and wished him good morning in German, and then she said, almost in the same breath: 'Let him out, please, Grandfather.'

Grandfather smiled and opened the door of the cage. Mr. Dick popped out at once. For a minute or two he hopped about the table; then he flew on to a picture, and from the picture he flew to the oak sideboard, where he perched himself on the topmost point, and there he sang such a gay sweet song that Lily loved him on the spot.

Then Mother and Grandmother came in, and they all sat down to breakfast. No sooner had they seated themselves than Hans (that was the bird's name) flew on to the table and walked about quite tamely.

Grandfather patted the table with his hand and said, 'Pussy come!'

Lily laughed merrily when her grandfather said this. 'In England, they call cats "pussy," not birds,' she thought, and she watched eagerly to see what Hans would do.

The little bird hopped in and out among the plates and the other things on the breakfast-table, taking no notice of any one till he reached the place where Grandfather was sitting. Then he hopped on his hand and ran up his arm as nimbly as possible. When he reached his shoulder Grandfather turned his head and Hans began to kiss him time after time, fluttering his yellow wings all the time, and chattering in his bird language. Then he ran round to the back of the old gentleman's neck and began pecking his ear, and presently he appeared on the other shoulder and commenced kissing him again.

'Oh, how sweet and tame he is!' cried Lily. 'I wish he would come and kiss me.'

Her mother laughed and kissed her little daughter herself. 'You must be content with Mother's kisses,' she said. 'All the years we have had Hans he has never once taken any notice of any one but Grandfather, and I don't think he will begin now that he is getting an old boy.'

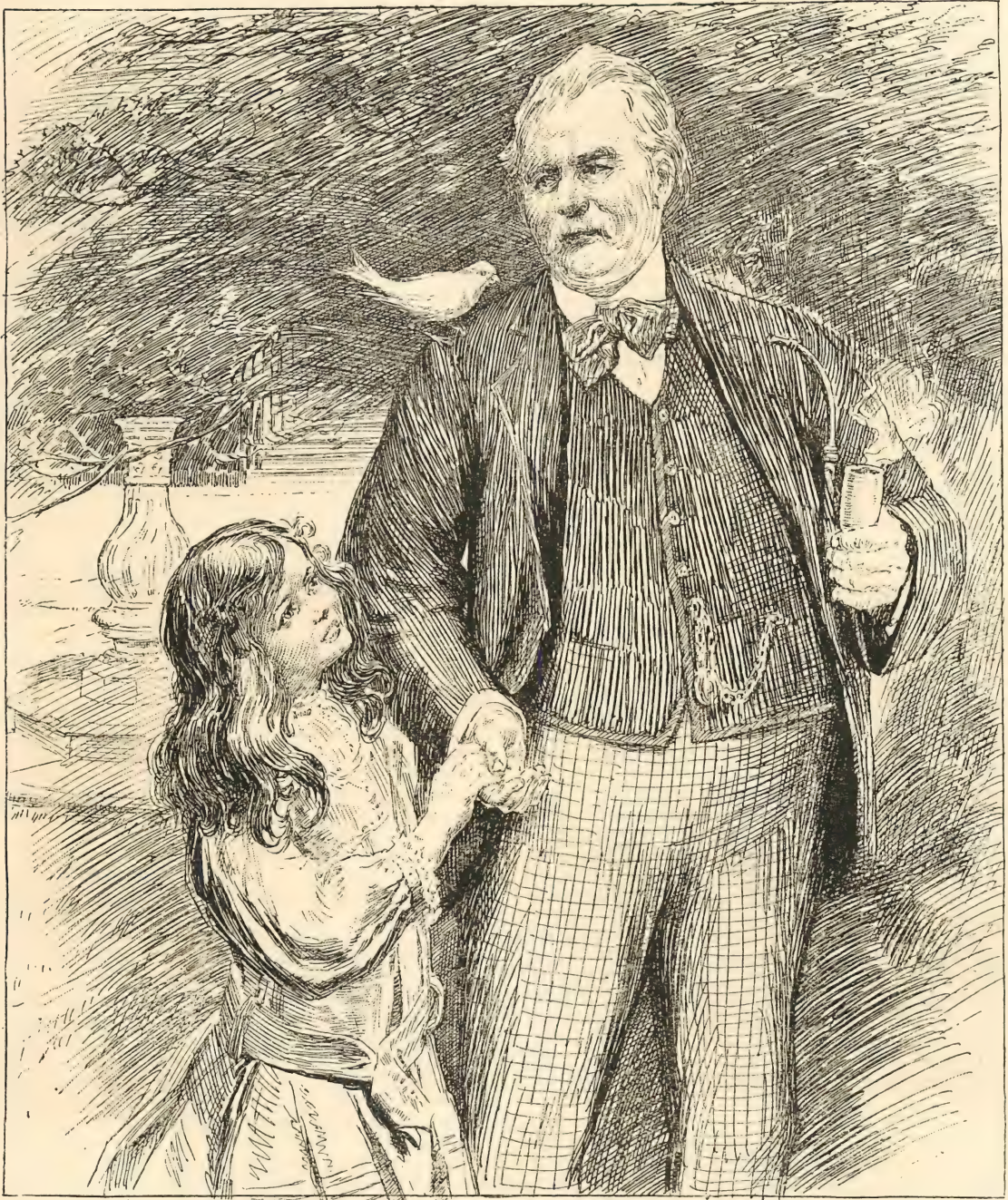
Then Birdie flew up on a picture again, but directly Grandfather called him he came and perched on his shoulder. He would allow the old gentleman to walk about the room with him on his shoulder, and to shake his head at him, but would never permit him to touch him with his hands.

Lily was very fascinated with this tame little bird, and when day after day he went through his pretty tricks, she began to long to have him on her own shoulder, and to get him to kiss her too. But he never would come. After breakfast he would often perch on Grandfather's newspaper while he was reading, and when he was hungry he would go back to his cage quite on his own account. Then the big glass bath was put in front of the door, and after he had eaten his seeds and drunk some water, he would take his bath.

(Concluded on page 402.)



"Mr. Dick popped out at once."



"He flew straight off the tree on to his master's shoulder."

GRANDFATHER'S CANARY.

(Concluded from page 399.)

ONE day Grandfather was not quite well, and did not come to breakfast. Hans came out of his cage as usual, but he would only fly about the room, and did not alight once on the table. Later on that same morning, Lily found herself alone in the room. She went up to the cage and looked longingly at the bird. He flew about and cried 'Peep! peep!'

'I believe he loves me,' thought Lily. 'He is talking to me just as he does to Grandfather.'

In reality it was not at all the same note, for Hans was not pleased when Lily went so near him. But she could not tell the difference between one note and another. She played with the handle of the door through which his food was put into the little glass bowl, and after a few minutes, although she knew she was doing wrong, she opened it. Then she went and sat down by the table and patted it and said, 'Pussy, come! Pussy, come!' as she had heard Grandfather do.

Pussy did come out, but he did not alight on the table. He flew up to the top of the clock and began to sing quite happily, for he liked to fly about the room very much indeed.

Now it happened to be a very warm day, and before Grandmother had left the room, she had opened the window. Lily had not noticed this, and she was now sitting with her back to it. She patted the table again, and said, 'Pussy, come! Pussy, come!' When Birdie had finished his song he flew off the clock, and Lily's heart gave a great bound of joy, for he was coming straight towards her.

But he did not alight on her shoulder, he flew behind her, and she turned round quickly. Oh, terrible, terrible sight! She was just in time to see the flash of his yellow wings as he disappeared through the open window.

The momentary feeling of joy turned into a great and awful pain. She felt stunned for an instant, and then she burst into a loud and agonised fit of crying. Mother was in the next room, and she came hurrying in to see what was the matter.

'Oh, Mummy, Mummy, the bird, the bird!' she cried.

She ran to the window and pointed to where the beautiful little yellow bird was singing on the branch of a tree in the garden. Her mother's eyes fell on the empty cage, and her heart, too, felt a sense of pain, for she knew what love her father felt for his pet, and how terribly grieved he would be at its loss. She came over to the window and looked out. The bird was singing in the sunshine as though his little throat would burst.

'Hush, Lily,' she said. 'Don't make that dreadful noise.' She did not, however, ask how Hans had got out of his cage, for she guessed that naughty Lily had opened the door. Scolding the child would not bring the bird back, and there was no time to be lost, for Grandfather would soon be coming in; he was already getting up. She put the cage outside the window where Hans could see it, and then she drew Lily away and stood behind the curtain herself to watch. To her distress, when Hans finished his

song he flew away, far over the trees into the next garden, until he was quite out of sight.

'I am afraid he is lost, Lily,' said Mother, and she felt inclined to cry herself.

The little bird had been her own before her marriage, and she had given it to her father when she had gone away to England with her husband, for Hans had always loved the old gentleman best.

Just then Grandfather himself came in. He was surprised when he saw his little grandchild in such distress, and of course he had to be told what had happened. At first anger and grief together filled his heart; but the piteous sobs of the little girl, of whom he was already extremely fond, checked the anger, and left the grief almost as much on her account as on account of his own sad loss. He took her in his arms and kissed her tenderly.

'Don't cry, Mieke,' he said. (That was his pet name for her.) 'You will have to give Grandfather kisses now, instead of Pussy.'

But his own eyes were full of tears, and at sight of them, and the kind words instead of the scolding she knew she deserved, her grief was greater than ever.

Her mother took her away and put her on to her bed, where she cried herself to sleep.

When she woke up it was lunch-time. Her mother came to fetch her, but she did not say a word about the canary, and Lily did not dare to ask if it had come back. When she got into the dining-room she looked at the table where the cage generally stood, but it was not there.

After lunch Grandfather and Mother watched in turn to see if Hans came back to his cage; but the afternoon passed away, and they did not even hear his voice.

Evening drew near; the sun began to set. Lily watched it, as she was fond of doing, from the window of the room where she and her mother slept. This room was high up; it had a beautiful view over the town and the surrounding hills. The evening light was now making the trees glitter like gold; the little white clouds in the sky turned to rosy pink and the grey ones to purple tipped with gold. Lily watched the beautiful sky-pictures, as she called them, but her heart was very sad.

Suddenly she heard the clear, sweet song of a bird, a song that only a canary could sing. She looked down into the garden. On a bough of a fir-tree, his little yellow body showing clearly against the dark green, was Grandfather's pet. Lily ran downstairs very fast, and burst excitedly into the room where her grandparents and her mother were sitting.

Grandfather was by the window, where he could see the cage, which had been placed on the ground in the garden, with Hans' favourite food just inside the door.

'Grandfather,' cried Lily, 'Pussy is on a tree in the back garden! Come quickly.'

Grandfather got up. He took Lily's hand.

'Don't come,' he said to his wife and daughter, who had also jumped to their feet; and then he went out with Lily into the garden.

'Stand there,' he said, when they got within sight of the tree on which the bird was singing.

Lily stood still, holding her breath. Grandfather went close to the tree, and patted his shoulder.

'Pussy, come!' he said. 'Pussy, come!'

And Pussy came. He flew straight off the tree on to his master's shoulder, and Grandfather walked with him into the house.

E. HARRISON SMITH.

RAINBOWS.

WHEN the little sunbeams peep
Where the clouds show dark and deep;
When the lightning plays no more,
Nor the thunder's sullen roar;
When in skies from rim to rim
Lovely colours shine and gleam,
Interwoven in sweetest wise,
Then come rainbows in the skies.

When the face where frowns have been,
Sweet once more is and serene;
When the angry word is still,
Giving place to gentle will;
When, obedient to Love's sway,
Every frown is smoothed away;
When smiles gleam from tearful eyes,
Then come rainbows in the skies.

LYON VERSES.

LYON verses are verses the words of which are the same whether read forward or backward. They are said to derive their name from the fact that they were first practised by a fifth-century poet who was born at Lyons.

Here is an English specimen, an epitaph from a Cornish church:—

'Shall we all die?
We shall die all.
All die shall we;
Die all we shall.'

ANSWER TO FISHERMAN'S PUZZLE ON PAGE 390.

Ray, Sole, Ling, Maid, Plaice, Thornback, Skate,
Jack, Whiting, Perch, Flounder.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

True Tales of the Year 1809.

VIII.—THE BIRTH OF LOUIS BRAILLE.

JUST a hundred years ago there was born to a poor workman, in an obscure village some miles from Paris, a little son who was destined in after life to effect a great revolution in the education of the blind, and to bring happiness and independence to many who but for him would have died in listless idleness.

Louis Braille was rendered totally blind by an accident when he was only three years old. A few years later he was admitted to the Blind Asylum in Paris. Here he must have shown great aptitude for learning, for before he was twenty-one he was appointed 'professor' in the same institution.

Young as Braille then was, he seems to have

thought much about the condition of the blind. What seemed the most deplorable to him was the apathy that most of them displayed under their misfortune. Instead of looking upon the blind asylum as a place where they could learn to read and write and earn their own living, most of the inmates considered it as a sort of haven where they might idle away the rest of their days.

The new professor resolved to change all that, and under him the blind, who before had been taught little but reading, now received a liberal education. Best of all, Braille managed to instil into the younger inmates some of his own honest independence, and to make them desirous of earning their own living in the world.

In collaboration with Haüy, who was then the great authority on blind-writing, Braille invented the dotted writing which bears his name, and which is now the recognised type for the blind all over the world.

It has, it is true, been much improved upon and developed since Braille's death, in 1852, but the system is still that invented by Braille; and to him is due the gratitude of the countless blind. For Braille enables them not only to read, but also to write *and to read writing*; and what this latter means only the blind can truly know.

'A Braille letter is worth fifty other letters,' said a blind person, enthusiastically. 'I can read this for myself, and no longer need have my private affairs read over to me by some one else.'

Now to describe, if possible, the Braille system. The first requisite is a wooden frame, about the size of a school slate, into which a piece of paper is firmly clamped. A brass 'guide' is now slipped under the paper, and this guide is divided into little cells, each containing six *pits*, into which the required dots are stamped. These six pits (\therefore) can be placed in sixty-three different ways, so that not only is there a different sign for each letter of the alphabet and so on, but also for words in constant use, such as *the, and, for, &c.* By the variation of these six dots every word in every European language can be written with the utmost ease.

Braille is written from right to left, and the dots are stamped out with a little instrument like a blunt stiletto. By this means raised dots, about the size of a pin's head, are made on the other side of the paper, which is then turned. By passing the tips of the fingers over the dots, the blind reader spells out the words.

In this Braille writing there are three grades, or classes: the first is that in which each letter of every word is formed separately. This is used by children and beginners. The second grade, in which most books are written, uses many abbreviations, thus saving space, always a great consideration in books for the blind; for, as their reading can only be done by touch, the type must be somewhat large, and so their books are terribly bulky. The third grade is at present but little used: it is a sort of shorthand, and requires the greatest accuracy.

Music can also be written in Braille type, and this is a priceless boon to the blind, who are generally music-lovers.



"He met many others, all fleeing wildly."

TOMASO.

A True Story of the Messina Earthquake.

'WHAT rain! I never heard it come so hard against the windows! It is likely to wash us

away.' So spake an old Sicilian peasant to his wife as they lay in bed one stormy night just after Christmas, 1908.

'Oh! well, rain now is good for the vines,' said the woman sleepily; then, hearing a stirring in the tiny

attic overhead, she roused herself, and, sitting up, she listened again.

Yes; through all the heavy pattering of the rain on roof and windows, she could distinctly hear sounds which told her that Tomaso, their orphan grandson, was getting up and preparing for his daily walk to the Messina railway station, where he generally managed to earn a few pence by carrying a bag or showing strangers the way to their hotel.

'Tomaso had better wait till this storm is over before going to the station,' she said to her husband. 'Just shout to him, Emilio, and tell him to go back to bed. We don't want the poor little chap drenched to the skin—though we do want the pence he earns badly enough,' she ended.

'Go back to bed, Tomaso! It is too stormy to-day to go to the station. Go to bed and keep warm.' So shouted the old grandfather, and Tomaso heard, and stopped dressing for half a minute whilst he thought matters over.

He was but twelve years old, and as fond of his bed as most boys; he, too, could hear the rain coming heavily down on the tiles above his head, and he knew how wet he would get in that long walk to the station. Should he do as his grandfather wished, and go back to his bed—that cosy mattress, loosely stuffed with dry chestnut-leaves, where he lay as warm and snug as a squirrel in its nest?

'No!' said the boy bravely. 'I *will* go to the station! I always earn most in rainy weather, and if I wait till the storm is over the five-o'clock train will be past, and I get my best tips then, before the hotel-porters come down.' So, putting his mouth to a crack in the floor, he shouted cheerily down, 'The rain won't hurt me, and I always earn most in bad weather.' The next minute the old door was banged to, and the boy was off.

'Bless his heart!' said the old woman, as she turned round to sleep. 'We should do badly without his earnings.' Then she fell asleep—never to wake again.

Tomaso trudged bravely on, though the rain was more tremendous than any he could remember; and, besides the rain, there was lightning and thunder, and at times it seemed as if the ground under his feet were trembling.

'But that's nonsense! it's only because it's dark, and I'm a bit frightened, that I fancy these things,' said the boy stoutly, and then he ran on; but when at last he reached the turn to the station where the lights always lighted up the road, the lights were gone. 'What can be the reason?' he said hurriedly. Then, as he went down the well-known road, he found the way blocked with stones and trees. 'I don't understand!' said the poor boy.

And just then a man, all but naked, rushed past him crying out, 'Fly! fly! It is an earthquake! We are all lost!'

'An earthquake! I must save Granny,' was the boy's first thought. He flew back along the road he had so lately come, and as he did so he met many others—men, women, and children, all fleeing wildly away in the scanty clothing in which they had been roused from their beds, many screaming and sobbing.

Noise and confusion everywhere. No part of the

road was as he had left it but a few minutes before, and of houses there were none left standing.

At last he reached the place where his granny's house had so lately stood. Alas! it was now nothing but a heap of wood and stones, with no trace of the old people, so deeply were they buried in the ruins.

It was too much for poor little Tomaso. He sat down on the ruins and sobbed and screamed, hoping to make his grandparents hear him. But all in vain. They, as well as many thousands of others, perished in that fearful Messina earthquake, and Tomaso would have died of grief and exposure if some English sailors had not found him, and carried him on board a relief-ship in the bay, which took him and some hundreds of other sufferers to Naples, where they were tenderly cared for.

It was many days before the boy could at all realise what had happened, and when at last he was able to recall all he had gone through, one thought was ever present: 'If I had given way to laziness, and gone back to bed that rainy morning, where should I have been in that earthquake?'

MARTIN HYDE.

(Continued from page 395.)

AMONG all the confusion I learned certainly from some deserters that the Duke was at Bridgwater, waiting till his men had rested before trying to break through to the North to his friends in Chester. He had won a bad name for himself among his friends. Nobody praised him. The Taunton people, who had given him such a splendid welcome ten days before, now abused him for having failed; they knew too well what sort of punishment was sure to fall upon them directly the fighting came to an end. Somehow all their despairing talk failed to frighten me. I was not scared by all the signs of panic in the streets. I was too young to understand fully; but, besides that, I was buoyed up by the belief that I had done a fine thing in escaping from prison in order to serve the cause dear to my heart. My heart told me that I was going to a glorious victory in the right cause. I cannot explain it. I felt my father in my heart urging me to go forward. I would not have drawn back for all the King's captains in a company riding out against me together. I felt that these people were behaving absurdly; they should keep a brave, patient face against their trouble. To-morrow or the next day would see us in triumph, beating our enemies back to London, to the usurper's den in Whitehall.

It drew towards sunset before I had found a means to get to Bridgwater. The innkeeper, who in times of peace sent daily carriers thither, with whom a man could travel in comfort for a few pence, had now either lost his horses or feared to ride them. No carriers had gone either to Bridgwater or to Bristol since the Duke marched in on the fourth day of his journey, nor had the carriers come in as usual from those places; the business of the town was at a standstill. I asked at several inns, but this was the account given to me. There was no safety on the road. The country was overrun with thieves, who stole horses in the name of the

Duke or of the King; nothing was safe anywhere. The general hope of the people was for Monmouth to be beaten soon or to be victorious soon. They had lost quite enough by him; they wanted the rebellion over.

At last, just when I had begun to think the thing hopeless, I found an honest Quaker about to ride to Bridgwater with a basket of Bibles for the Duke's men. He did not ask me what my business at Bridgwater might be, but he knew that no one would want to go there at such a time without good cause.

'Well,' he said, 'if you can ride small, you shall ride behind me; but it will be slow riding, as the horse will be heavily laden.'

He was going to start at eight o'clock, so as to travel all night, when the marauders, whether deserters from the Duke or ill-conditioned country people, were always less busy. I had time to get some supper for myself in the tavern-bar before starting. Just as we were about to ride off together, when we were in the saddle, waiting only till some carts rolled past the yard door, I had a fright, for there, coming into the inn yard, was one of the troopers who had beguiled me from the Duke's army that day at Axminster. I had no doubt he was going from inn to inn, asking for news of me. We began to move through the yard as he came towards us; the clack of the horse's feet upon the cobbles made him look up, but though he stared at me hard, he did so with an occupied mind; he was in such a brown study (as it is called) that he never recognised me. A minute later we were riding out of town past the trench-labourers, my heart going pit-a-pat from the excitement of my narrow escape. I dared not ask the Quaker to go fast lest he should worm my story from me, but for the first three miles, I assure you, I found it hard not to prod that old nag with my knife to make him quicken his two-miles-an-hour crawl. Often during the first hours of the ride I heard horses coming after me at a gallop: it was all fancy, we were left to our own devices. My pursuers, I found afterwards, were misled by the lies of the landlord at the inn we had left: we were being searched for in Taunton all that fatal night by half-a-dozen of the Carew servants.

Bridgwater had not gone to bed when we got there. The people were out in the streets, talking in frightened clumps, expecting something. After thanking the Quaker for his kindness in giving me a lift, I asked at one of these clumps where I could find the Duke. I was feeling so happy at the thought of rejoining my master, after all my adventures, that I think I never felt so happy.

'Where can I find the Duke?' I asked. 'I'm his servant; I must find him.'

'Find him?' said one of the talkers. 'He's not here. He has marched out, sir, with all his army, over to Sedgemoor to fight the King's army. It's a night attack, sir.'

I was bitterly disappointed at not having reached my journey's end; but there was a stir in the thought of battle. I asked by which road I could get to the place where the battle would be. The man told me to turn to the right after crossing the river; 'but,' said he, 'you don't want to get mixed up in the fighting, master. There be thousands out

there on the moor. A boy would be nowhere among them all.'

'Yes,' said another, 'better stay here, sir. If the Duke wins, he will be back afore breakfast. If he gets beaten, you had best be out of the way.'

This was sound advice; but I was not in a mood to profit by it. Something seemed to tell me that the battle was to be a victory for us; so I thanked the men, telling them that I would go out over the moor by the road they had mentioned. As I moved away, they called out to me to mind myself, for the King's dragoons were on the moor, as a sort of screen in front of their camp. By the road they had mentioned I might very well get into the King's camp without seeing anything of my master. One of them added that the battle would begin, or might begin, long before I got there, 'if the mist don't lead them astray.' It took me some few minutes to get out of the gates across the river: for there was a press of people crowded there. It was as dark as a summer night ever is—that is, a sort of twilight—when I passed through; but just at the gates were two great torches stuck into rings in the wall. The wind made their flames waver about uncertainly, so that sometimes you could see particular faces in the crowd, all lit in ruddy gold light for an instant, before the wavering made them dark again. Several mounted men were there, trying to pass.

Among them, in one sudden flare, I saw Aurelia on her Arab, reined in beside Sir Travers, whose horse was kicking out behind him. I passed them by so close that I touched Aurelia's riding habit as I crept out of the press. They were talking together just behind me as I crept from the town over the bridge, above which the summer mists clung, almost hiding the stream. Aurelia was saying, 'I only hope we may be in time.'

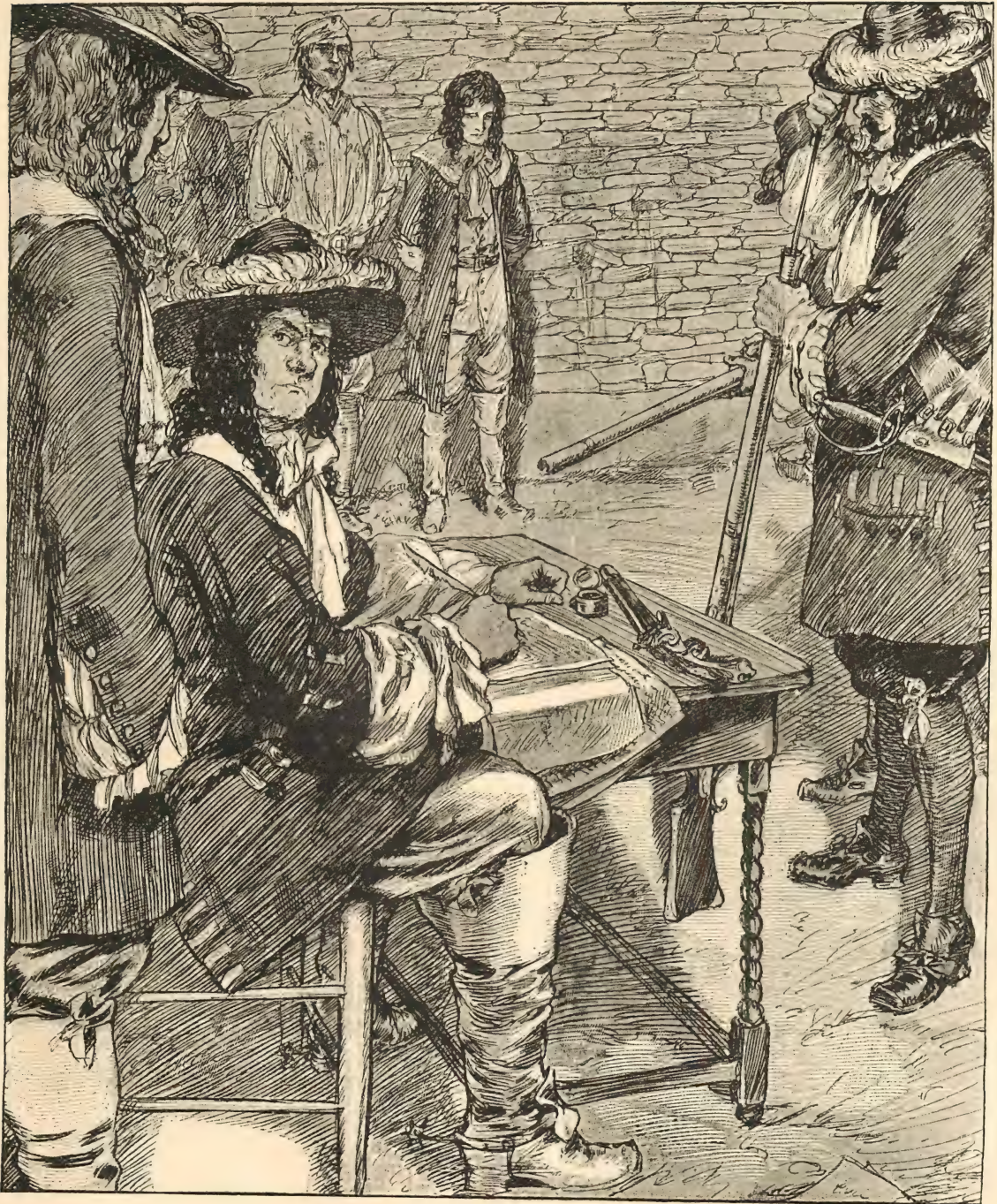
'Yes, poor boy,' said Sir Travers. 'It will be terrible if we are too late.' It gave me a pang to hear them, for I knew they were talking about me.

I crept into the shelter of the bridge parapet while they rode on past me. The mist hid them from me. The town was dark above the mist like a city in the clouds. The stars were dim now with the coming of day. A sheep-bell on the moor made a noise like a night-bird. A few ponies pastured on the moor trotted away, lightly padding—scared, I suppose, by the two riders. Then, far away, but sounding very near at hand, for sound travels very strangely in mist, so strangely that often a very distant noise will strike loudly far away, while it is scarcely heard close to, there came a shot. Almost instantly, the air seemed full of the roar of battle. The gun-fire broke out into a long irregular roar, a fury of noise which roused up the city behind me, as though all the citizens were slamming their doors to get away from it. I hurried along the road towards the battle, praying, as I went, that my master might conquer; that the King's troops had been caught asleep; that when I got there, in the glory of dawn, I might find the Duke's army returning thanks in their enemy's camp. I pressed on along the rough moor road until the dawn came over the far horizon, driving the mists away, so that I could see what was doing there.

(Concluded on page 410.)



"I crept into the shelter of the bridge parapet as they rode past."



“My place was at the end of a line.”

MARTIN HYDE.

(Concluded from page 407.)

I SAW a great sweep of moorland to my left, with a confused crowd of horsemen scattering away towards a line of low hills some miles beyond. They were riding from the firing, which filled all the nearer part of the moor with smoke, among which I saw moving figures: sudden glimpses of men in rank, sudden men on horseback, struggling with their horses. The noise was worse than I had expected; it came on me with repeated deafening shocks. I could hear cries in the lulls when the firing slackened: then the uproar grew worse again, full of desperate thuds, marking cannon shot. I heard balls going over my head with a shrill 'wheep, wheep,' which made me duck. A small iron cannon ball spun into the road like a spinning top, scattering the dust. It wormed slowly past me for a second, then rose up irregularly in a bound, to thud into the ditch, where it lay still. I saw cannon coming up at a gallop, with many horses, on the bare right flank of the battle. Another ball came just over my head, with a scream which made my heart quite sick.

I sat down, cowering under a ruined thorn-tree by the road, crying like a little child. It must have been a moment after that when I saw a man staggering down the road towards me, holding his side with both hands. He fell down in the road, not far from me. Then others came past, some so badly hurt that it was a miracle that they should walk. They came past in a long, horrible procession: men without weapons, shot in the head, the body; limping, with white, drawn faces, tottering to the town which they would never again see. I shut my eyes, crouching well under the trees, while this horrible fight went on. It was nothing but an awful time of pain, a roaring, booming horror, with shrieks in it.

I don't know how long it lasted. I only know that the shooting seemed suddenly to pass into a thunder of horse-hooves as the King's dragoons came past in a charge. Right in front of me they galloped, hacking at the fugitives, leaning out from their saddles to cut at them, leaning down to stab them, rising up to reach at those who climbed the banks. Under that tide of cavalry the Duke's army melted. They fought in clumps desperately. They flung away their weapons. They fled. They rushed down desperately to meet death. It was all a medley of broken noises, stray shots, cries. The horses were the worst part of it. Perhaps you never heard a horse scream.

That morning's work is all very confused to me. I remember seeing men cut down as they ran. I remember a fine horse coming past me lurching, clattering his stirrups, before leaping into the river. I remember the smell of powder over all the field; the awful litter everywhere, burnt cartridges, clothes, belts, shot, all the waste of war. They are in my mind, those memories, like scattered pictures.

The next clear memory in my mind is of a company of cavalry in red coats, under a fierce, white-faced man, bringing a string of prisoners to the King's camp. A couple of troopers jumped down to examine me. One had the face of a savage. 'You're one of them,' they said; 'bring him on.' They twisted string about my thumbs. I was their prisoner.

They dragged me into the King's camp, where the white-faced man sat down at a table to judge.

I will not talk of that butchery. The white-faced man has been judged now in his turn; I will say no more of him. When it came to my turn, he would hear no words from me; I was a rebel, fit for nothing but death. 'Pistol him!' was all the sentence passed on me. The soldiers laid hands on me to drag me away.

But one of the officers spoke up for me. 'He's only a boy,' he said. 'Go easy with the boy. Don't have the poor child killed.'

It was kindly spoken, but quite carelessly. The man would have pleaded for a cat with just as much passion. It was useless, any way, for the colonel merely repeated, 'Pistol him.'

So I was led away to stand with the next batch of prisoners lined against a wall to be shot. My place was at the end of a line, next to a young, sullen-looking man, black with powder. I did not feel frightened, only hopeless, quite hopeless—a sort of dead feeling. I remember looking at the soldiers getting ready to shoot us. I wondered which would shoot me. They seemed so slow about it. There was some hitch, I think, in filling up the line—a man had proved his innocence, or something.

Then, the next instant, there was Aurelia dragging the white-faced man from his table. I dimly remember him ordering me to be released, while Sir Travers Carew gave me a drink of water. I remember the young, sullen-looking man's face, for he looked at me, a look of dull wonder, with a sort of hopeless envy in it, which has wrung my heart daily ever since.

'Mount,' said Aurelia. 'Mount, Martin. Uncle Travers, let us get out of this!'

They were on both sides of me, each giving me an arm in the saddle, as we rode out of that field of death through Zoyland village towards the old abbey near Chard.

I shall say little more, except that I never saw my master again. When they led him to the scaffold on Tower Hill, I was outward bound to the West Indies, as private secretary to Sir Travers, newly appointed Governor of St. Eulalie. We had many of Monmouth's men in St. Eulalie after Judge Jeffreys' Assizes, but their tale is too horrible to tell here. You will want to know whether I ever saw Aurelia again. Not for some years, not very often for nine years; but since then our lives have been so mingled that it is hard to say which is which, so much are we each other's. So, now, I have written a long story. May we all tell our tales to the end before the pen is taken from us.

JOHN MASEFIELD.

THE END.

LESSONS IN FLYING.

SAID Father Bird to Mother Bird, 'Now the sun is in the sky,
I think it's time our little bird should spread its wings and fly,
For the flowers are in the meadows, and the trees with leaves are dressed;
I think it's time that he should leave this cosy little nest.

He must fly about the forest, and mount into the air,
And go and search for little worms, and to each spot repair;
We must begin to teach him how to use his little wing,
That he may be like other birds that soar and hop and sing.'

Said Mother Bird to Father Bird, 'I think you're very wise,
And I'm sure our little bird can fly quite nicely if he tries.
He must not evermore be tied at Mother's apron-strings,
For what use is a little bird that cannot use its wings?'
So on the morrow morning, when skies above were blue,
The father bird called Baby Bird to come and see the view,
And when just on the nest's soft edge, the father gave a push,
And Baby Bird soon found itself down-falling towards the bush.

It gave a startled little cry, and 'Father! Mother!' cried,
And then it tried to save itself—when lo! there opened wide
A tender little pair of wings, so soft and sweet and brown,
Which kept it balanced nicely while it was falling down.
Quite near there was a little bush, so green and fresh and fair;
'Oh, dear,' the little birdie cried, 'if only I were there!'
And so it gave a little flight, and though its heart beat fast,
It made towards the little bough and got there safe at last.

And Father Bird and Mother Bird they saw their little one,
And clapped their parent wings to show how well had Birdie done.
And then they said, 'Now, Birdie, you must fly back to the nest,'
And so with tiny wings out-spread it did its very best.
It bravely mounted upward and soon was safe inside,
With its little heart fast panting as if it would have died;
And in the little cosy nest a sob or two was heard—
For after all you see it was still quite a tiny bird.

But as the summer days went by, its wings they grew so strong,
And through the woods and forests it took large flights and long;
It never once felt weary, its pinions never tir'd,
And the sweetness of its singing full many a heart inspired.

And when the spring-time came again, the birdie made a nest,
And warmed its own sweet little ones beneath its sheltering breast;
And when they old enough were grown, remembering its own fright,
In the very gentlest, tenderest way, it sped them on their flight.

UNA AND THE BRIDGE.

A True Story.

'DON'T go over the bridge, Miss Una; we are going round by the road to-day,' said Nurse, who was wheeling the two younger children in the perambulator, whilst Una walked by her side.

But Una, who was too fond of her own way, tossed her head and said, 'Why shouldn't we go over the bridge? Mother always does, and I like it ever so much better than going round by the road.'

'We mustn't go over the bridge now,' answered Nurse, 'because the bell has just rung to warn every one off it. The bridge will be opened in the middle and let through that boat.'

Just then a puff of wind blew off the baby's hat and Nurse had to run after it. As she came back, she was horrified to find that naughty Una had not listened to one word she had said, but was running quickly across the bridge, and was already near the middle where the opening would begin!

'Come back, Miss Una! Come back at once!' screamed Nurse.

'I'm all right,' laughed Una; 'this is much the best way home!' But the next minute the bridge began to open and move slowly upwards, and now it was Una's turn to be frightened.

'Oh! oh!' she called out in agonised tones, 'the whole world is moving! Oh, help me!'

There was still time for Una to have run safely back, but the poor child was too terrified to move, and she only clung convulsively to the railing and was carried every minute higher into the air.

Nurse started bravely up to rescue the child, but was held back by a big policeman. 'Leave her to me,' he said, 'I'll bring her back;' and he quickly mounted the slanting half of the bridge, seized Una, and carried her safely to Nurse's side.

'Don't you ever do such a thing again!' said the policeman, sternly. 'Little girls should do as their nurses tell them.'

Nurse said nothing. She was pale with fright, and no words would come from her lips; but she held Una's hand tightly, and, to the child's amazement, she saw Nurse was crying!

'Oh, Nurse, don't cry!' said Una, more touched by Nurse's tears than she would have been by any scolding. It was the first time Una had ever seen a grown-up person cry, and the sight frightened her quite as much as the opening of the bridge.

She walked soberly home by Nurse's side, without saying a word till they reached the door.

Then Nurse felt a little tug at her dress; it was Una, and she whispered: 'I'm sorry—I really am—and I don't want ever to make you cry again.'



"She clung to the railing."

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